This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

CALIFORNIA COAST TRAILS

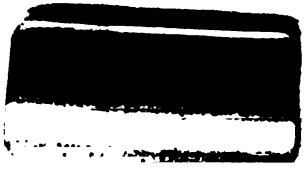
by

J. SMEATON CHASE

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

BEQUEST OF

Theodore S. Palmer



T. S. Palmer

Dec. 25 1915?

By J. Smeaton Chase

CALIFORNIA COAST TRAILS. A Horseback Ride from Mexico to Oregon. Illustrated.

YOSEMITE TRAILS. Illustrated.

CONE-BEARING TREES OF THE CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

CALIFORNIA COAST TRAILS

A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM MEXICO TO OREGON

THE COAST OF THE MONTARA MOUNTAINS

COAST TRAILS

E COAST OF THE MONTANA MOUNTAINS

CALIFORNIA COAST TRAILS

A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM MEXICO TO OREGON

BY

J. SMEATON CHASE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. SMEATON CHASE

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published February 1913

Rupl. 258647
GIFT

F866
C4

TO MY BROTHERS

WHOSE LOT IT HAS BEEN TO REMAIN

IN THE OLD HOME LAND

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

601

A TRAVELLER is a creature not always looking at sights — he remembers (how often!) the happy land of his birth — he has, too, his moments of humble enthusiasm about fire, and food — about shade, and drink; and if he gives to these feelings anything like the prominence which really belonged to them at the time of his travelling, he will not seem a very good teacher; once having determined to write the sheer truth concerning the things which chiefly have interested him, he must, and he will, sing a sadly long strain about Self; he will talk for whole pages together about his bivouac fire, and ruin the Ruins of Baalbec with eight or ten cold lines."

KINGLAKE: *Eothen.*

PREFACE

THE little thread of land, so puny, and yet so obstinate that it has almost the look of an intentional provocation, which has kept the two great oceans of the world asunder, is on the point of being severed, and the twin Americas clipped apart. With that event there will open for California an era of development as striking as that which followed upon the great awakening in the middle of the last century. With increase of commerce and population there will come important physical changes and the obliteration of much of what is distinctively Western in life and manners. Especially for that reason the writer hopes that this volume of impressions and experiences gained during a leisurely horseback-journey recently made through the coast regions of the State may be found timely, and not without interest and value.

The matters of principal concern to him in making his trip were not, it is true, the practical ones of commerce and its prospects and possibilities. Rather, the facts and beauties in nature and the humane and historic elements in life were his points of special attraction. Thus it occurs that neither the cities passed on his route nor the industries of the coast region are treated in particular detail. If apology

be needed for any dearth of what may be called practical information in the volume, he feels that the lack has been, is being, and increasingly will be supplied by the many capable pens always at work on the categorical and statistical side.

In describing the features of the scenery no attempt has been made to paint in high colors. Indeed, on a re-reading of the manuscript the impression is that, in the desire to avoid the flamboyant at all hazards, the balance may have been weighted a trifle on the conservative side. But if a mistake has been made, it is in the right direction; and the writer states here his plain belief that California, with her magnificent mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, her generally diversified configuration, a shore-line extending through nearly ten degrees of latitude (with the variety in climate and in animal and vegetable life which that fact implies), and a history tinged first with the half-pathetic romance of Spain and then by the brief but lurid Epic of Gold, is by much the most beautiful, interesting, and attractive of all the States of the Union.

It may fairly be pointed out, further, that there is only one region of the United States, and indeed there can be but few parts of the world, where one may travel with enjoyment for half a year continuously, secure from climatic vagaries, and carrying on the animal one rides everything needful for comfort by day and night. There might well be organized a Society of California Rovers, whose annual

programme it would be to take to the road, trail, or shore at, say, the first appearance of apple blossom, and allow no roof, unless one of canvas, to interpose between them and these kindly skies until the last Late Pippin has fallen from the tree.

N.B. — For the convenience of the general, and especially the non-Californian, reader, the pronunciation, and also the meaning where it is to the point, of the Spanish words which occur in the text are given in a Glossary, placed at the end of the volume, preceding the Index. These words are numerous, but they are unavoidable in the nature of the case, since most of the place-names throughout the coast region of California are Spanish. Beyond these place-names, however, the Spanish words introduced are those only that have passed into common speech in the one-time Spanish and Mexican territories.

Los Angeles, California.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Leaving El Monte — Objects of the ride — Our horses and equipment — El Monte — The first Mission San Gabriel — Friendly Mexicans — A ranch-house of Old California — Downey — A farmer of California's best type — Sleepy Hollows — Camp on the San Joaquin — Coyotes and sulphureous coffee — Laguna Cañon — Warfare of sun and fog — The coast: Laguna Beach 1

CHAPTER II

Aliso Cañon — The eucalyptus — Bird voices at morning — A painter's coast — Our camp at Aliso Cañon — Coast features and resemblances — A typical Southern California cañon — The artist's point of view — A hermit's cave — California land-grants: their names — Dana's cliff at San Juan — The town of San Juan Capistrano: its old-time air: its ruined Mission — Relics of Mission days 17

CHAPTER III

San Juan Hot Springs — San Mateo — A princely ranch: the Santa Margarita — Vicissitudes of Western towns: Fallbrook — Palomar Mountain — The village of Pala — The wronged Indians of Agua Caliente — The Mission of San Antonio at Pala — American hospitality at the old Monserate ranch-house — Echoes of the past: Don Tomás Alvarado — Wild-cats — The San Luis Rey Valley — Wayside interludes — The Guajome: its deterioration — The Mission of San Luis Rey, as "restored" — Oceanside — Companionship and moods of the sea — Night at La Costa . . . 31

CHAPTER IV

Boom towns — Del Mar: the Torrey pine — The old Alvarado ranch-house: an incident of "the eternal feminine" — The

decay of the historic Spanish-California houses — Las Peñasquitas Valley and ranch-house — The Linda Vista Mesa: prospects of a kangaroo ranch — Mission Valley — The Mission of San Diego — Old Town — San Diego, our southern terminus: bay and water-front — The highlands of Mexico in sight 43

CHAPTER V

Northward bound — San Fernando: its Mission — The San Fernando Valley — Topanga Cañon — Wild flowers — A wayside Thomas — The coast — Dana's opinion of San Pedro — North-Westward Ho! — The Malibu: "No Trespassing" — Shoreside sheep — I am an object of compassion — The *pro* and *con* of solitude — Camp by the ocean edge 54

CHAPTER VI

An inland trail — Strange country: downs and combes — Boney Mountain — Friendly Mexicans again — Sycamore Cañon — Sunday in camp — A night disturbance — Oak-glades — The Santa Barbara Channel Islands in view — The resting-place of Cabrillo — Hueneme: a moribund town — Oxnard, "the hated rival" — An embarrassing companion — Ventura: its Mission — San Buenaventura: nasturtiums and simplicity 67

CHAPTER VII

Fording the Ventura River — Tramps in clover — Hospitality unfailing — Carpinteria — Origins of Spanish place-names — A huge grape-vine — Summerland: oil wells in tidewater — Montecito and millionaires — Santa Barbara: as Dana saw it: and to-day — The Mission — A link with the past — The de la Guerra mansion — Santa Barbara of the far future 79

CHAPTER VIII

Arboreal strangers — A squally evening — Roadside camp and company — An incongruity: church as barn — The village of Naples — The Refugio Pass — More pleasant Mexicans:

Bernardito the Jolly — Crossing the Santa Ynez Mountains — A wonderful landscape — Wild flowers, and the madroño — Las Lomas de la Purificacion — A land of great oaks — Fording the Santa Ynez River 88

CHAPTER IX

Mission Santa Ines — Mission hospitality — Quaint relics — An operatic departure — The Gaviota Pass — Magnificent oaks and sycamores — The Nojogui waterfall — Sea-fogs — A travelling emporium — Las Cruces — An adventure with quicksand — Voices of the sea — Evicted by the tide — Sea-birds, and a rattlesnake — A sunset island . 99

CHAPTER X

A bad road — A Marblehead skipper: bygone whaling — Portuguese fishermen — Point Conception: night at the lighthouse — A natural division point — The Jalama: fine old olives — Camp on the Espada: tramp company again — A Point Conception wind — An inexplicable family — The town of Lompoc: Chinese freemasons: Don Camilo, a Spanish-Californian — The Mission of La Purísima Concepción 114

CHAPTER XI

Pine Cañon — The Burton Mesa — Camp on the San Antonio — The Sierra Santa Lucia in view — Casmalia and the Todos Santos — A fine seascape — Point Sal: friendly entertainers — A Spanish Petruchio — Fog and rough trail — Guadalupe — Humors of fence advertising — The Valley and town of Santa Maria — Southern California left behind — "Hunting a location" — The Nipomo Valley: the Dana family — Arroyo Grande Valley — San Luis Obispo Bay — An Indian burying-place — A Portuguese legend — The Avilas of Avila: more Spanish-Californian hospitality: Shakespeare and the drama of California . . 129

CHAPTER XII

Into the mountains — The knob-cone pine — A lost trail — Camp on Diablo Creek — Rough going — A debate with Chino — French hospitality, and Irish — The city of San Luis Obispo: the Mission: preposterous chimes: lynchings

— Volcanic peaks — A gray day — Italian-Swiss settlers — Blithe cowboys — Morro — Entering the Coast Range country — Cayucos — The town of Cambria — Abalone fishers — San Simeon — Piedras Blancas lighthouse — Welsh kindness — Indian relics — A primitive school — Irish hospitality again 147

CHAPTER XIII

San Carpóforo Cañon — Oddities of pronunciation — More kind Mexicans — A mountain home — The Pear Orchard — A resting spell — The Santa Lucia fir — Duality of climate — Physical and pictorial aspects of the region — A hot climb — Crossing the crest — More great oaks — Camp on the Nacimiento River — A delightful swim — Sunday in camp — The trail lost — Intelligence of Chino — The San Antonio River — The village of Jolon: Indian music: my classification 166

CHAPTER XIV

Farewell, Chino; enter Anton — Camp at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua: crows, ants, swallows, and coyotes — Spanish hospitality and family affection — Dog *versus* skunk — Digger-pines — Recrossing the crest — Santa Lucia Peak — Los Burros mining settlement — A voluble box-lid — Delightful trail — Entering the redwoods — The coast again — Bold scenery — Pacific Valley: a lonely ranch: "Striking it rich" — The weekly mail 182

CHAPTER XV

Camp at Mill Creek — "Tools and the Man" — A serpentine trail — Lucia, a postal frontier — A lost school-house — The tan-bark oak — A Coast Range sunset — Gamboa's Ranch: a rare situation — Sudden changes of scenery — The trail lost again: rough scrambling — Little's Springs: a bath in mid-air — Unseen choristers — Two hundred feet of magazines — Camp among the redwoods — Superb trees — Castro's Ranch 194

CHAPTER XVI

From trail to road — The Big Sur River — Cañon of the Little Sur — Point Sur lighthouse — A Robinson Crusoe and a

great discovery in mineralogy — Portuguese friendliness once more — The perfection of coast scenery — Point Lobos — Cypresses and pines — The Mission of San Carlos, Carmel: beauty of its situation: the resting-place of Serra — Carmel-by-the-Sea — More delightful coast — Wonderful cypresses — Monterey, the old capital of California: as Dana saw it: historic objects: the Stevenson house: whaling days: the old church 207

CHAPTER XVII

A change of scenery — The Salinas River — Castroville — Moss Landing — Trees: and whitewash — A jocund cavalier — Watsonville, metropolis of apples — Aptos: why Aptos? — The city of Santa Cruz — Another inland divergence — Ox-teams — The Santa Cruz redwoods, "dedicated" to triviality — Ben Lomond: a catechism — The California Redwood Park: redwoods compared with the Big Trees — A forest trail — Again at the coast — Pigeon Point — Pescadero: a bibulous banker 224

CHAPTER XVIII

Dust and wild flowers — Half Moon Bay — "Gilt-edged" real-estate — The Montara Mountain coast — First view of San Francisco Bay — Colma: an Italian lodging-house — San Francisco: as in 1906, and now: Bohemia: Stevenson: the Mission Dolores — Ferry to Sausalito — Mill Valley — Mount Tamalpais; a famous view —The Muir Woods: more splendid redwoods — Willow Camp — First rain — Bolinas Lagoon — Lonely country and a lonely ranch — A pleasant meeting — Drake's Bay: the Golden Hind; the first Protestant service on Pacific shores: Drake's monument, and "Drake's Drum" 238

CHAPTER XIX

Tomales Bay — Wind, dust, oysters, and chickens — Drab and blue — Camp and coyote concert — Russian River — Fine scenic country, and a sunset — Old Fort Ross: an excerpt from history — A new pine — Camp among weird surroundings — A gale and a fine sea — Stewart's Point, a lumbering settlement — A place of gloom, Gualala 255

CHAPTER XX

Big Bert — Odd names — The lowland fir — Wild flowers — Point Arena: the lot of lumber towns — The Alder Creek dispute — Greenwood — Gray weather — Autumn colors — Navarro, a deserted village — A confidence concerning Albion — Little River: blessings on that little girl! — Mendocino City — Fort Bragg — Rain again — Scotch hospitality — A fine surf — Sunday at Hardy Creek . . . 268

CHAPTER XXI

Forest and foxgloves — Usal — A warm climb — Kenny's: a free-and-easy reception — The autumn woods — Entering Humboldt County — Dry climatic belts — The King's Peak Range — The Mattole Valley — Yews — The village of Petrolia: reminders of earthquake — Cape Mendocino, a salient point: its lighthouse — A sunset — Capetown — The Bear River Range — Cedars — Gentle teamsters — The Sitka spruce — Ferndale — Eel River: an official "hold-up" — Humboldt Bay — Eureka, the capital of northern California: its prospects and history 282

CHAPTER XXII

Arcata — Furze and daisies — Mad River — Stump land — Trinidad Bay, headland, and lighthouse — Lagoons — Norwegian and Indian — The coast hemlock — The village of Orick — Fine game country — Splendid forest — Fog among the redwoods: a weird scene — A strange couple: sentiment yields to fact — Crossing the Klamath River — Requa: the Klamath Indians — The forest again — Crescent City: saloons and a prospective harbor — Doubtful sailing dates — Smith River Corners — The Oregon coast in view — The goal is reached: congratulations — Good-bye to Anton, — and to Oregon 297

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE COAST OF THE MONTARA MOUNTAINS . *Frontispiece*

A RANCH-HOUSE OF SPANISH DAYS 8

HOW WE TRAVELLED: CARL EYTEL AND "THE PHILOSOPHIC BILLY" 16

THE MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO AT PALA 34

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT THE MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO 36

THE REMAINS OF THE FIRST OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS: SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ 48

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA 86

THE COAST NEAR POINT SAL 132

ON THE NACIMIENTO RIVER 176

IN THE HEART OF THE COAST RANGE 198

AT POINT LOBOS, NEAR MONTEREY 214

A FOREST ROAD IN SANTA CRUZ COUNTY 234

ON RUSSIAN RIVER 258

FOREST AND FOG: IN THE HEART OF THE HUMBOLDT REDWOODS 302

THE KLAMATH RIVER: REQUA ON THE FARTHER SIDE . 306

AT THE GOAL: WHERE CALIFORNIA MEETS OREGON . . 310

CALIFORNIA COAST TRAILS

CHAPTER I

Leaving El Monte — Objects of the ride — Our horses and equipment — El Monte — The first Mission San Gabriel — Friendly Mexicans — A ranch-house of Old California — Downey — A farmer of California's best type — Sleepy Hollows — Camp on the San Joaquin — Coyotes and sulphureous coffee — Laguna Cañon — Warfare of sun and fog — The coast: Laguna Beach.

"HELLO!" said a little girl in a sunbonnet, in shy response to my own salutation. (I did not know her, but I like shy little girls in sunbonnets.)

"Hello! travellin' or jest goin' somewheres?" said a pumpkin-faced boy, grinning at us over a gate.

To this ingenious witticism we deigned no reply.

"Hello! — goin' campin'?" said a rancher, jolting on a load of hay behind two serious horses.

The rancher, with no very wonderful feat of discernment, had hit the mark. Carl Eytel the painter and I were riding down the south road from El Monte one midsummer morning, with our blankets rolled behind our saddles and other appurtenances of outdoor living slung about us. Ever since I had lived in California I had been waiting for an opportunity to explore the coast regions of the State. At last the time had come when I could do it; and

Eytel, my companion on other journeys in the mountains and deserts of the West, was free to join me for the southern part of the expedition.

Our object was to view at our leisure this country, once of such vast quiescence, now of such spectacular changes. Especially we wished to see what we could of its less commonplace aspects before they should have finally passed away: the older manner of life in the land; the ranch-houses of ante-Gringo days; the Franciscan Missions, relics of the era of the padre, and the don, the large, slow life of the sheep and cattle ranges, and whatever else we could find lying becalmed in the backwaters of the hurrying stream of Progress.

As we meant to camp wherever night might find us, we carried with us everything we needed to make us free of cooks and chambermaids. At the same time we determined not to be encumbered with pack animals. A description of our equipment may interest the reader who wonders how this could be done on a trip which, in my own case, ran to something not far short of two thousand miles.

To begin with the horses: My companion's mount was a hardy and experienced Arizona pony, round of build, sedate of temper, and serviceable to the last ounce. He owned the straightforward name of Billy, and looked it. For years he and his master had haunted the outposts of Western civilization, from the coast as far as to the lands of the Navajos and Moquis, in that picturesque region which the

Spanish explorers named El Desierto Pintado. Nothing came amiss to Billy, either in forage or incident. He ate alternately of mesquit and tules, dozed equally well under palm or pine, and viewed burro-train or automobile with impartial eye.

My own horse I had bought for this trip from a Los Angeles dealer, and knew nothing of him except that he was said to hail from some Nevada stock range. As neither the dealer nor he could tell me his name, it was needful to fit him with another; so, from a trifling incident of the purchase, I called him Chino. He had a good head and limbs, intelligent eyes, and the lean body lines of a racehorse. I believe there was a strain of "blood" in him somewhere. He was gentle in temper, and, though excitable, was afraid of nothing, except that some unlucky experience had left him nervous of his picket-rope. After a few proofs of this drawback I got him a pair of hobbles, and had no further trouble.

For saddles we both had the excellent McClellan or army pattern, which are light, strong, and fitted with rings and fastenings front and rear for blankets, holsters, and other matters. We had had saddle-bags built of stout waterproofed canvas, fourteen inches long, twelve deep, and five "in the box." These were invaluable, rode well, and held a surprising quantity. In one side of one pair went our mess-kit and cooking-tackle, the articles all arranged to "nest," and made with detachable handles. The stove consisted of merely two little strips of wrought-

iron, which, laid across a couple of stones or even across a hole scooped in the ground, made a quite serviceable cooking-place. In the other side were note-books, maps, ammunition, toilet things, and so forth. There was room for some odd articles of provision as well, and even for a small volume or two.

The other pair of saddle-bags accommodated the bulk of the provisions, of which the staples were rice, flour, oatmeal, sugar, tea, coffee, and the invaluable *erbswurst*, a compacted ration of pulverized split-peas and bacon. These items were supplemented as occasion offered with bread, cheese, canned meats, vegetables, and fruit, while the gun provided rabbits and such other game as was in season.

To complete the list of our traps, — I carried on one side of my saddle-horn a small hatchet in a sheath, and on the other a camera and light tripod. Eytel had the gun, slung in a holster, and his sketching-things. Our blankets, with a few extra pieces of clothing, were rolled compactly and fitted above the saddle-bags behind the saddles. I suppose my horse carried, rider included, about two hundred pounds, and Eytel's possibly a little less. These were good loads for our rather light animals; but our stages were meant to be short, and in the nature of the case they would be often broken, since the whole object was to look about us at our ease, as tourists stroll about Paris or London, seeing the sights.

The road we were riding along might have been

in Surrey or Virginia, so tall were the hedges that half hid the fence in their wild sweet tangle. You will not see much of verdure in travelling California roads by midsummer. Our sun is a thirsty one, and for half the year the landscape at close range is one of dry brown earth and shrivelled herbage, though distance may wash it over with amethyst, as Memory does with the unhappy landscapes of the mind. But the land about El Monte is damp and low-lying: green meadows and fields of alfalfa stretched on either hand, and the road was triple-bordered, first with vivid ribbons of grass starred with dandelions, next with rustling bulrushes or arrowy evening-primroses, and then with a fifteen-foot thicket of bushes over which rolled a flood tide of wild grape-vines, their tendrils reaching far up into the air in the determination to grasp their fill of summer.

The village of El Monte is a rather pretty little place, not too much modernized, with plenty of big poplar and eucalyptus trees swaying above the modest cottages. (I venture to hope that the reader agrees with me in finding, as I always do, the dwellings of the rustic poor, with their democratic marigolds and nasturtiums, more charming to the sympathies, and even to the eyes, than those elaborations of self-conscious modesty that line our streets in these almost too elegant days. I seriously think that humble things ought to please us best.) The place stands near the bank of the San Gabriel River, a dozen miles or so east of Los Angeles, and four

miles from San Gabriel, that dusty little hamlet the long drowse of whose one street of adobes is broken nowadays by half-hourly convulsions when the electric car comes clanging with its load of tourists to "do" the venerable Mission.

Not many, however, even of Californians, are aware that the crumbling old building, with the ponderous green bells that threaten at every ringing to wreck the cracked campanile, is not the original building of its name. The first Mission San Gabriel was built in the year 1771, close to the river, and about five miles south of the present church. It was abandoned after five years, by reason of some disability of site, and a second building was consecrated, in the present position, in the fateful year of 1776. It, also, was temporary, and in 1796 the third and permanent structure took its place.

As the site of the first building was but a short distance off our road, we diverged to see what might remain to keep the memory of its brief existence. Passing a little huddle of dwellings, half house, half shed, we stopped to ask for directions of the unmistakably Irish head of an apparently Mexican family. He could give us little help: had lived there a long time, and had "heerd somethin' about an old 'dobe," but evidently was no antiquarian. Inquiry of a Mexican woman who lived a little farther on resulted in the identification of a spot near the bank of the river, where we thought we could trace the outline of a rectangle, marked by a slight inequality

of the surface of the ground, which might indicate the ruins of adobe walls that had sunk back, literally "earth to earth," to their original clay. It was in the middle of a field of yellowed grass sprinkled with gray bushes of horehound and defiled with the carcass of a dead buzzard. Hum of bees, murmur of summer wind, twinkle of river shallows, these were all as of old. The rest was silence.

The morning had been cloudy, with a high fog, when we started, but by the time we were a few miles on the road the fog melted away, leaving a sky of light, sensitive blue, dappled with faint clouds that were like the sighs of a sleeping child. The hills on our left, under which lay the little Quaker town of Whittier, passed from gray to fawn, and behind us the rocky barrier of the Sierra Madre was streaked here and there with folds of mist that clung in the deeper cañons. At a corner of the road stood a school-house, enclosed, as every school-house should be, in a square of trees. The trees in this case were especially handsome poplars, rising like pillars of green flame into the air, and resembling in shape, I suppose, that pillar of fire and cloud that led the way for the fugitive Israelites.

It was yet before midday when, at the crossing of the river, we came to a simple white-plastered house with a great bush of some flowering vine pouring over the roof in masses of wine-red bloom. Making bold to tie our horses to the rail before the veranda, I entered into conversation with the three

Mexican women who were resting in the shade of the porch, while Eytel sketched the place. The señora herself, a sweet-faced old dame with quiet, kindly eyes, sat gazing out with placid enjoyment over the river while we talked; the daughters, both mature women, stood by, listening, but speaking little.

The equipment carried by our horses occasioned some curiosity as to our purposes and destination, and I found it difficult to explain the indefinite nature of our journey until I bethought me of that useful term *paseo*, which told all in one word. (A *paseo*, it may be explained, is a walk, a ride, an excursion, a picnic, in fact, a going anywhere and anyhow, so long as it is leisurely, pleasurable, and unbusinesslike.) The old lady, learning that I was from Los Angeles, grew eloquent in a gentle way over the advantages of living in this quiet spot rather than in the city, where, beyond noisy cars and much people, there was "nothing, nothing." I had no difficulty in agreeing, but I fancied that the silent daughters by the door had another opinion.

With friendly adieus we rode on our way, and after a mile or two stopped, soon after noon, under a shady pepper-tree close to the Sanchez Ranch-house. Here we ate our lunch while the horses refreshed themselves with a scattering of hay from the field, lately cut. Two Mexicans from the house came over to chat with us while we smoked our pipes, displaying great interest in our expedition, and ex-

A RANCH-HOUSE OF SPANISH DAYS

hibiting that courtesy of speech and manner which, for some reason incomprehensible to me, seems to be considered by many people as almost a base quality in their race.

(The reader will no doubt notice in the course of these pages that the Californian Spaniards and Mexicans in one way or another enter more into my narrative than their numerical strength in the population of the State would render natural. The reason is partly that my purposes led me much into those out-of-the-way districts where they still form a large element in California life, and partly that I have a genuine liking for them, — not, I may say, without the basis of considerable experience. I confess to having no sympathy with the slighting regard in which they, especially the Mexicans, are held by the great majority of people in the West; and to holding them quite our equals — using the word "our" to signify the rest of us in general — in that sum of good, bad, and indifferent qualities which makes up the characters of races and nations. With this opinion, and with the sympathy naturally accompanying it, I find pleasure in their society; and the reader may perhaps receive an impression of their greater importance in the community than their relative numbers would justify.)

The old Sanchez house, which stands on an abrupt rise above the road and the river, retains still a few marks of the bygone importance of the family. It is now almost a ruin, and consists partly of the

original adobe house and partly of later "frame" additions, even these showing traces of unusual finish and expense in carved cornices and ornamented mouldings. The cavernous fireplace and vast stables testify to the numbers of those who gathered to the hospitality of the old house in the days of its prime.

All day we kept the south road toward the coast, after crossing, early in the afternoon, the stream known as the Rio Hondo, or Deep River — a name calculated to provoke a smile from the traveller who, passing over it in the dry season, sees nothing but a wide expanse of sand and a thicket of willows. Sundown found us on the outskirts of the little town of Downey, where we pitched camp in a vacant lot adjoining a church, and passed a night embittered by mosquitoes. We arose early, and bade adieu to Downey while all but a few of the townspeople were still wrapped in slumber, or in the enjoyment of those serene moments during which one reconnoitres at long range the duties of the coming day.

For us it was a day of long straight roads, of inexpressible dust, of leagues of sugar-beets, and farms at mile-long intervals. After the gloomy experience of the previous night it was cheering to anticipate a night of unbroken rest at the ranch of a friend of Eytel's, to whose house we rode up just as the family were sitting down to supper. We were at once welcomed to bed and board, hay was thrown down to our tired horses, and in due time we slept the sleep

of the just traveller who is secure not only of his own but also of his horse's welfare.

Our host was a representative of the best type of American farmer: a thoughtful, well-read man, courteous in the old, leisured manner, widely travelled, and full of distinct impressions and shrewd comparisons. Twenty-seven years of California ranching on the grand scale had left him with a well-digested fund of practical outdoor wisdom that made hours of conversation with him pass like minutes. His knowledge of the locality where he now lives goes back to the time of its first settlement by Mormons, who, under the unflattering names of "swamp angels" and "tule-rooters," found the region an all but uninhabitable marsh, and have made it almost the richest of California's boasted soils.

It was mid-afternoon next day when we said good-bye and rode away. On the right hand the twin peaks of Santiago Mountain rose into a faint blue sky, while to the south a pearly bank of sea-fog overhung the Pacific. In spite of careful directions as to our road we soon found ourselves wandering in a maze of tule swamps and barbed-wire fences, while hosts of implacable midges swarmed about us, biting furiously at horse and man alike. Two Mexicans whom we met walking could give us no directions, but a Chinaman on horseback at last put us right, and we made a happy escape. The time, we remarked, is oddly out of joint when Chinamen ride while Mexicans go afoot.

The road ran by sundry little settlements, some new and thriving, others, such as the hamlet of Fairview, where a few old houses and a church no longer young stood among loquacious poplars and cottonwoods. With all the phenomenal growth of population in California as a whole, we found tracts of country here and there which have somehow been exempted from the influx, and some which from that point of view appear even to have retrograded. But the kindly law of compensation is quietly at work, and one finds a charm in these Sleepy Hollows where nothing has grown but the trees, where the improvements are only in the increase of moss and lichen on roofs and fence-posts, and where old ladies still drive with fat ponies and antiquated phaetons to Sewing-Meetings and Ladies' Auxiliaries, instead of whizzing in automobiles to Browning Clubs and bridge parties.

Crossing the main Santa Ana road as a meteoric procession of these last-named vehicles were bearing back Los Angeles holiday-makers from the seaside to their homes, we struck across the San Joaquin Ranch. The sun was going down behind us, and our shadows were projected gigantically before us on the wide yellow plain. Darkness overtook us early, aided by the fog that had waited for set of sun to advance its gray armies. A dry camp and poor grazing seemed to be our portion: but luck favored us, and by the last daylight we descried in the distance a stack of baled hay, beside which was a litter of loose

hay which we felt free to appropriate for our horses.

Then, prowling in the darkness in the faint hope of discovering water, we came upon a good artesian flow issuing from an open well-boring. It was of blood-heat temperature, strongly charged with sulphur, and of highly unattractive odor: but it was water, and neither we nor our animals were inclined to refuse it. Tying the horses securely, lest they should be tempted to exchange our uninteresting society, during the night, for that of a band of their own flesh and blood that were grazing near by, we spread our blankets under the lee of the haystack, and were lulled to sleep by a nocturne in which the wailing of plovers competed at disadvantage with an indescribable clamor of coyotes.

It was something of a problem next morning how in this treeless country we were to achieve our indispensable coffee. But Eytel, who is a sort of Bedouin, was equal to the emergency. With ten minutes' search we gathered a few handfuls of dry mustard stems, and with these he made a small but efficacious fire. The beverage made with the sulphur-impregnated water revealed a startling flavor, and it needed a certain amount of determination to ignore its weird aroma; but it was hot and we were cold, so that it really went very well.

We were early in the saddle, and making for the pass between the northwesterly flanks of the San Joaquin Hills and the foothills of the Santa Ana

Range of mountains. Interminable beans in time succeeded to the miles of pasture land, and I gained an increased respect for the useful legume when I saw it growing thus, not in family back-yard fashion, but in great horizon-filling expanses from which loaded railroad cars would soon be rolling away to carry it by the hundreds of tons to the bean-loving world.

A countryman with whom we talked told us that artesian water lay at no great depth below all this level plain of the San Joaquin (not to be confounded, by the way, with the other San Joaquin, the great central valley of California whose southern boundary, the Tehachapi Range of mountains, forms a convenient geographical division between the southern and central portions of the State). I thought that if that were so I could foresee the time, not very far distant, when the prairie-like landscape I saw would be chequered into hundreds of trim little farms, occupied by Farmers of the New Style, who, scientifically blending water and soil under the most generous climate in the world, would cover the great expanse with the choicest fruits of the earth.

Turning southward and rounding the outermost point of the San Joaquin Hills, we began to descend into the Laguna Cañon. Utilitarian reflections were not suffered entirely to occupy my thoughts. As we rode, my companion noted with a painter's instinct the broad simplicity of line and color. Yellow bays of stubble washed far up into the folds of the hills, and on their wide expanses solitary oaks or islands

of brush were stamped in spots of solid umber. The gray thread of road stretched on before us, appearing and lapsing as it followed the gentle contours of the land; and over all a sky of pure cobalt had succeeded to the broken grays and purples of the morning.

At the head of the long descent to the coast lay a lagoon bordered with rustling tules and populated by files of water-fowl. Here and there a heron or a sandhill crane stood sunk in abysmal reflections. Brush began to cover the hillsides, the half-tone drabs and sages relieved with the uncompromising green of the tuna cactus, these last decorated with vivid yellow blossoms that sprouted like jets of flame from the edges of the lobes.

The cañon in its lower half is highly picturesque. Steep hills close it in, and curious caverns, some of them of large size, give a touch of mystery to their rocky sides. This quality of the scene was heightened when suddenly the sea-fog that lay continually in wait along the frontier of the coast, gaining a temporary advantage by some slackness of the enemy, poured over the mountain to the southwest and cast the whole mass into impressive gloom. On the instant the leaf was turned, brush was transmuted to heather, from California I was translated to Scotland. Fringes of sad gray cloud drooped along the summits or writhed entangled in the hollows of the hills. One who did not know the almost impossibility of rain at midsummer in this region would have declared that it was imminent. A strong breeze blew

salty in our faces; but when by mid-afternoon we rode into the village of Laguna Beach, the sun again held sway. So the unceasing warfare goes along this coast.

We rode our horses down to the beach. The philosophic Billy was unemotional as usual, but my Chino, a lean bundle of nerves, was deeply interested, and gazed snorting and breathing quickly at the phenomenon of the surf. Turning westward we found an oasis of wild oats among the brush and cactus that occupied the rising ground at the back of the cliffs, and there cast anchor.

It was highly pleasant at evening to lie in our blankets listening for an hour to the surf growling like a friendly watch-dog in our extensive backyard: and to wake, after a night of industrious oblivion, to feel the sea-fog brushing our faces with its cool soft fingers, a kind of infinitesimal needle-bath.

HOW WE TRAVELLED: CARL EYTEL AND "THE PHILOSOPHIC BILLY"

CHAPTER II

Aliso Cañon — The eucalyptus — Bird voices at morning — A painter's coast — Our camp at Aliso Cañon — Coast features and resemblances — A typical Southern California cañon — The artist's point of view — A hermit's cave — California land-grants: their names — Dana's cliff at San Juan — The town of San Juan Capistrano: its old-time air: its ruined Mission — Relics of Mission days.

LAGUNA BEACH is a main resort of California artists, and the next morning was devoted to a foregathering with certain of them who chanced to be painting in the neighborhood. Then was there great comparison of sketch-books, and expositions upon line, balance, and mass: not even the spectrum was out of range. With Bohemian hospitality and a notable combustion of tobacco the hours sped away, until, soon after midday, we saddled up to move a short distance farther down the coast.

A few miles along a road that wound and dipped over the cliffs brought us by sundown to Aliso Cañon. A brackish lagoon lies at the mouth, barred from the ocean by the beach sands. The walls of the cañon are high hills of lichened rock, sprinkled with brush whose prevailing gray is relieved here and there by bosses of olive sumach. A quarter-mile inland we struck tokens of the neighborhood of a ranch, and here made camp under a rank of fragrant

blue-gums populous with argumentative kingbirds and cheerful orioles.

The landscapes of California have been greatly enriched by the acclimatization here of the eucalyptus. It is not often that the presence of an imported ingredient adds a really natural element to the charm of scenery; but the eucalyptus, especially the *globulus* variety that has become so common throughout the State, has so truly native an appearance that it seems as if its introduction from Australia must have been more in the nature of a homecoming than of an adoption. The wide, treeless plains and valleys which once lay unrelieved and gasping under the summer sun, and inspired similar sensations in the traveller, are now everywhere graced by ranks and spinneys of these fine trees, beautiful alike, whether trailing their tufty sprays in the wind, or standing, as still as if painted, in the torrid air.

When the winter rains come there are no trees that so abandon themselves to the spirit of the time. With wild sighs and every passionate action they crouch and bend as if in the very luxury of grief, and toss their tears to the earth like actors protesting their sorrows on a stage.

The long, scimitar-like leaves are as fine in shape as can be imagined, and each tree carries a full scale of colors in its foliage, — the blue-white of the new, the olive of the mature, and the brilliant russets and crimsons of the leaves that are ready to fall. The

bark is as interesting as the foliage, its prevailing color a delicate fawn, smooth enough to take on fine tone reflections from soil and sky. Long shards and ropes of bark hang like brown leather from stem and branches, making a lively clatter as they rasp and chafe in the wind, and revealing, as they strip away, the dainty creams and greenish-whites of the inner bark.

The tree's habit of growth sets off its beauties to the best advantage, long spaces of the trunk, arms, and smaller branches showing all their handsome colors and "drawing" between the dense plumes of foliage. In early summer the tree flowers with a profusion of blossoms uniquely tasteful, and later, the seed-vessels are as quaint and curious as rare sea-shells. To crown all, the tree is as fragrant as sandalwood, and the scent a hundred times more robust than that exotic perfume, which is fit only for seraglios and the effeminate paraphernalia of Mongolian decadence.

The night was cloudy but warm. Our blankets were spread upon a deep litter of blue-gum leaves, and their vigorous essences gave the spot unusual attractiveness as a sleeping-place. Something, however, — probably the virtue of our Laguna friends' home-grown tobacco, — again made me wakeful; but it was enjoyable enough to lie and watch the quiet play of the foliage, the only sounds the gentle clatter of leaf on leaf, the industrious mastication of the horses, the occasional challenges of distant

owls, and the monotonous voice of the surf lulling the earth with its unceasing narrative.

The hubbub of birds that greeted the morning was something to remember. The kingbirds seemed to be the earliest risers, their waking complaints overlapping the long-range adieus of the owls. For some time nothing else stirred. No doubt birds have their peculiarities of temper, or at least of temperament, just as we have. I fancied the less strenuous inhabitants of the trees lying lethargically gazing at the brightening sky, awaiting the fatal moment when the duties of the coming day could no longer be ignored: perhaps, like some of us, the victims of "liver." In due course the linnets, blackbirds, orioles, and canaries came in; and just before sunrise the cliff swallows, of whom a flock of full two hundred inhabited a cavern by the lagoon, filled the air with their sweet trilling voices as they swung and soared in zestful manœuvres. Then the cliff wren's cascade of plaintive chromatics rang out from far up the hill; and when the sun arose, and with him the insects, the flycatchers arrived to occupy the most desirable stations for business. Next the quail began to call in the willows, their flute-like voices receding as they made their way to the hillsides for the day; the soft cry of doves came from the stubble; and finally the scream of a hunting hawk supplied the inevitable element of discord.

Our camp here was so attractive that we remained for several days. For my companion's purposes the

locality was quite undeniable, the coast both up and down being ideally broken and paintable. Point after point, rich in ochres, madders, and umbers, ran out into a sea of truly Mediterranean brilliancy, and chains of islets ringed with flashing foam lay like pendants of jewels on the turquoise plain. The cliffs rose in general to a hundred feet or thereabouts, and were broken by frequent cañons which varied with lines of heavy brush the sweep of hillside that ran to a horizon of large, free outlines. Dark ranks of cypresses, stunted and broken, stood here and there near the cliff edge, the when and the by whom of their planting offering problems of casual interest to the infrequent wayfarer.

Thirty miles in the west lay the island of Santa Catalina, often unseen for many days together, and even in clear weather hardly discernible above the gray line of the sea-blink that banded the horizon.

Before we moved on, Eytel had quite a gallery of studies and sketches tacked up on the trees to dry. Altogether our camp had an attractive air of *al fresco* Bohemianism, and we would not have exchanged it for the charms of the *Vache Enragée* and the *Boul' Miche'*. Saddles, bridles, saddle-bags, guns, spurs, and cooking-tackle were strewn all about the little spot which for the time we called home: an easel and palette signified the door of the studio; and our horses fraternized and quarrelled alternately in such close proximity to our beds that they could

have kicked out our brains as we slept if they had been so minded.

This part of the coast of California bears a curious likeness to that of the Channel Islands off the Brittany Coast. A difference there is in details, of course, — geologic structure, vegetation, and, somewhat, color. Here, warm ochres, creams, and drabs alternate on the broken cliff faces with olive-greens, grays, and masses of ashy rose; and the herbage of the tops carries out the same general class of tone. Cactus growing to the cliff edges gives a touch wholly characteristic of the region. But the long, wing-like reaches of the land line, where ten miles of coast will contain twice that number of little emerald bays barred one from the other by white arms of spray, brought constantly to my mind the rocky shores of Guernsey and Jersey. There are some little castellated peninsulas that I could match almost detail for detail with some that I remember near St. Aubyn. Such resemblances are full of pleasure: they keep one's thoughts unstagnant and ever on the wing; and, better yet, they reach down and stir sometimes those subtlest strings of all, that vibrate in the dark, quiet chamber of the mind where lies the well of tears, keeping that unstagnant, too.

One afternoon we rode a few miles up the cañon toward El Toro, the nearest point of the railroad. The valley — for it is too gentle in outline to be properly called a cañon — is so purely typical of many of the California landscapes that I will de-

scribe it as an example. As soon as we passed the gates of the ranch we entered a league-long valley from which rose smooth slopes of pale-golden grass. The rounded swells and folds of the land took the light as richly as a cloth of velvet. In the bottom lay the creek, in isolated pools and reaches, its course marked sharply by a border of green grass and rushes. Red cattle grazed everywhere or stood for coolness in the weed-covered pools. The hillsides were terraced by their interlacing trails. Elders and willows grew at wide intervals, a blot of shadow reaching from each. Under them the rings of bare gray earth were tramped hard as brick where generations of cattle had gathered for shade. In one side reach of the valley was a little bee-ranch of a score or two of hives, with the typical shanty of the bee-man closed and apparently deserted. It was an "off-year" for bees near the coast: excess of fog had spoiled the honey-flow.

As we rode, blue mountains rose on the northern horizon. They were the Santa Ana Mountains, fifteen miles away. That was the only ingredient in the view that could come under the term "picturesque": the rest was open, bald, commonplace. European painters — American, too, all but a few — would have declared it crude and impossible. The yellow horizon was cut on the blue of the sky in a clean, hard line. At one spot, where the creek in winter flood had cut out a fifteen-foot bluff, the shadow was a slash of inky blackness on the glaring

expanse of sun-bleached grass. There was always a buzzard or two swinging slowly in the sky, and once one rose near by with a heavy, shambling flight from his surfeit on the carcass of a dead steer. That was all: but to Eytel, and indeed to me, though I am no artist, it was complete and perfect. If beauty consists, as theorists, I understand, declare, in the true expression of spirit, then certainly this landscape complied with the terms. It was a very summary of the native and original California del Sur, California of the South, as Nature designed it. And even the sophisticated mind, trained to weigh tone values and balance of line, found the composition ideal in its magnificent Western simplicity. Pretty? a thousand miles from it. Picturesque? the very word sounds puerile. But simple, strong, dignified (which I take to be the primaries of art, after all), these were the very facts of the case, the materials of the landscape.

Of small life there was plenty, but not in much variety. Ground-squirrels by hundreds scurried across the road, or sat motionless, so exact an imitation of dead stumps of wood that it was hard to detect the trick, which they no doubt relied on for safety. Their runways were as well-beaten and plain to see as, in many places, was the county road we were on. A ground-owl, like another stump, sat on the edge of the creek-bluff, his head revolving like a screw as he watched us through three-quarters of a circle. Two road-runners raced away uphill, the

sunlight glancing from their long straight backs and tail-feathers as if from steel. Once a coyote stole up the hillside, standing in plain view on the ridge as long as he felt sure he was out of range, and then dodging from cover to cover until he reached his safe ravine. A hawk chevied by kingbirds, like a Spanish galleon beset by pirates, drifted and flapped about in misery, a fine moral spectacle of poetic justice.

We had been told of a cave somewhere in the cañon, which had been in past days inhabited by a hermit. Our friend at the ranch remembered that nearly forty years ago his father had removed from it scraps of iron and such other articles as the hermit, even then long departed and already become historic, had left behind to keep his memory gray (as I suppose a hermit would prefer to have it). We had no difficulty in identifying the place, though we had not asked for direction to it. A mile or two up the cañon we found a sizable cave in the side of a stony hill that rose from the eastern bank of the creek. The roof was still begrimed with smoke, so that the swallows, and even the bats, had eschewed the place; and Eytel picked up near the entrance a stone pestle, such as was, and still is to some extent, used by the California Indians to grind flour in their *morteros*. This no doubt was the property of the legendary man.

A little delving in the floor of the cave brought to light fragments of shells of mussels and clams, but nothing more eloquent of the past; nor were any reflec-

tive inscriptions, such as one would think to be fitting if not inevitable, to be found on the walls. But hermits, we remembered, are not all given to scribbling; and then, our friend (if we might take that liberty with him) might not have been able to write. In fact, we speculated whether he might not have been one of those Kanakas whom Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," reported encountering, I thought, at San Juan, only a few miles from this very spot. Hence no writing: and the pestle, and the art of using it, were no doubt the gift of friendly Indians.

We fancied our man, a literal cave man, sitting at set of sun in the door of his lonely dwelling, revolving eremitical thoughts, and travelling, perhaps, in mind the leagues of blue ocean back to far Hawaii. We thought we heard him singing his "*Super flumina Babylonis*" by the willows of the creek; and with kindly thoughts of the unknown brother we turned away.

It was gently mortifying, after these sentimental exercises, to find later that we had been at the wrong cave. The true place is in a side cañon on the other side of the creek: and, anyhow, it was at San Diego, not San Juan, that Dana met his *protégés*.

As we returned in the late afternoon, shreds of silvery fleece were drifting over the hill from the sea, to dissolve in the heated air that still rose from valley and mountain. An hour later the balance would be slowly reversed, and during the night the people of the inland towns and farms as far as to the foot-

hills of the Sierra Madre would lie under the cool blanket of the sea-fog.

The land of California was held under first the Spanish and then the Mexican governments in large grants, or ranchos. Most of these have, under American rule, and especially during the last few decades, with their accelerated development, been broken up: but a few remain intact; and the original names of all of them still adhere, and preserve for us a touch of the glamour of the old *régime*. To name only those tracts which we had traversed in coming from El Monte to the coast, there were, — San Francisquito, Potrero Grande, La Merced, Paso de Bartolo, Santa Gertrudis, Los Coyotes, Los Alamitos, Las Bolsas, Santiago de Santa Ana, and San Joaquin. Aliso Cañon is on the Niguel, a designation which has by general consent been Englished into Newell, a fair phonetic approximation.

We now entered upon the grant of the Mision Vieja de San Juan Capistrano, the lands that formerly pertained to that once flourishing Mission establishment. Wide levels of yellow grass that shone like silk in the sunlight led to a small cañon in which lay a narrow lagoon. Skirting this we came to a great expanse of stubble, with here and there huge piles of sacked grain built up like redoubts, a palpable defiance to famine.

A shallow stream, the San Juan Creek, here comes down to the sea. The adjacent coast was the scene of events narrated by R. H. Dana in that graphic

chapter of autobiography, "Two Years Before the Mast," to which reference was made on a recent page. It was easy to identify the cliff from which the hides were thrown down to the much-abused sailors of the Pilgrim, and where Dana himself performed that perilous descent for which he received such ambiguous thanks from the redoubtable Captain T. The presence of a pensive pelican, who sat, apparently in the remorse of indigestion, on the topmost scarp of the cliff, seemed somehow to aid in the reconstruction of these bygone incidents of the place.

We now turned our backs for a few days upon the ocean and rode inland. The sun, setting in a pageant of color, poured a flood of rosy gold upon the low hills to the east, and clad with a more solemn splendor the higher back ranges. Behind us a segment of gray sea filled the mouth of the valley. Its passionless unconcern, in contrast with the companionable aspect of the other features of the scene, affected me with a sudden feeling of aversion. Water, though the most beautiful, seems the least humane of the elements.

Darkness was falling as we entered the little town of San Juan Capistrano. A few torpid Mexicans lounged outside the stores, which had closed for the day, and gave us *Buenas noches* as we passed. We camped beside the river half a mile beyond the town, and enjoyed at night a fine entertainment of summer lightning that played along the northern horizon. Lightning is something of a rarity in California.

Capistrano — to use the common abbreviation — is the most interesting small town in California. The reason is that it has remained Californian in the old sense, that is to say, Spanish, Mexican, and Indian. I suppose five-sixths of the inhabitants are of those races, and the remnant is a motley of Basques, Germans, French, and Jews. Judge E., who is the Justice of the Peace and the effective Squire of the place, is an American, certainly, but if you should ask his name you would be told, Don Ricardo. Capistrano's threescore or so of houses are mostly adobes, its stores are *tiendas*, its meat-markets *carnicerías*, its weekly function a *baile*, its celebrations *fiestas*, and the autumnal employment of its people *pizcando nueces* in the walnut orchards which fill the lower valley of the San Juan.

But the great charm of Capistrano lies in its Mission. Here stood what must have been the most beautiful of all that chain of twenty-one churches which in the last decades of the eighteenth century rose like a monkish dream on the gentle landscape of California, culminated in a unique but momentary success, and sank quickly into decay under the exploitation of successive governors of the Spanish and Mexican *régimes*. An omen of the general catastrophe fell early on the Mission of San Juan Capistrano when, in 1812, the great domed church, shaken by an earthquake, crashed down in hideous collapse upon the congregation as they knelt at their devotions. There remains now a ruin of singular

beauty: owl-haunted colonnades of crumbling arches, clustered pillars on whose broken filletings the thoughtful moonlight loves to linger, a fragment of the dome showing still the quaint frescoes of the Indian artisans, and a little nondescript campanile of four bells, the pride of old Acú, hereditary ringer of bells to San Juan.

The padre, a cultivated, kindly young Kentuckian, made us heartily welcome to the hospitality of the quiet old place. We spread our blankets among the rustling wild oats of the quadrangle, and consorted for a few nights with the ghosts of neophytes of a century ago. The days passed quickly, Eytel's in sketching, mine in exploring with the padre the few remaining treasures of the library, — slender tomes in rough sheepskin, like tall, pale old gentlemen, written closely in Spanish with records of christenings and burials, each volume devoutly rounded off with its "Laus Deo," a triumph of flamboyant calligraphy; ancient sets of Bossuet and Massillon; breviaries, missals, what-not; — all endued with that odor of sanctity which is neither Catholic nor Protestant, the sanctity of age and bygone human usage.

CHAPTER III

San Juan Hot Springs — San Mateo — A princely ranch: the Santa Margarita — Vicissitudes of Western towns: Fallbrook — Palomar Mountain — The village of Pala — The wronged Indians of Agua Caliente — The Mission of San Antonio at Pala — American hospitality at the old Monserate ranch-house — Echoes of the past: Don Tomás Alvarado — Wild-cats — The San Luis Rey Valley — Wayside interludes — The Guajome: its deterioration — The Mission of San Luis Rey, as "restored" — Oceanside — Companionship and moods of the sea — Night at La Costa.

A DOZEN miles or so inland from San Juan Capistrano are the San Juan Hot Springs. The short journey thither was fully justified by the beauty of the mountain cañon in which the springs are situated. We gazed at one another expectantly after taking our baths in the hot sulphur water, but were bound to admit that the soft and velvety complexions that are promised as a result had not been achieved.

Turning again westward we followed the valley of the San Juan down to the coast. Then for a few miles the road lay along the beach, in company with the railroad. Now and then a train passed us, and jaded passengers lolling in corner seats turned eyes of envy (or so we thought) upon us as we rode leisurely along on our uncommercial travels. By sundown we arrived at San Mateo, which we found to consist of two ranch-houses and a water-tank,

to say nothing of the name. Here we camped on the border-line of the counties of Orange and San Diego, and performed the feat of cooking our supper in one county and eating it in the other.

A long extent of thinly settled country continues to the southward, broken by cañons whose names offered interesting matter for speculation in advance and confirmation in experience: — El Horno (the oven), Piedra de Lumbre (firestone), and Las Pulgas (the fleas).

Again we left the coast and struck inland. After crossing Aliso Creek the road led up a long winding cañon, and then descended steeply to a wide green valley in which ranged great bands of cattle. It was the Home Ranch of the Santa Margarita, one of the largest of those princely estates in which the lands of California were held under the former rule. The house is a charming adobe roofed with tiles, built in the Spanish mode around a flowery *patio*. Cascades of roses, bougainvilleas, and trailing geraniums pour over every fence: hammocks, benches, and an *olla* of cool water invite one into the shade of the veranda, where antlers of deer are set above the heavy doors and barred Spanish windows: hill and valley, as far as the eye can range, are stippled with grazing cattle; and the air of the whole place is that of large, simple interests, moving quietly on year by year from a serene past to a tranquil future.

We camped beside the creek, and passed a strenu-

ous evening in battle with the mosquitoes. A full moon shone down upon us and lighted the enemy to the attack. I turned in early, and, protected by an oilskin drawn loosely over my head, lay and listened with deep pleasure to their excited voices outside.

From here we took the road to the east through the rural town of Fallbrook. This is one of the many California towns that owe their birth to great expectations which have never been realized. Fallbrook once boasted a railroad, but the time-tables know its name no more. A large hotel, its gay paint subdued to a pessimistic gray, bears the inconsequent name of "The Naples." The only signs of life revealed by a careful survey of the main street at midday were two urchins eating ice-cream and an elderly man with a faded valise who stood gazing up and down the street, evidently looking for means of escape.

A long and dusty road bordered with groves of sleepy olives led straight toward the mountains. In due course ensued grateful intervals of oaks, and then, better still, glimpses of forested peaks, of which the highest was Palomar Mountain (more often called by its *alias* after "a party by the name of Smith"). It was good to see that dark, dim blue of timber, and to know that the great friendly pines were thriving away up there, while they looked down on us who loved them, in the hot and dusty valley.

The miles strung out unconscionably, but at last we saw, far up the valley, a low white tower which

we knew to be the campanile of the Mission of San Antonio of Pala. In the gathering dusk we rode into the village, and bivouacked in the adobe-walled courtyard in the rear of the general store.

We dined in dust and darkness, and later, when the moon came up, wandered for an hour about the village. Lights shone here and there in the windows of the cottages; the humble white-railed graves in the little Indian cemetery glimmered under the shadow of the old tower whose bells had counted out the lives of all that sleeping company; a mandolin tinkled; the mountains rose near and solemn all around; a bar of warm light shone from the half-open door of the padre's room in the cloister; from a new building across the street came the click of billiard balls. So even Pala suffers change.

Its great change came when a few years ago the Indians of Agua Caliente, on Warner's Ranch, twenty miles to the east, were forcibly and (to go back to principles weightier than the law) shamefully driven from the place that they and their forefathers had inhabited from time immemorial, and on which there chanced to be some valuable mineral springs that invited exploitation. The Indians of Pala had dwindled to few in number, in compliance with the fiat that is ruling the American aborigines out of existence; so in a businesslike manner it was decided to lump the Agua Calientes with them, to mingle or refrain as they chose. Of course they protested, and their friends among the whites appealed;

THE MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO AT PALA

but some one in authority on the other side of the continent had said it was to be, and it was done. Amid their lamentations they were carted over the mountains with their pitiful belongings, and here they now live, in a row of flimsy little houses, with numbers on the doors, quite respectable, comparatively prosperous, and deeply wronged. It is one more item on a long account. Their Indian hearts still yearn for the old places: even the grasses for basket-making are not so good, the women said to me, as those of Agua Caliente. "Are not Abana and Pharpar" —?

The little church is inviting in its whitewashed simplicity. It is a plain rectangle of adobe, with tiled floor, unceiled roof, a few plain benches, and an altar ornamented with paper flowers and other humble offerings whose irrelevance (to a Protestant eye) may well be redeemed by their pathos. The genial young priest has charge of four small Indian settlements beside this of Pala, namely, Potrero, Rincon, Pachanga, and Pauma. They all lie in the neighboring mountain region, and with his little buggy and his sagacious roan he drives about his wide parish, baptizing, marrying, and burying his Indians, — as interesting and romantic a field of labor, I should think, as any in America.

Leaving Pala about mid-afternoon we turned coastward, following the course of the San Luis Rey River. Night overtook us before we had found grazing and water for our animals, and the prospect

was not cheering. We were thinking of turning back under necessity to the least undesirable spot we had noted when we came in sight of a ranch-house, toward which we made. In response to our hail a lantern appeared, and the prompt reply to our inquiry whether we might put up there for the night was, "You bet you can!" Certainly any one might bet on it at the sound of that hearty voice. "Why don't you fellers throw down your blankets on the hay? I reckon that's softer'n the ground," was the next suggestion, and we wanted nothing better. Our horses plunged their noses into the hay, and we fell to preparing our own supper. But, not satisfied with these benefits, our friendly host or his kind wife would appear every five minutes with "Can you fellers use some milk for your coffee?" or "Maybe you fellers like tomatoes? Well, here's a dish of them, and there's half an acre more over yonder"; or some other hospitable inquiry. It seemed as if they had been just waiting for some opportunity to shower benefits on wayfarers, and we were ordained to be the fortunate ones.

We slept magnificently on our ten-foot-thick mattress, and, the next day being Sunday, stayed all day with these warm-hearted people. We found that the place was the old Monserate Ranch-House, and as our host had lived here, boy and man, for thirty-eight years, many were the tales he had to tell of the days when Don Tomás Alvarado maintained here the traditions of the grandees of Spanish California,

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT THE MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO

ruling over a household of no mean dimensions, and himself ruled, so it is said, by the priest whom he kept as a necessary adjunct to his state. Thirteen thousand sheep, three thousand head of cattle, and three hundred horses could the don call his own in the days of his prime: yet he died a pauper, the victim of his own lavish dispensation of *pesos*.

About the old house lingers a faint essence of its past, a glamour of things strange and gone beyond our ken. A date-palm waves in languid grace over the *patio*, casting its fronded shade over the defaced walls and crazy balconies: a few rows of orange and olive trees drop their starved fruit among the weeds, and a Maréchal Niel blooms secretly in a corner of the deserted veranda.

The conversation turning upon game, it appeared that this locality is a sort of headquarters of the wild-cat tribe. Two hundred and fifty-five of these animals were killed by our host and his neighbors during two months of one prolific year, and last winter he himself had accounted for nineteen in one month. When I asked gray-eyed Edith, who came with armfuls of puppies for our admiration, whether the wild-cats did not kill their chickens, the answer came with eloquent brevity, "Lots." Seventeen skins line the walls of their little kitchen, and a heap more lie in the unused room which once was the private chapel of Don Tomás.

Among the wild-cat skins on the kitchen wall I noticed a framed motto. The words were "Love one

another," and my last impression of the family was a delightful commentary upon it. The toil-worn hand of the wife rested on the shoulder of her stalwart husband, who talked tender nonsense to the nine-months' morsel of baby that he held; while the other three children played an uproarious cowboy game of roping one another with a superannuated *riata*. There was no need to say, God bless them: clearly He does.

The valley of the San Luis River opened before us in wide stretches of pasture and grain land. Behind lay the long blue ridge of Palomar. The cool sea breeze began to blow up the valley, and the last gray shred of fog sank away into the intense cobalt of the sky. Doves flew from sycamore to turkey-weed and from turkey-weed back to sycamore. Buzzards sailed in the clear air, circling with unmoving wings, and balancing with easy perfection of flight. A handsome young Indian passed us at a gallop; an automobile or two whizzed by; a Mexican family jogged along in a buckboard; so the old and the new California toss their dust at one another.

All the morning we plodded quietly along, ruminating lazily to the *pad, pad*, of the hoofs. After passing a minute hamlet called Bonsall Bridge, we rested for half an hour beside the road, under a sycamore in the fresh young leaves of which the horses discovered an interesting flavor. These roadside interludes are very pleasant. You tie your horse in the shade, take off the bridle, loosen the cinch,

pull out your bread and cheese, and munch it to the rustle of leaves and the interrogative comments of hidden birds. The brook purls along, and your thoughts purl along with it. A draught of water, and then the careful packing of the pipe-bowl, and the first grateful puffs. You slip the bridle on, tighten up the girth, swing into the saddle, and ride on with one more little vignette added to the many such, of which one is turned up now and then by some chance occurrence; whereupon there comes back to you the whole scene, with your companion, if you had one, or your faithful horse, now perhaps obeying another hand, or none.

In the afternoon we diverged a mile or two to visit the Guajome Ranch-House, where, it is said, Helen Hunt Jackson gathered much of the "local color" for her famous California romance of "Ramona." We found the place a particularly sad instance of the unworthy fate which has been allowed to fall upon nearly all these relics of a picturesque past. The ruin of the Guajome seems more like the hideous decay of a murdered body than the peaceful dissolution which sheds over most ancient buildings that peculiar charm which we all recognize. Cans, bottles, and other refuse covered the floors and the broken chairs and tables of the rooms we entered; the fish pond was slimy and defiled; the fountain dry and shattered. But for a few flowers that bloomed in the dusty courtyard I could discover nothing of attraction. It was a relief to turn our backs upon

the place. As we rode back across the ranch we passed a great band of sheep, and the barren ground, ugly as an ash-heap, in the rear of the devastating army served to complete the depressing impression.

A few miles farther on we came in sight of the Mission of San Luis Rey, half hidden behind a line of blue-gums. The Mission, which in its state of partial ruin was singularly attractive, has lately been restored, with the usual disastrous results from the point of view of beauty. A barrack-like addition has been built, and fascinates the visitor by its appalling ugliness. Our intention had been to stay a day or two about the place, but we now laid our plans for an early departure on the morrow. We put up our horses in the stable of a civil Mexican, and ourselves camped near by, passing a night enlivened with dogs, fleas, and mosquitoes, but with a conspicuous absence of sleep.

By four o'clock we were taking the road by the light of a waning moon toward Oceanside, where we arrived with the sun. Here, for a novelty, we breakfasted at a hotel. Sundry small affairs of business delayed us till afternoon, when we mounted and pursued our way to the south. The road ran once more by the coast, and after passing the village of Carlsbad lay along the beach. We looked forward with pleasure to a few days of travel again within sight of the sea and within sound of its wise, admonitory voice.

Already I found that this almost daily companion-

ship had given me a longing to remain with it; to ride on, far, far southward, through Mexico, Darien, and the long continent of South America, with the monody of the surges ever with me, day and night. What a ride that would be! And then, perhaps, up the other coast of the Western world: — though, on reflection, I think not; for, somehow, my long life in the West has weaned me from my old preference for the Atlantic side. After all, the West is finest: the new, unformed West, where the tide of human life, that spread out from old, secret Asia, comes at last full circle, and is already beginning to break in tumult against this farthest Wall of the World.

To-day the sky was overcast, and the gray sea plain ran to an indeterminate horizon, with that curious appearance of fulness which I have often observed to accompany similar conditions of sky. The long ranks of the surf crept patiently up to the ineffectual siege, forever unconquering but forever unconquerable. It is so that I best love the ocean, — not glittering, garish, with shallow laughter and flippant retort, but gray, reticent, resolute, proud, solitary.

We entered now a silent region where wide expanses of grain land alternated with stretches of brush, and houses appeared at league-long intervals. Here we crossed a wide lagoon, the Agua Hedionda (signifying ill-smelling water, though the reason for the name was not apparent), which lies at the mouth of the Cañon de los Monos (or Monkey Cañon, an-

other cryptic designation). As we approached La Costa, where our road ran in company with the railroad, it began to rain smartly. By good fortune a deserted house stood near by, and this we appropriated to our uses, eating our meal on the veranda, and finding the tea no less cheering for the fact that the well was inhabited by a trio of prosperous-looking water-snakes. The rain ceased by nightfall, and we slept under the cypresses of the garden hedge. A conspicuous event of the night was the passage of the San Diego Express at a distance of thirty feet from my head.

CHAPTER IV

Boom towns — Del Mar: the Torrey pine — The old Alvarado ranch-house: an incident of "the eternal feminine" — The decay of the historic Spanish-California houses — Las Peñasquitas Valley and ranch-house — The Linda Vista Mesa: prospects of a kangaroo ranch — Mission Valley — The Mission of San Diego — Old Town — San Diego, our southern terminus: bay and water-front — The highlands of Mexico in sight.

OUR route next day lay through a succession of depressing little boom towns, whose vacant stores and depopulated hotels bore witness to some of the more melancholy attributes of human character. As we surveyed the boarded-up windows of a "Dry Goods and Notions" establishment, my companion put the case neatly by remarking that evidently the fate of the dry goods had been to dry up, and the last and best of the notions had been the notion to go away. Encinitas is the only one of several such settlements hereabouts that has survived the unhappy omens of its birth. New capital, wisely invested in roads instead of hotels, bids fair to put this pretty little town on a safe footing.

At San Elijo Cañon, where the Escondido Creek widens at its mouth to a considerable lagoon, the road crossed by a strip of beach on which breaks an unusually fine surf, with line upon line of long white rollers following each other in close succession. I should like to hear a winter storm beat on this ex-

posed shore of shingle, as I have heard them on the shingle beaches of England, the wild air ringing with the shriek of the multitudinous pebbles as they are driven to and fro by the claws of the raging sea. Above thunder of water and roar of buffeting wind the cry of the tortured earth rises in shrill *appassionato*, a magnificent concert of the elements.

Crossing yet another lagoon at the mouth of the San Dieguito River, we entered the village of Del Mar. A picturesque modern hotel forms the nucleus for a score or two of cottages scattered near a charming beach, and the locality is notable to tree-lovers as being the home of the Torrey pine (*Pinus torreyana*), a tree whose circumscribed habitat makes it a botanical curiosity. On the exposed cliff-edges the wind-blown patriarchs of the little tribe crouch in eloquent attitudes, and it was interesting to note the similarity of form of this sea-neighboring pine to that of the alpine "white-bark" species which I had seen the previous summer fighting for life on the other frontier at two miles of altitude in the Sierra Nevada.

We camped a mile beyond the town at a small farm whose kind people gave us the freedom of their pump (no slight boon, I assure the non-Californian reader), and next day struck inland, skirting the Soledad River. The name of this stream in no wise belies the solitary character of the country, where the scanty rainfall might well discourage the most optimistic of farmers. I knew the region twenty

years ago, and the population now seemed to me more scanty than I remembered it at that time. Evening found us at Sorrento, a lonely settlement consisting of a store, a railway station, and two or three houses. Here we turned eastward and rode a mile or two up Las Peñasquitas Cañon to the ranch-house of the one-time Alvarado Ranch, now incorporated in Las Peñasquitas Ranch, which formerly included only the upper part of the valley.

A careworn woman and two wild-looking boys were working in the dusk near the house, and of the former we asked permission to camp by the only available water, which was within the farm enclosure. The request was neither granted nor denied, but implicitly discouraged. I make no claims to special penetration of character, but as I looked at her, and she looked with no friendliness at us, I felt sure I could trace the current of her nature and read her present state of mind only too plainly. She was a young woman, and rather pretty. As a girl I think she had been very pretty. Her dress was rough and dirty, though natural enough to her masculine employment of digging. As we talked I noticed that she tried instinctively to hide her torn sleeves and disordered bodice, and I thought I could see beneath the inhospitable frown far less of inhospitality than of shame at her rough dress and her unfeminine labor. Poor woman! It was a trifling incident, a mere by-play, in the tragedy of the eternal feminine: the tragedy of a losing struggle for grace and loveliness,

not only of dress and feature, but also, with them and unconsciously felt to be symbolized by them, of mind and character, — that old, unphilosophical, but very human relation of ideas.

I saw it still more clearly when next morning we asked to be allowed to view the rooms of the old house. Disorder, struggle, and carelessness were written large over all; yet with a curious sense, which I felt without being able to explain, that they were hated and rebelled at. Poverty was written there, too, unless I am vastly mistaken; yet when we tendered payment for the privilege of camping it was steadily refused. My sister, — though you will hardly see these words, — the Spanish has a good adage for such cases, *Dios se lo pagaré*. I do not fear that you will be the poorer for refusing that coin.

As we rode away from the decaying house, with its frayed old date-palms and independent morning-glories, we remarked again upon the discreditable feature of Western American life which is illustrated by the condition of these interesting and once beautiful monuments of our history. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that those who have succeeded to the ownership of the estates of the Spanish Californians should expend a fraction of their revenues upon the preservation of the old houses: that is not our way. But it seems as if the State might well have taken sufficient interest in its own history to rescue one or two of these fine old houses from destruction. Even now, a very small sum of public

money would purchase and restore an example or two, and a mere trifle would keep them in repair. But we in America are obsessed with our particular conception of Progress; and self-sufficiency is always a blunder.

Las Peñasquitas is a long, narrow valley threaded by a small stream which in summer takes refuge underground from the thirsty sun. Scattered sycamores and elders grew here and there along its channel, their shade already, early in the day, preëmpted by groups of cattle. The cañon trends northeast, and when a slight rise of the ground opened a wider horizon I recognized the distant outline of Cuyamaca Mountain ("Queermack," in the common speech), under whose nearer flank I had lived twenty years before, while beyond it lay the home of my companion, amid the glistening sands and statuesque palms of the Colorado Desert.

At the ranch-house we found a squad of carpenters at work obliterating the traces of a recent fire. The solid walls of adobe were intact, which was fortunate, since the art of building such is now almost gone out of mind among the native population. We lunched under a shady pepper, and early in the afternoon resumed our way, which led by a steep road up from the cañon to the south. From the summit we looked out over a landscape quite different from any we had yet seen. For miles to south, east, and west stretched a level *mesa*, covered with a growth of greasewood brush whose dull olive was unbroken

but for the road, which ran to the vanishing-point straight as a line could be drawn.

This was the Linda Vista Mesa, one of the most hopeless of those arid tracts of land which under the glamour of the "boom" found ready purchasers at high figures, but have since found none at any figure at all. The soil is red and clayey, not that good red that tells of the blood and juices of the earth, but a pale brick color, malevolent even in appearance. Its superficial resemblance to the famous red soil on which some of the noted orange groves of California are thriving invited boomers to advertise it as having "no frost, no alkali, no hard-pan": to which they should have added "no rain (to speak of) and no crop." The ground is packed with cobblestones fuller than ever was pudding of raisins; while, so far from there being no hard-pan, the unlucky purchasers often found it necessary to blast the holes for their ill-omened trees in order to shatter the rock that lies like sheet-iron just below the surface.

In discussing the possible uses and prospects of this region, Eytel and I agreed that upon the whole a kangaroo ranch seemed to offer the best chances of success to an adventurous speculator. Without any special knowledge of the kangaroo, we had a strong idea that this was about the sort of thing that appeals to that singular creature.

Willingly we turned our backs upon the *mesa*, and entered on a long cañon that bears the name of the great family of Murphy. Last year I had camped

THE REMAINS OF THE FIRST OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS: SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

by lovely lakes under the shadow of Murphy's Dome in the northern Sierras: now we searched, and searched in vain, for a trickle of water in Murphy's Cañon at the uttermost southwest verge of the country (for we were now within twenty miles of the Mexican frontier). We dismounted, and mile after mile led our weary horses down the interminable grade.

About sundown we debouched into the valley of the San Diego River, generally called Mission Valley, after the Mission of San Diego, the remains of which stand hereabout. Turning up the valley for half a mile, we prospected among the willows and cottonwoods of the river-bed for water, and found a few small pools, standing but not stagnant. Here we unsaddled under a goodly cottonwood near which was a space of fair pasturage.

It was five weeks, to a day, since we had left El Monte, and now we were practically at San Diego, the southern limit of our joint expedition. The event warranted an uncommon supper, and thereafter we lay at ease while we smoked and indulged the retrospective vein. The sky was all but cloudless, the stars shone cheerfully down, and the mild and friendly air for which San Diego is renowned invited us to pleasant slumber or equally pleasant reverie. A vagrant mosquito now and then sounded his unrelenting horn, but was easily discouraged or quashed. Even while we praised the charms of lying awake, we fell asleep, and when I awoke, the

moon, her last quarter half spent, looked down on me from a stage of her journey that told me it was near morning. Before it was daylight the sky was overcast, for the sea-fog had come in on the wings of the morn, — an arrangement that is always agreeable to me, since it allows of breakfast being cooked without enduring a superfluous blast of sun. I confess I find the manufacture of flapjacks over a smoky fire, with a fervent sun castigating me from above, an exercise that puts too much strain upon the early morning temper.

The next day was Sunday, so we did not break camp. The peace of the day was somewhat disturbed by a promiscuous bombardment from the sportsmen of San Diego, who arrived early, and in unreasonable numbers, to bag the Mission doves and rabbits. We pastured the horses well out in the open where they would be in plain view, and ourselves sat in partial security under the lee of a scrap of adobe wall, gazing off at the mellow fragment of Western antiquity, with its romantic setting of waving palms and black and silver olives, and trying without too great exertion to call up to mind the long-past days when the scene that now lay so solitary before us was busy with cowled monks, Indian neophytes, and Spanish men-at-arms.

Early on Monday morning we set off westward down the valley, and came by the middle of the morning to the northern suburb of San Diego, which is called Old Town, in distinction from the modern city.

It lies at the head of the superb bay of San Diego, while the newer city occupies the middle sweep. Its great interest is the old mansion of the Estudillo family, a good example of the early Californian residence, which has lately been restored and is used as a tourist attraction. A small restaurant takes up one of the rooms, where genuine Spanish dishes are served by velvet-eyed señoritas. We called for *tamales*, believing that we might here do so with more confidence than one can usually feel when indulging in that ingenious article.

A ride of an hour brought us to the present city of San Diego, where our appearance, long of hair, stained with travel, and somewhat out of repair, occasioned no little comment among idlers on flower-covered porches and shady balconies. We had some little difficulty, in these days of the all-usurping automobile, in finding a livery-stable, and I was amused at Chino's evident anxiety on the matter. He clearly understood that the change in his surroundings portended hay, grain, and convenient lodging arrangements, with the society of interesting strangers of his kind, and he was naturally eager to arrive at the haven. When at last we came to the expected wide doorway he steered promptly and with determination for it, and he and Billy lost not a moment in attacking the hay, nibbling surreptitiously at the fragrant bales as they passed to their stalls.

We next sought modest quarters for ourselves,

where the spectacles and benevolent aspect of the good landlady could not quite disguise her qualms at our dusty and tramp-like appearance. Here we cast anchor, spending our days among barbers and clothiers and our nights in tossing on beds of unaccustomed softness. I had known the city twenty years before, when it was drawing its first bewildered breaths after the cataclysm of its boom, and I had always cherished a pleasant feeling for the place. Why has Smithville hosts of friends, while Jonesville, its twin in all points of outward seeming, is contemned by all men as a blot upon the geography of its State? The peculiar subjectiveness of towns is a curious study in what one may call physical psychology.

The purpose of these pages does not require a description of the city, nor do my own preferences lead me much into the regions of statistics and real estate. Suffice it to say that San Diego is a prosperous, energetic place, which is rapidly adding to its present population of some forty thousand contented people. I own I was best pleased to walk along the water-front by the rows of little amphibian huts that I remembered from former days. Flowers bloomed in cans and boxes all about these humble dwellings, and boats slapped idly on the water by the crazy landing-stages. Odors unnamed because unnamable greeted me with claims on my friendly remembrance, and the new generation of water-front children seemed no less arch and engaging than those of yore.

Three steamers lay at the wharves, and two large lumber schooners swung in the tideway. A knot of torpedo boats were anchored on the Coronado side of the bay. Point Loma, famous among Theosophists, stood up well and boldly, a worthy headland for the abutment of a sovereign state: and in the south, beyond the forlorn wastes of National City, rose wistful and pale the blue highlands of Mexico.

CHAPTER V

Northward bound — San Fernando: its Mission — The San Fernando Valley — Topanga Cañon — Wild flowers — A wayside Thomas — The coast — Dana's opinion of San Pedro — North-Westward Ho! — The Malibu: "No Trespassing" — Shoreside sheep — I am an object of compassion — The *pro* and *con* of solitude — Camp by the ocean-edge.

THE middle of May 1911 of the next year after my expedition with Eytel southward from Los Angeles found me again in the saddle. This time I was alone, and northward bound. My appetite for practical geography had been only whetted by the fraction I had seen of the coast-line of the State, and I felt bound now to complete the unit.

I had the same horse and much the same equipment as before, the principal difference being that to save weight I carried no gun, but instead a short-jointed fly-rod (which found frequent use). Also I had had made a little tent of very light oiled material, fitted with jointed aluminum poles, the whole weighing about six pounds. This was in view of the fact that the rainy season might overtake me before I completed the trip. For a great part of the journey I did not carry it with me, but had it sent forward to San Francisco ready for the expected change of climate. Again my starting-point was El Monte, where my good Chino had just enjoyed a liberal vacation in pasture.

I took a somewhat circuitous route to the coast, and for two reasons. In the first place, I was willing to forego the sight of that galaxy of seashore pleasure towns, Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach, San Pedro, and several more, which, in the exuberant metaphor of real estate circulars, "are flung like a tribute of gems at the feet of imperial Los Angeles"; in the second, I wished to visit the Mission of San Fernando, lying twenty miles northwest of Los Angeles and half as much more from my point of departure.

I had a long ride and a hot day for my start, and Chino's load was no light one. I rode by way of Pasadena and the Cañada which connects the San Gabriel and San Fernando Valleys, and put up for the night at the little town of San Fernando. The next day being Sunday I remained about the place, while Chino, in stable, made industrious preparations for strenuous days at hand.

The Mission of San Fernando, which was founded in 1797, probably never had as great claims to notice, on the score of beauty, as had some others of these interesting monuments; but the heavy low building, with its long line of arches, red-tiled roof, and elementary campanile, is pleasing for its simplicity, and seems appropriate to the humility of the order of St. Francis. The church itself is in ruins, and shows plain evidences of the unhallowed industry of treasure-seekers with crowbars. An old Mexican now guards the place, unlocking for a small payment

wormy doors with fiddle-like keys, and leading the visitor by precarious stairways to mouldy lofts and cellars, peopled with shades of priest and neophyte, *comandante* and *soldado de cuero*.

The San Fernando Valley, through which I rode next day, is an example of those famous ranches in which the lands of California were held by grantees of the Spanish or Mexican Government. This was one of the last of them to remain unbroken, and was now in process of being surveyed for selling off to settlers of the new order. It opened before me in league on league of grain, waving ready for harvest, a crop to be measured by the thousands of tons. The landscape flickered under an ardent sun, and as we plodded hour after hour along the tedious straight roads, escorted by clouds of pungent dust, I panted for the clean, crisp breezes which I knew were blowing just beyond the low range of the Santa Monica Mountains to the south. No single tree offered respite of shade, and the two or three ranch-houses we passed looked almost hideous in their blistering whitewash.

Gradually the valley began to close in toward the west, where the wooded Simi Hills rose to meet the higher Santa Susanas; and turning at last southward I struck into the main coast road, and came by sundown to the little village of Calabasas, drawing rein before a small building which bore the sign of the Hunter's Inn.

Automobiles were whizzing about like cockchafers,

and the landlord, after a careless word in answer to my inquiry for board and lodging, turned his attention to the superior order of travellers, leaving me to arrange where and how I pleased for both my horse and myself. At the third request he condescended to show me to a room, which made amends by its pleasing rusticity. There was a wren in occupation, and a great oak tapped with friendly fingers on window and roof. Supper, when at last it came, showed host and hostess in a better light, so that conversation ran agreeably. The night was made pleasant by a sound as of rain on the roof from the drops condensed from the fog by my sociable oak.

When I took the road early next morning, the fog still hung over the landscape in wreaths of thoughtful gray broken to east and south by auspicious gleams of sun. A superb freshness lay upon every leaf and flower, and the very stones of the highway appeared to share the improvement. The road now struck directly down to the coast, following the Topanga Cañon, and the way was enlivened by a thread of water which grew quickly into a sizable brook. I was impressed by the ruggedness of the mountain slopes, which rose in striking mass and contour, and in places pushed the road into a mere defile, overhung by precipices of fine height and verticality. At the northern end of the cañon are many neat little hillside farms, mainly of Mexicans, and the dust of the road was plentifully marked by the scamperings of children's naked feet.

The summer was at its full of flowers. The beautiful tree-poppy grew freely in many places, bearing shallow cups of palest gold at twice a man's height. By the roadside bloomed the great golden Mariposa tulip, flecked with brown, a truly magnificent blossom. Mountain lilac was just breaking into clouds of fragrant azure, and wild roses, daintily simple, gleamed from every thicket. (I always feel that the wandering Briton owes a special debt to Nature for the wide dissemination of this delightful flower, which greets him in so many alien lands.) Poppies, mimulus, brodiæas, and many more added their cheerful colors to the summer show.

There were few travellers on the road, but while I stopped to lunch by a little stream that came in at a bend of the cañon, an old man came by, driving a wagon, and turned in for the midday rest at the same spot. We fell into chat upon such universal topics as crops, aëroplanes, and local politics, and grew quite cordial over the Sugar Trust. I saw that my friend's attention had been caught by Chino's equipment, but it was not until I was ready to move on that he brought out the inevitable "Whar you bound for?" When I replied "To Oregon," I saw a look of annoyance come into his face. I had already found that my expedition appeared a formidable one to the average stay-at-home, but this old fellow was a frank unbeliever. "*Whar* did you say?" he inquired again, sternly this time. "Oregon," I answered; "why not?" But he felt sure now that he

was being trifled with, and the only response to my parting "Good-day" was a mortified grunt.

The former day's travel had been a pretty hard one for us both, and I determined to make this one correspondingly light. So when by mid-afternoon we came near the mouth of the cañon (as I knew by the distant sound of breakers), I stopped at a little opening and pitched camp. The stream contained some fair-sized trout, and a half-hour's fishing produced my supper. A ruminative evening by the camp-fire closed the day. I turned in betimes, and lay once more, as many times last year, listening to the murmur of the sea, which was now again to be my great monologuist for perhaps half a year.

I was astir by first daylight, and was early on the way to the mouth of the cañon. As I reached the top of a little rise, the roar of the sea close by met me with a sort of boisterous friendliness, like the welcome of some tremendous mastiff. Looking eastward from the cliff on which I stood, I could see the long wharf at Santa Monica, and, beyond, a long curve of shore that ran to the Palos Verdes and the promontory of Point Fermin. Beyond that lay the town of San Pedro, detested of Dana, who in 1835 reported it as being "universally called the hell of California," and who himself wrote of it that "This rascally hole of San Pedro is unsafe in every wind but a southwester, which is seldom known to blow more than once in half a century." Now, three quarters of a century later, the "rascally hole" is

in process of becoming a great port, with a much wider range of interests than the shipping of "California bank-notes" (as Dana calls the hides which formed the return cargo of the Pilgrim). Turning to the west, my eye followed the long reaches of broken cliff along which ran my road, until the land view was closed by the low yellow cape of Point Dume.

I lingered here a few minutes while I enjoyed the occasion, for here my northern coast trip was actually to begin. It seemed in a modest way momentous to be turning my face northward and westward; and I surveyed in fancy the long leagues of coast which I was to travel, to where, instead of languid dunes and sunburned brush, I should ride by stalwart cliffs and through stately alleys of forest. There was deep pleasure in the prospect. Thoreau says that the southwest was his point of inclination for travel, and enlarges, in his ingenious way, upon the reasons for his preference. For me it is always the northwest that captures my imagination. "The West is but another name for the Wild," Thoreau remarks; and in the same fanciful way the North seems to me somehow to signify the Noble. Was not the Northwest Passage always a natural goal for enterprise and gallantry? Farewell, then, I said, land of the South and sea of the South; and welcome the ultimate West, and the dark, the gray, the solitary North.

My Chino, meanwhile, free from such unpracti-

cal abstractions, was employing his leisure with the cliffside herbage. He is an engaging creature, and we had many sentiments, and even conversations, together, sharing confidences upon the quality of the water, or the state of the roads, and other such matters of mutual interest. Automobiles, naturally, were often a topic, and I may say that Chino's views on that subject, which may easily be guessed, were quite my own.

Turning, then, westward, a few miles of pleasant road brought us to the entrance to the Malibu Ranch, a long strip of land lying between the southward-facing foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains and the shore. At the gate was posted a warning that Trespassing was Strictly Prohibited. I knew that public right of way through the ranch had long been contested by the owners, and I had been warned that I might find my way disputed by their myrmidons with shotguns. But there was nothing except the passive placard to prevent my entering, and I passed in with little doubt of making an equally peaceable exit at the western end.

On a limb of a sycamore that overhung the road a large cross was roughly cut. It marks the place of one of the many commonplace tragedies of early California days. Some horsethief, name now unknown, was hanged there. Perhaps it would be better to say, some alleged horsethief, for mistakes no doubt occurred on occasions when somebody had to hang, and quickly, too; and when Justice, playing

a sort of hide-and-seek, might let her sword fall suddenly upon any member of the free-and-easy community, who was so unwise as to get in the way.

The hard sand beach here offered a tempting road along the water's edge, and I turned Chino down to it. He was a little averse at first to facing the burst of the rollers and stepping into the hissing froth, but he soon caught the idea, and with arched neck and gay bearing splashed through the wash of the breakers, and kicked the creamy fans of water into sparkling showers.

I had seen only one or two people on the road that day, and it seemed as if we were quite the only trespassers, until I saw a mass of whitish objects approaching and heard a new sound mingling with the lazy booming of the sea. As we came nearer I saw that it was a band of sheep, which were being driven along the beach by a mounted Mexican, aided by dogs. It seemed odd to see these pastoral creatures marching composedly along on Neptune's frontier, nibbling at seaweed, their voices rising in plaintive *crescendo* above the recitative of the surf.

A splendid ram walked with immense dignity at the head of the flock, his long fleece quivering as he stepped, like that great beard of the Prophet by which good Mussulmans swear. The herder rode behind on a lively broncho. We stopped to pass a few words, and I learned that he and his band had come down the coast over a hundred miles, and were bound for the neighborhood of San Juan Capistrano,

nearly as far still to the south. The mention of my own destination excited his pity.

"Ah! it makes much cold there. I have heard that it rains always; is it not true?"

I explained that it was not quite so bad as that; but he still gazed at me with compassion, and rejoined with a shrug, —

"Huy! not to see ever the sun! And the fruits and the good wine do not grow there! Huy! such a country! I should not like it."

His sheep had left him far behind while we talked, and he now said *Adios*, and turned to overtake them. But as he rode away he still shook his head over the thought of a country where it rained always, and the good wine could not grow.

The promontory of Point Dume, like a flattened turret, stands well out to the south about midway of the Malibu. Here the road bent inland for a mile or two, but soon again came down to the shore. Frequent cañons, each of them carrying a small stream of water, broke the seaward slope of the mountains. Evening was drawing near when I found myself at the Trancas Cañon, at the mouth of which lies a small brackish lagoon. Here I found a good camping-place under a great tent-like sycamore. Orioles supplied my supper with music; and a night of balmy airs, with the drowsy rumble of breakers not a hundred yards away, rounded off a highly pleasant day.

The first sound of the morning was the wild cry

of gulls as they quarrelled over breakfast. As I ate my solitary flapjacks I was half inclined to wish that it had been possible for me also to quarrel with somebody; but the presence of Chino, grazing hard by, allayed the loneliness for me, as I hope mine did for him. We were early on our march, following the shore under a bright morning sun. I could see, a few miles out, a white steamer making eastward, and waved my good-morning to the passengers who, I took for granted, were gazing toward me, though not exactly at me, from over the side.

The road lay alternately along the beach and the cliff, where yuccas bloomed plentifully among the brush. These white-burnoosed Arabs looked out of place standing here within stone's throw of the ocean, and their exotic scent mingled strangely with the sharp tang of seaweed. Now we pushed through thickets of head-high mustard that dusted us with yellow; next, sunflowers stared at us eye to eye; and again, lavender sage refreshed us with fugitive dashes of perfume. The rattle of machinery came faintly to me, and I could see the mower and his team creeping along high up on the hillside a mile away. It was far too heavenly a day for one to be in a hurry, and I dismounted and removed Chino's bridle, leaving him at liberty to saunter and graze while I sauntered and praised. Only here and there a clump of thorny cactus obtruded a suggestion of evil. I suppose that cactus may have been unknown before the Fall.

One of the compensations to be set against the lack of a companion was that I was free to stop or proceed, hurry or delay, camp here or there, entirely at my own choice (only having regard to my horse's needs as to forage). So when, early in the afternoon, I came to an attractive little stream that ran in a deep cañon filled with sycamores and wind-blown oaks, I paused and considered. The brook chattered happily over the rocks of the beach until it met the sea, like the sudden cutting-off of the life of a child. Close by it was a triangle of clean sand, littered with driftwood; and near at hand there was a space of good fodder. It is not always that things arrange themselves so propitiously: I could make camp not twenty yards from the very verge of the ocean. The opportunity was not to be missed. I got my little tent pitched in spite of a strong breeze which showered me with flying sand; and then spent a lazy afternoon in the society of the gulls, my loquacious little brook, and the indolent roar of breakers.

The wind increased during the evening to a point that made a camp-fire something more than a luxury; so I started a noble blaze and humbly emulated the poet with his "Fire of Driftwood." I found, too, that my little shelter, like his "farmhouse old . . . gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold, an easy entrance."

Sand makes one of the least desirable of sleeping places, and all night I was consciously or subconsciously aware of the thunder of the waves close

by. Once or twice I heard the spray rattling like hail on the tent, or the hiss of the sea-froth as it washed far up on the beach and then sank away into the sand. I had picketed Chino in a more sheltered spot fifty yards away, and, blanketed warmly, I think he passed the night quite as comfortably as his master.

I was up at four o'clock, and broke camp early. The breeze was strong and keen, and an inexhaustible freshness was in the air, as if the world had been created within the week. Gulls and pelicans were fishing busily, and on the horizon two faint smudges marked where steamers were passing. After a few miles more of alternate shore and cliff, we crossed the line into Ventura County, and at the same time bade adieu to the Malibu and its cantankerous but futile placards.

CHAPTER VI

An inland trail — Strange country: downs and combes — Boney Mountain — Friendly Mexicans again — Sycamore Cañon — Sunday in camp — A night disturbance — Oak-glades — The Santa Barbara Channel Islands in view — The resting-place of Cabrillo — Hueneme: a moribund town — Oxnard, "the hated rival" — An embarrassing companion — Ventura: its Mission — San Buenaventura: nasturtiums and simplicity.

THE broken country which had lain to the north of the road began now to come down to the shore, and the road soon struck inland up Little Sycamore Cañon. I studied the coast beyond with a view to travelling by the beach if possible. A high bluff coast, much broken, ran for a few miles to the northwest, culminating in the fine headland of Laguna Peak, which rises in striking profile to a height of fourteen hundred feet. The cliffs rose high and steep from water's edge, and I knew, moreover, that just beyond lay the Mugu Lagoon and a long stretch of sea-level sand and marshland where it would be difficult, if not impossible, to travel on horseback. So I turned into the cañon to find a trail by which I might cross the mountains and come down into the valley of the Santa Clara.

The cañon was pleasant with shade of oak and sycamore, and vocal with murmur of stream and sprightly voices of many birds. It soon narrowed to a defile, and the road came to an abrupt end, but

no sign of trail appeared. I felt sure there must be a route across this narrow belt of mountains, and I knew also that it could be but little travelled. After half an hour of search I found faint indications of a trail leading off to the west. With some misgivings I turned into it, hauling my reluctant companion up a steep mountain-side, slippery with short dry grass. The track was hardly discernible, and was so confused with cattle paths that I was often in doubt whether I was on it or off. The hillside was hot and shadeless, and as we panted and perspired up the ascent we both, I think, wished ourselves trespassers again on the Malibu, with its fresh shore breezes and plentiful cool streams.

For two hours we toiled on and up, with frequent stops for breath and, on my part, admiration. The country was strange and un-Californian. In all my wanderings through this varied State I had seen no other region of this kind. It reminded me constantly of the downs of southern England, only that the hills were higher and steeper. The short sodded grass might well have been the "wise turf" of Kipling's "Sussex," but for the castilleias, azuleas, and yellow poppies which thinly sprinkled it, and occasional yuccas shooting up from the small islands of brush. Now and then a distant glimpse of ocean far below confirmed the resemblance, or some deeply cut cañon carried the mind a little farther afield to the combes of Dorset or Devon.

When the trail had climbed to a height of fifteen

hundred feet, there opened a still more striking landscape. Near by to the north rose the fine shape of Boney Mountain, its highest crags hidden in dragging mists; and far in the distance a high blue range marked the Topatopa and Pine Mountain country beyond the Santa Clara River. More to the west, blue with summer haze, the wide valley stretched away to the Pacific, and between lay the expanse of rough, brushy hills through which I had to find a way.

It was getting toward evening when, still following as best I could the elusive trail, I noticed on the hillside a little fenced pasture in which three horses were grazing. Evidently there was a farm near by; and going over to investigate I saw some cultivated land lying in a narrow valley not far from a thousand feet almost perpendicularly below. As the trail seemed to bear away from the place, I abandoned it, and, leading Chino, made the best of my way down to the valley. At the bottom I found a small stream, and, both of us being pretty well tired out, I deferred visiting the ranch until the morning and made camp for the night.

Half an hour next morning brought us to the ranch. From the chorus of dogs which hailed our approach I guessed the owners to be Mexicans, though the land showed more careful farming than those people of the non-strenuous life usually attempt. I was right. Under a shady live-oak I found a handsome old Mexican who was smearing with

butter a number of little Spanish cheeses, more of which were drying on a platform built among the branches of the oak tree overhead. The old man was very deaf, and it required all my Spanish and my breath to introduce myself and explain my presence, which plainly surprised him. In reply, I learned that he was the owner of the place, Jesus Serrano by name, and I was invited to tie up my horse and rest; the old gentleman insisting that I take his chair, while he made shift with a saw-buck.

A young man leading a saddled horse now appeared, introduced himself as Francisco Serrano, and subsided on the ground for a chat. When they heard that I had camped so near them, they asked why I had not come to the ranch and stayed with them for the night, saying that they had plenty of room and hay. I found later that the plentiful house-room consisted of two small cabins, each containing a single bed; and I have little doubt that either of them would as a matter of course have slept on the bare floor in order to accommodate an entire stranger. Such is the instinctive kindness of these people, whom it is the fashion to condemn for the lack of some far less excellent virtues. I passed a very pleasant hour with them, and when I rose to go the son offered to put me on a cut-off trail that would save me some miles. The old gentleman presented me with one of his cheeses, explaining that I must eat it with chili, and should find it good for the health. Francisco slung a rifle to his saddle,

and, escorted by half a dozen eager dogs, we rode away.

The trail was down the cañon and mainly in the bed of the stream. My guide splashed and clattered ahead, pointing out here and there the scene of some episode of wild-cat, coyote, or mountain-lion. He had an eye for the flowers, too, and often drew my attention to some clump of fragrant ceanothus or wild rose, or bush of *tollón* (the Christmas holly of California), at that season in full summer glory of white. When he had put me well on my way my companion bade me good-bye and turned back.

I was soon in the main Sycamore Cañon. The road marked on my map was nothing more than a fair trail, and I doubt whether wagon had ever passed that way. A good stream ran among the boulders, and there was pasturage in plenty: so though it was still early I resolved to camp and devote the remainder of the day to the cooking of beans, that invaluable ration of the Western traveller.

The next day also, being Sunday, I passed in camp, with Chino's full concurrence. Now and again a few cattle strayed by, but otherwise the solitude was unbroken. At night an alarm was caused by some nocturnal visitor. Chino, who was staked near by where I slept, awoke me by snorting and rearing in great excitement. I got into my boots and made a circuit of the camp with my revolver,

but was unable to find the cause of the disturbance — probably a roaming wild-cat or mountain-lion. Such incidents are annoying, and thereafter at night I kept my revolver handy in my boot-leg, close to my head.

Morning brought in one of those particularly perfect days that remain in one's memory like the special incidents of childhood, or one's best catch of trout. The sky was softly clouded, the air moist and gentle, and the trees wore that half-smiling, half-pensive look that makes one wonder if they have not some faculty of enjoyment, or even remembrance. We moved leisurely along under a leafy screen of oaks whose black stems leaned in pictorial attitudes across softly lighted vistas of open cañon. Birds flitted quietly about, unhurried, like us. Against the sky-line of the high, smooth hills tiny cattle were placidly grazing. Here and there a white sycamore showed conspicuously among the oaks, whose rounded tops, valanced with Spanish moss, cast a tragic darkness over the brook. The creek lay in pools, its quietude deepening the dreaminess of the scene and the morning. It was one of those days when one expects something fine and unusual to happen, — a storm, for instance, though at this season that would be almost out of the question. If it had been a few centuries earlier, and in Europe instead of America, Sir Tristram de Somethynge might have come riding along one of those green glades, bound on some errand of joyous peril. With

this in mind, a glance at Chino, with his panoply of comfortable saddle-bags and blankets, was almost comic.

The trail, which had risen gradually, now crossed a divide between two high grassed hills, and I looked out upon the open valley, chequered in dark green of beets and pale gold of stubble, running level to the sea, six or eight miles away. Fifteen or twenty miles out to the west lay a group of rocky islands, the nearest one an odd conglomeration of spikes and splinters, the others more formal in outline. They were the Santa Barbara Channel Islands, Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel. Somewhere on the last-named (which is the most westerly) is the resting-place of the brave navigator Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who, only fifty years after Columbus's epoch-making voyage, coasted far up "the Californias," to die, as he was returning, on this lonely outpost of the wonderful new world.

With a backward glance at the fine shape of Boney Mountain, his crags still attractively shrouded in a mystery of cloud, I started down the steep descent. The trail soon broadened to a wagon-road, and before long I rode out on the rich farming land of the Guadalasca Ranch. To this succeeded a long, straight county road, bordered by prosperous fields of beans and beets, the staples of the county; and in due time we entered the sleepy little coast village of Hueneme, where I put up my horse at the

decaying livery-stable, and found clean and simple quarters for myself at the village inn.

Hueneme is the ghost of a once flourishing town. On its one business street the vacant stores, with their hopeless signs of To Rent, stand ranked in shabby idleness, like a row of blind beggars. Not very many years ago this was a lively little port; but a beet-sugar factory sprang into existence a few miles to the north, and that, with its joint advantage of a railway, was too much for Hueneme. The greater part of the population and not a few of the houses themselves made off bodily to the new centre, and left Hueneme nothing to boast of but its smooth, clean beach and its busy past, during which (as a gloomy citizen assured me) the place had been the scene of as much traffic as "any other two blamed towns of the county." Now, only one small coasting steamer calls at long intervals, and occasionally a lumber schooner puts in with its fragrant load from the northern forests, while a stage carries scanty mails and infrequent passengers over to the railway at Oxnard, "the hated rival."

Still, the place has an air of restfulness which is pleasant, even though it be involuntary; and, moreover, it has a lighthouse, — a modest wooden building, but, like all lighthouses, a fascinating object. As I stood on the shore in the dusk, and watched the steady beam of light streaming out over the gray wash of the ocean, there seemed something godlike in its kindly vigilance. All night it shone

into the little room where I slept, throwing its moon-like gleam every few seconds upon the white wall beside my bed.

The next day was some holiday, — Decoration Day, I think, — and the Huenemans, throwing care away, were early astir and off on a picnic. When I went to the stable for Chino, I found him and the stable cat in solitary possession. I saddled up and rode on toward Oxnard, taking the main road due north instead of trying to keep the coast, having been warned of possible trouble with quicksand if I should try to ford the Santa Clara River. Oxnard also was on holiday, and all the stores were closed except those of the indefatigable Orientals and, fortunately, that of an Armenian shoemaker whose services I required. A Japanese girl in kimono and slippers was sitting on the sill of a doorway that opened on an upper veranda, daintily smoking a gilded porcelain pipe.

Riding on toward Ventura after a short stay, I was overtaken by a young Oxnardian in a buggy, whose curiosity over my outfit led him to check his speed and enter into conversation. I was glad of company, and we rode a few miles side by side. At the village of El Rio he begged me to look after his horse for a moment, and vanished round a corner. Twenty minutes passed without his returning, and I was just starting in search when I saw him approaching with a peculiar smile and gait and an armful of bottled beer. As his horse was a spirited one and

the man was half intoxicated, it seemed necessary for some one to keep an eye on him in the interests of the public safety. I resisted his pressing invitation to get in and drive with him, but kept alongside and awaited developments.

They came quickly, as he emptied the bottles at a lively rate; but he obligingly took no offence at my refusing to share them with him. His driving soon became erratic, and when he had twice narrowly escaped driving into the ditch and once into an automobile, I proposed that he let me take the lines and drive him into Ventura, his destination. Rather to my surprise he agreed to this, but only, he was good enough to say, because he considered me in the light of a close friend, for no one but himself had ever driven Ginger. I tied Chino behind the buggy and got in, and before long he was sufficiently lost to his interests to allow of my dropping the remaining bottles overboard as we crossed the river, and I was at liberty to enjoy the evening beauty of shadow on the mountains near by to the north, while he slumbered peacefully at my side.

When we arrived at the outskirts of Ventura, I stopped, shook my companion with some violence, and asked him whether he thought he was capable of driving. He replied with indignation that he had been driving all the time, and that I must not think that I could "guy" him: but ended by declaring that I was "a good feller," and giving me the name of a hotel in town where the knowing ones among

"the boys" put up, and to which the mention of his name would procure me admission. As he seemed really pretty sober, I thought he might be trusted to escape trouble; so, declining an urgent invitation to drink out of an empty bottle, I bade him good-bye and struck into town by a cross-road.

Ventura is a modest little city of some three thousand people. Though it is the county seat of a prosperous county it has never seriously attempted to compete with the other cities of the south for preeminence, nor any eminence at all except that of natural attractions and steady, well-ordered progress. The people who live in its pretty cottages enjoy, on the whole, as I judged, the continual feast of a contented mind, speaking well of their city, but without that undue fanfaronade which, like the voluble wiles of a street fakir, does but warn the judicious of danger. Its situation certainly is super-excellent, by the shore of a summery sea and yet at the very foot of picturesque mountains, which, at this season, were just dusted over with the gold of the wild mustard. A fine stream flows into the sea at the western edge of the city, and from May to October the breakfast tables of Ventura need never go troutless.

The place has some little historic attraction, too, for here in 1782 was founded the Mission of that comfortable-sounding saint, Buenaventura. It was not one of the handsomest of the Missions, but it was never allowed to fall into disrepair, and now

provides a dignified and interesting place of worship for the Catholics of Ventura. In the neat garden of the priest's house, which adjoins the Mission, are a few ancient fruit trees, among them a solemn old fig which may well have witnessed the prosperity of ante-secularization days.

I took it as another token of the pleasant quality of the Venturans that the unpretending nasturtium seemed to be the popular flower. Banks and hedges of them greeted the eye everywhere, and banners of the gay blossoms hung over the low sea-cliff from the gardens that ran to its edge. I think that Flora was in one of her happiest moods when she invented this sprightly flower; and wherever I see nasturtiums in the garden I argue smiles and sweet symplicity in the house.

CHAPTER VII

Fording the Ventura River — Tramps in clover — Hospitality unfailing — Carpinteria — Origins of Spanish place-names — A huge grapevine — Summerland: oil-wells in tide-water — Montecito and millionaires — Santa Barbara: as Dana saw it, and to-day — The Mission — A link with the past — The de la Guerra mansion — Santa Barbara of the far future.

FROM Ventura the coast takes a northwesterly sweep, the mountains now pressing closely down to the shore. There are two roads from here to Santa Barbara; the inland one, preferred by automobilists, which crosses the mountains by the Casitas Pass, and another, more to my mind, which follows the coast, in company with the railway.

The bridge over the Ventura River had been demolished by the floods of the previous winter, and the ford was rather too wide and deep for Chino's peace of mind. When in mid-stream he became nervous, finding the water touching his belly, and proposed to turn back; but I had seen another horseman cross the day before, and knew we could get through; so, punching him industriously with my heel, I got him over, though not without getting both saddle-bags and boots water-logged.

All day we travelled an attractive coast, while I let the monotone of the surf lull me into a mood of reverie. Houses were few, and hour after hour

passed without sight of other travellers. Occasionally a train whirled by, breaking the indolent summer quiet with clatter of wheel and rhythmic clangor of bell. By now we had been passed several times, since starting, by regular trains, and the trainmen began to toot whistles and wave friendly hands to us as they flashed past.

Numerous cañons led back into a maze of rough though not high mountains, which culminated some miles to the north in the long ridge of the Santa Ynez Range; and at longer intervals capes ran seaward, shutting off the view of the farther coast, and providing constant material for curiosity and imagination. Now and then a distant vessel drew my gaze, and raised a lazy speculation whether its freight were lumber, oil, or humanity, and whether it was bound to a near-by port or on some romantic voyage to, say, Valparaiso or Zanzibar. The Channel Islands, looming faintly in southern haze, were no less interesting for the opposite reason, namely, on the score of their being almost uninhabited.

Just beyond the promontory of Punta Gorda was a tiny village, lying a little off the road. A trio of tramps were sitting about a fire, over which steamed a sooty coffee-pot. A lordly steak reposed on a newspaper awaiting its turn, together with onions and half a loaf of bread. I wondered whether the villagers could have paid such a heavy assessment willingly.

Mid-afternoon found us at Rincon Point. A homelike farm, shady with palms and olives, occu-

pies the level land of the point, and Rincon Creek marks the boundary of Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties. It seemed an auspicious spot for a camp, so I boldly entered an open gate of the farm fence, and found an inviting nook among the trees beside the stream. There were one or two trouty-looking pools near by, and I spent a profitable hour with my fly-rod. As I sat by my evening fire, tracing Chino's wanderings on the hillside above by the jingle of his bell, I received a visit from the owner of the farm. My apologies for trespassing were at once discounted by his friendly manner as he dismounted for a chat, remarking that I ought to have come and put up at the house. I may say here that in the whole course of the trip I found the milk of human kindness always flowing, plentiful and rich, whenever I had occasion to draw upon it.

The road here leaves the shore, and for a few miles lies through a fine farming country stretching back to where the Santa Ynez Mountains rise abruptly to nearly four thousand feet. It would be hard to imagine a more desirable location for a farming life than this belt of richest soil, backed by opaline mountains and fronted by the calmest of seas. Here and there a clump of feathery eucalyptus or a rank of sombre cypresses marked the place of a farm, and supplied the one element that Nature had omitted from an otherwise perfect landscape.

To this succeeded the lemon and orange groves of Carpinteria, an old and small but pretty settle-

ment; or rather, two settlements, the old, Spanish and decrepit, and the new, American and thriving. If report speaks the truth, the prosperity of one local landowner was gained by methods which entitle him to the special contempt, not only of his defrauded Mexican neighbors, but of all persons whose sympathies go with one Naboth in a well-known incident of Israelitish history.

The name of this village offers an example of the manner in which a great number of places in the State came by their titles. This and many other points on the coast were named by members of the expedition (of which Father Paloú was the historian) which passed up the coast by land from San Diego to Monterey in the year 1769. At this spot some Indians were found engaged in building a canoe, and from that circumstance the soldiers of the party named the place by the Spanish word for a carpenter's shop. Similarly, from nothing more important than the killing of a gull, a point a few miles to the west was named Gaviota. That the clergy also took their full share in the work of bestowing titles is plain enough from the generous manner in which the saints were remembered.

I had heard of a celebrated grapevine hereabouts which proclaims itself the Goliath of its kind. I turned aside to see it, and found the monster in an enclosure behind a little house which stands on the site of a vanished adobe. When I viewed the enormous trunk, nearly ten feet in girth, I could easily

credit its claim as to size, and the statement of its owner that it bore from six to twelve tons of fruit yearly. The limbs (one of which I measured and found it three and a half feet around) cover a space a hundred feet square, and are supported on a framework of massive timbers. There is a legend that it dates from the year 1809, the birth year of so many great men; but be that as it may, it shows no sign of decay, and should be good for many a decade, in proof of one "tall California story," at least. I bought a bottle of juice made from its grapes, and ate my lunch under the ample shade, looking, I was aware, like a sort of modern and commonplace Silenus.

From the increasing number of automobiles that bequeathed us their superfluous dust and odors, I knew that we were nearing Santa Barbara. We were, in fact, already within the limits of the generous grant of lands which belonged of old to the Spanish *pueblo*. A few miles brought us to Summerland, where a number of black and oily derricks built on wharves are robbing Neptune of a long unsuspected asset. The place, which was originally a Spiritualist colony, now resounds with the creak and groan of pumping-plants, and at night might, I should think, still be a congenial rendezvous for ghosts.

On the right now appeared the wooded slopes of Montecito, a lovely expanse of rolling country sacred to millionaires. A green cañon of oaks and sycamores suggested thoughts of camping, but there

was something almost sacrilegious in the idea, and I hastened on. Oak-shaded villas gave place to acres of sweet-peas and trim orchards of walnut and orange, and beyond ran the dreamy blue mountains with the peak of La Cumbre overlooking all. Soon the dust of the road was exchanged for asphalt, and gay parties of Barbareños appeared in automobiles and on horseback in quest of appetites for dinner. By early evening I rode into Santa Barbara, and for a day or two we went into city quarters.

When, in 1835, Dana sailed into Santa Barbara Bay on the Pilgrim, he found (to quote his own words) "the large bay without a vessel in it; the surf roaring and rolling in upon the beach; the white Mission, the dark town, and the high, treeless mountains." The three quarters of a century that has elapsed since that time has been highly eventful to California as a whole, but as usual the caprices of fortune have had their effect. Santa Barbara then, notwithstanding the poor impression Dana received of it, was the place of second importance in the Californias, outranked only by Monterey, the capital. San Francisco was "a newly begun settlement, mostly of Yankee Californians, called Yerba Buena, which promises well"; and Los Angeles, though then the largest town in California, could hardly have dreamed, with her interior position, of contesting for the southern supremacy with the better placed settlements on the coast.

The modern city of Santa Barbara is a place of about

twelve thousand people, which, wisely following the lines of least resistance, has attained a fame of its own as a particularly delightful place of residence. Its climate, mild, equable, and the reverse of stimulating, is just suited to the enjoyment of its attractions of coast and mountain scenery; and tourists, who nowadays "with extensive View, survey Mankind from China to Peru," naturally have not overlooked Santa Barbara. Two giant hotels provide the superlative of comfort for the wealthy traveller, and streets of pretty houses in flower-crammed gardens are inhabited by fugitives from blizzard-stricken States in East and North.

There are not many traces, except in the names of several of the streets, of the older Santa Barbara. Of what remains of it the Mission stands first in interest. It dates from 1786, and, standing on the high ground at the rear of the city, the gray old building, drowsing in the sun, with its red-tiled corridors and twin domed belfries, sheds an air of Spanish languor, of perpetual siesta, over the city.

While I sat on a bench beside the fountain in the open space before the Mission, I heard the patter of naked feet beside me, and, turning, saw the arch face of a Mexican boy of seven or eight years only a few paces away. He had noticed my camera, and was skirmishing in hope of some interesting photographic incident, but was ready for flight at a moment's notice. When I spoke to him he came and talked frankly, telling me his name, José, and those

of his father and a considerable array of brothers and sisters. The surname was that of one of the soldiers who formed the escort of Padre Lasuen at the time of the founding of the Mission, and as it was an unusual name I had little doubt that this curly-pated youngster was one link of a chain which, if I could trace it, would lead back to that event, — one of some importance in the history of the State.

The Mission possesses a great collection of the material of California history. In the library of the building I found the genial and scholarly Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, deep in learned labors over his great "History of the Franciscan Missions," now issuing from the press. It is a worthy task, and Protestants as well as Catholics may well regard with respect the work of Father Serra and his helpers on these shores, which, a century and a quarter ago, were more remote and savage than Central Africa is to-day.

On a quiet side street I found another remnant of Santa Barbara's historic past, — the old mansion of the de la Guerras, a family so identified with the city that its history might almost be said to be their own. Readers may remember that it is the marriage of one of the daughters of this house, Doña Anita de la Guerra de Noriega y Carrillo, that Dana describes with so much vivacity. The bridegroom was Mr. Alfred Robinson, the agent of the owners of the Pilgrim and the Alert. (There is a volume, now rare, entitled "Life in California, by an American,"

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA

written by this Mr. Robinson, which gives much very interesting information as to manners and affairs in California a decade or two before the grand transition from hides and tallow to gold.)

I noticed over the main doorway of the house the words, in quaint lettering, "La paz sea en esta casa" (Peace be to this house), followed by the name of the family. There seemed an odd disparity between the sentiment and the martial name (for de la Guerra signifies, literally, "of the war"). I wondered whether the incongruity could have been unnoticed by the old don who had the words cut there, or whether there may not have been some particular occasion for the little joke.

I believe it has been found that the western coast of this continent is slowly rising. If that be so, and the movement is to go on, and no wholly unthinkable change is to arise in the course of human affairs, why, I wondered, may not this sleepy city be a far future metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, lying at the head of a huge bay protected by a great arm of land on which the present Channel Islands would be prominent peaks? But no doubt, long before that could come to pass, ports, steamships, and all the rest of our modern paraphernalia will be matter of very ancient history: and meanwhile Santa Barbara fulfils her comfortable destiny, dozing among palms and roses beside the bluest of seas.

CHAPTER VIII

Arboreal strangers — A squally evening — Roadside camp and company — An incongruity: church as barn — The village of Naples — The Refugio Pass — More pleasant Mexicans: Bernardito the Jolly — Crossing the Santa Ynez Mountains — A wonderful landscape — Wild flowers, and the madroño — Las Lomas de la Purificacion — A land of great oaks — Fording the Santa Ynez River.

WE left Santa Barbara on a Monday afternoon, both man and horse well rested. From here the coast runs almost due westerly for fifty miles to Point Conception, the elbow, or, as Dana calls it, "the Cape Horn of California, where it begins to blow the first of January, and blows all the year round." Here again I found it advisable to take the county road, a short distance inland, for a few miles, to escape some extensive sloughs that occur in the neighborhood of Goleta Point, and in winter furnish the sportsmen of Santa Barbara with goodly bags of ducks.

A few miles out, at the village of La Patera, I was overtaken by a young fellow on horseback who was leading three other horses. One of them was a handsome three-year-old, full of fire and nerves, who danced about in excitement at every automobile that passed, and seemed likely to drag the rider out of his saddle. I offered to take the halter-ropes

of the other two animals, so we rode on together and fell into conversation.

Miles of eucalyptus trees have been planted hereabouts, in groves and along the roadsides, and I learned from my companion that we were passing through the ranch of Mr. Elwood Cooper, to whom California is indebted as the pioneer both of this useful tree and also largely of the olive. One of the attractions of travel in this State is that so many of its products have a geographical association with some distant land of origin. It is as pleasant — perhaps more so — to encounter constantly some arboreal Australian, or Greek, or Persian, or Algerine, as it would be to meet the human representatives of those countries. When you see a pomegranate you are likely to think of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and the "green-bursting figs" among their broad dark leaves remind one of Matthew Arnold's "merry Grecian coasters," or the "grave Tyrian trader," who

> "unbent sails
> There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
> Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
> And on the beach undid his corded bales."

The day had been partly cloudy, with a gusty wind and the possibility of a sprinkle of rain. As we rode down a long avenue of eucalyptus, a squall of wind came from the west, rushing like something solid down the tunnel-like road, and filling the air with dust, twigs, and even sizable branches. Following

it came a lively spatter of rain, and as it was nearly evening the question of a camp became interesting. My companion was bound for a ranch in one of the cañons a few miles ahead: my business was to find the best shelter I could, subject to Chino's necessities of water and pasturage.

A mile or two farther on we came to Tecolote Cañon, where a good stream crossed the road, and a broken fence gave access to a triangle of grass beneath some sycamores. Here I handed the horses over to my friend, and proceeded to such acts of trespass as were necessary to my comfort. My poncho, stretched between two trees, made a fair wind-break for myself, and Chino was quartered in a sheltered spot among good feed. The rain ceased about sundown, and I ate supper quite comfortably, amused by the remarks of two parties of automobilists who exclaimed at the phenomenon of a tramp reading a book by candlelight while he ate his (of course) stolen victuals. As a rule the sight of Chino as a part of my belongings gave me a better standing in the eyes of passers-by when my camp was near the road; but this time he was not in view, and I had to bear all the odium that justly falls to the man who eats and sleeps by roadsides.

A camp-fire here was not practicable, so I turned in early and lay smoking and listening to a symposium of the owls which have given the cañon its name. The wind had ceased, and a few drops of rain had fallen again as I was spreading my blankets, so

my dispositions were made with a view to a possible wet night. However, the first thing that came to my eyes when I awoke after sleeping some hours was the friendly twinkle of stars between the leaves overhead.

I was up at the first sign of dawn, and found that during the night another traveller had arrived, and was now sleeping diligently under a tree on the other side of the creek. He — I supposed it was a he — was wrapped in an old red quilt, and an antique straw hat covered his face. A small tin pail lay near by, and his pillow was the sack which held his remaining effects. I was careful not to awake him by my manœuvres with the coffee-pot, but made an extra allowance of the beverage; and seeing that he was still sleeping when I was ready to march, I quietly crept over and left a pint or so of hot coffee in his pail, with a "whang" (as Stevenson would say) of bread, a couple of apples, and part of a can of tobacco alongside. As I was turning away it occurred to me to leave my card beside the little legacy; and to round out the matter I pencilled on the back Whitman's lines —

"Camarado . . .
Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and eat and sleep with the earth."

I reckon my friend had some puzzled moments over his breakfast.

It was a delicious morning. The road passed among rolling hills of freshly cut grain, broken by

frequent cañons dark with oaks and dotted with notable sycamores. In one deep cañon a giant laurel, more than two feet in diameter of stem, filled the whole air with a stimulating scent of bay, and everywhere a multitude of aromatic herbs and shrubs diffused sweet or pungent odors. The purple sea lay to the left at a quarter-mile distance, and on the right the long wall of the Santa Ynez Mountains supplied a constant entertainment of light and color.

As we approached the village of Naples a novelty appeared in the landscape in the shape of a square church tower, of Norman style, and apparently built of stone. Standing on a hill-top it was strikingly visible long before the village, which lies in a hollow, came in view. I made up my mind that it would turn out to be of cunningly painted wood, or else of plaster; but on a near approach it proved to be of veritable stone, and *point-device* even to the gargoyles. It had an incongruous look, standing there in a sea of yellow mustard. I was told that it had been built by a former resident of the locality, and that its present use was as a storage place for hay!

The village of Naples was a pleasant surprise. From its ambitious name I expected to see some spick-and-span modern resort. I found instead a half-score of old whitewashed buildings, the cottages smothered in flowers, and the hotel so engagingly simple and out-of-date that I longed to put up there. A brook runs down to the sea through a verdurous

cañon of willows and sycamores, and the road up the hill beyond was bordered with giant prickly-pears looped with pink and white convolvulus. The mowers were at work on the hillsides, working round and round the knolls like barbers. I never felt any special calling to a farmer's life; yet now I felt that I could be brought to accept one of these generous, slumberous, oak-shaded estates, with sea and mountains handy for purposes of recreation.

We travelled all the morning through this dreamy landscape. Houses were few, and population appeared to be almost *nil*. The sea seemed unpopulated, too; no sail or streamer of smoke broke the infinite creep of the water, and the surf, half a mile away, made only a vague, wide murmur, that filled the air like a thicker kind of sunlight. At long intervals I saw a ranch-hand or two at work in the fields, but seldom within hailing distance, and I passed, like "the lonely seabird, . . . with one waft of the wing."

A few miles to the north, beyond the ridge of mountains whose foothills now rose close upon the water's edge, was the Mission of Santa Ines. I wished to see all of these relics of California's early days that lay near my route, so, finding here a road that crossed the mountains by way of the Refugio Pass, I struck inland. A good stream ran down the cañon, and as evening was near I kept a watch for a camping-place. Barbed-wire fences held me to the road for a mile or two, but at last I came to a path

that led to a lonely school-house. Remembering my rights as a taxpayer I entered the gate and found, a little distance upstream, a good spot under sycamores, with abundant fodder adjacent. I earned my supper from the stream, and cooked and ate it heartlessly on the bank in plain view of the relatives of the eaten, while doves cooed melodiously and coyotes raised doleful hymns to the rising moon.

Next morning I continued up the cañon, which is a winding and very beautiful one, shaded with oaks and sycamores of the finest. After a few miles the road leaves the bottom and begins the long climb to the ridge. Just where the ascent commences I found a mountain farm. On the window of the house was painted the proprietor's name and the word Comidas, signifying "Meals." The place was rustic and inviting, and I tied Chino to the gatepost and entered.

A pleasant Mexican woman with a rollicking baby answered my knock. Certainly she could cook me a meal, but, "Ay, señor! nothing is there in the house but eggs, with bread and coffee." I wanted nothing better, and seated myself at the table for proof. In a few minutes she returned with my eggs, deliciously cooked in oil that came, I learned, from the olive trees in the hillside orchard. Presently the husband came in, carrying Bernardito the Jolly, and they all sat down for a chat while I ate.

They were both of middle age, but had only been

married a year or two, and it was delightful to see his pride in her and their love and enthusiasm for the baby. His admirable qualities — and he was all admirable — were pointed out carefully to me, and I was charged to report them every one to a compatriot of the husband's who lived in the next county: — how strong he was, and how big! his hair, so long for only ten months! his three small teeth with which already he would bite his father's work-hardened finger, behold! as if he were a little pig, the *chica!* And so on, pouring out their simple love in all friendliness. Altogether, I do not know when I have more enjoyed a meal than my dish of eggs at that rough plank table with these good people.

We now took our way up the steep slope. The mountain-side faced the south, and had no shade, and the sun was at its hottest. Not so hot, however, as the desert sun of our previous summer, as I reminded Chino when we halted for breath. As we climbed, the view opened finely and became constantly more striking. Even in California it would not be easy to match that superb panorama. A foreground of flowery brush fell away steeply into a purple mystery of mountain and cañon, dreaming in the wistful haze of summer: at five miles' distance the infinite plain of sea shone softly under the southern sun; far out the islands of the channel showed like fairy isles, mere shadow shapes of darker tone against the pallid blue of the horizon. Right and left ran the high, wavering crest of the Santa Ynez,

with here and there a sentinel pine breaking the ease of the long undulations.

On nearing the summit oaks began to appear, often surrounded with lakelets of tender grass, interesting to Chino. Here I found growing freely the lovely globe-tulip (*Calochortus albus*), a white saint of a flower, all ethereal gentleness and tranquillity, the purest looking blossom I know. I think a pirate would look at it with reverence. With it grew many other flowering plants, — nemophilas, geraniums, marguerites, brodiæas, anemones, collinsias, making little floral sanctuaries among the rough and thorny world of the brush. About the pass the oaks became larger, and among them grew a few beautiful madroños. This great arbutus is one of the most striking of Western trees, handsome in leaf, blossom, and fruit, and especially noticeable for its smooth stem of satiny buff or red. The long, gleaming arms make a gallant appearance amid the sombre olive of oak and pine, and with its tassels of scarlet berries the tree looks well equal to the part of "Captain of the Western Wood," for which Bret Harte nominated it.

While I rested by a spring, eating wild strawberries and noting where the deer had lately left their imprints, four Mexican children came by on their way from school, as they told me. Their temple of learning must be of the smallest, for I had seen no house except one deserted adobe since I left my lunch place, three hours before.

Crossing the divide, we turned down the northern face of the mountain through a splendid woodland of oak, laurel, madroño, and maple. A roaring stream, Ballard Creek, ran in a deep cañon below the road. We marched rapidly down the steep descent. The sun was setting, and pools of solemn shadow crept in among the golden hills, the Lomas de la Purificacion, that opened before me. How beautiful are these Spanish names! They seem to throw a cloistral quiet, an eremitical calm, over the wide, sunny landscapes. One would think that angels had chosen them.

I found an excellent camping-place on a little bench of land above the stream. The moon was full, with light of that warm, almost orange, color that one sometimes sees in summer. It was late before I could bring myself to turn in, and then I lay for a long time enjoying a moon-bath, and watching the swaying pennons of Spanish moss that hung from the great oak overhead. Chino was tethered in a foot-high growth of clover, and put me to sleep at last with the rhythm of his molars.

This part of California is preëminently the land of oaks. My road next day, following the same cañon a few miles farther, passed through a park-like country where every oak seemed to reach the full magnificence of its type. The foliage swelled out in exuberance of glossiest green, and the convex of every leaf was burnished like metal. Between the trees the ground was covered with heavy-headed grasses,

and the cattle stood gazing helplessly out over leagues of waving pasturage.

The cañon at length opened into the valley of the Santa Ynez River, which here, thirty miles from its mouth, and after two months of the rainless summer, was a small stream, twenty yards or so in width, winding from side to side of a sandy waste which in time of heavy rain fills to a torrent. I spent an hour in searching for the road which my map showed as following the south bank. It had been washed away in the spring floods, and we made six fords before finding a place where we could climb the opposite bank. Good luck led me to the very spot I wanted. We scrambled up a thirty-foot cliff of crumbling soil, and in a few minutes I dismounted at the door of the Mission.

CHAPTER IX

Mission Santa Ines — Mission hospitality — Quaint relics — An operatic departure — The Gaviota Pass — Magnificent oaks and sycamores — The Nojogui waterfall — Sea-fogs — A travelling emporium — Las Cruces — An adventure with quicksand — Voices of the sea — Evicted by the tide — Sea-birds, and a rattlesnake — A sunset island.

At Mission Santa Ines (to give the name its proper form) I proved for myself one virtue for which the Catholic Church has always been famed, —its hospitality to travellers. The Mission is under the charge of Father Alexander Buckler, a whole-souled Teuton from the Lower Rhine. His extensive parish keeps him much on the move, but, luckily for the Mission, the Father is a man of taste, and has chosen for headquarters this lonely old church, where he has fitted up a suite of the dusky, cell-like rooms for his dwelling. I found him among the roses of the tiled corridor, explained my presence, and asked permission to camp for the night in the meadow near by. "Camp!" he echoed; "why, can't you sleep in a bed?" And straightway led me off to a plainly but comfortably fitted room, and detailed Chino to the stable and a well-filled manger. Then he was sure I must be hungry, so, his housekeeper being away, he ransacked the larder to find me a meal. Whether I were Catholic, Protestant, or Mo-

hammedan, Quaker, Shaker, or Supra-lapsarian, was all one to him: I was a traveller, and a guest of St. Agnes I must be.

I learned that the room assigned to me had once been the quarters of the *comandante*, when, after the secularization of the Mission, one half of the then remaining building had been taken by the civil authorities and put to the use of jail, blacksmith-shop, or whatever other purpose it would serve. I heard also that in my bed an Indian who was murdered a few years ago near by had breathed his last. But no ghost disturbed my sleep, and I awoke next morning to the strains of the "Romance in F," played by the good Father out of compliment, because I had happened to mention a special liking for Schumann. (The Father is an enthusiast in music. He played the organ when four years of age, and performed in public at twelve; and often his piano is heard by the owls of Santa Ines at the most abnormal hours.)

I was able to be of some service to the Father in photographic matters, and spent three days in his cheerful society. Lying, as this Mission does, away from the main lines of travel, it has suffered less than many of its sisters from the vandals, and is a veritable museum of objects historical, ecclesiastical, and quaint. Here are rusty little cannon, with obsolete muskets, pistols, and swords; branding-irons that once marked St. Agnes's flocks and herds; candlesticks in formidable array; portentous locks and

complicated keys; parchment scores of church music, with the old square notes; antique tomes of baptisms, marriages, and burials, adorned with wonderful rubrics and bound in rawhide; and a host of vessels of ritual and clerical what-not.

I was amused at a vast umbrella of yellow silk, with which the padres of bygone days shielded their reverend pates from the sun on their long marches afoot (for the strict Franciscan rule debarred the use of horse or ass). Still more droll was a little Madonna of wood, a foot or so high, with a painfully commonplace expression of face, but a quizzical look in the eye that was highly comic. She was dressed in stiff figured damask, with a kind of hilarious little cloak that stood out all about her, and a battered straw hat one or two sizes too large. The good Father was not a whit offended at my mirth over the absurd little figure, and explained that it was the special pride of his Indian flock. When he removed it once from its place in the church, where it had stood for many years, they objected strenuously, and would not rest until it was brought back. After all, perhaps one might better envy than laugh at such admirable simplicity.

Of the building itself there remains, as in the case of most of the Missions, only enough to suggest the extent and beauty of the original structure. Santa Ines suffered an additional disaster when, in the heavy rains of the spring of 1911, the bell-tower and several of the buttresses of the church wall suddenly

crumbled away and fell in a chaos of adobes and tiling into the little cemetery. The bells themselves, all of dates early in the last century, fortunately were unharmed, even to their huge ornamental caps of sycamore. Through the energy of Father Buckler the damage has already been repaired, and in enduring concrete. At Easter of this year a special service, ushered in with a great ringing of the bells, was held to celebrate the event.

My departure from Santa Ines was in the operatic manner, for I rode away to the imposing strains of the "Pilgrims' Chorus," which the Father thought an appropriate valedictory. It was a superb morning, with the highlands of the San Rafael Range to the north glowing like a wall of opal under a sky of ethereal blue. I now turned again toward the coast, taking a road which crosses the mountains by the Gaviota Pass, a few miles to the west of the one by which I had come.

I was more than ever delighted by the beauty of this region, which for mile on mile is a literal park of undulating hill-land decorated with kingly oaks, many of which must be full twenty feet in girth of stem. Along the watercourses grew sycamores commensurate in size, which gave the name of Alisal to this grant. A mild wind blew from the north, and before it the waves of shining grass flowed past in rich volume. Doves called and jays chuckled from every tree, and quail ran nimbly before us down the road. Chino, well rested and fortified

with hay and grain, was in good fettle, and marched along gaily, noting the green landscape with an approving eye.

I had been told of a pretty waterfall on the Nojogui, a tributary of the Santa Ynez, and turned aside to see it. It is in a deep wooded cañon, half a mile to the south of the road: a straight, perpendicular, slender drop of about one hundred feet, such as in England would be called a "ghyll," or "force." With its bordering of dripping maidenhair fern it makes a charming sight. "Nojogui," I have been told, is Indian for honeymoon, and there is a legend of an Indian brave who, honeymooning here with his bride, was carried over the fall and killed. I never find that these stories that go with waterfalls like premiums with magazines add much to the beauty of the scene; and, moreover, this particular stream is such a slight affair that one cannot help thinking the brave must have been something of a duffer. However, as waterfall pure and simple the sight is pretty enough.

We had travelled so easily that it was close upon sunset when we reached the pass. Just beyond the summit I made camp under some oaks in a hollow where a small stream ran. The forage was unusually good, a thick mat of burr-clover almost a foot high. Chino affectionately rubbed his nose about in it in sheer joy, and ripped away with sighs of pleasure. I was not so well provided. The stream was so strong of alkali that the tea curdled in the boiling

water; the best place I could find for sleeping slanted unpleasantly; and the south wind brought in such a dense fog from the sea that by morning my oilskin top-covering was like a hydrographic model, with watersheds, creeks, main streams, and reservoirs all in detail. However, I made my morning coffee doubly strong to offset the alkali and ward off what people used to call the "humours."

It must be by virtue of these dense and frequent fogs that the oaks of this coast region grow to such rare perfection. By this means they not only receive the necessary moisture for growth, which the roots would supply, but are enabled often actually to bathe and revel in it. They have not only bread, but wine; are comforted as well as fed; and their plump and cheerful faces reflect their enjoyment.

Soon after we took the road I saw two wagons toiling toward me up the grade. When we met, the drivers pulled up their horses for a chat. They had come from Ventura, where they had a saddlery-shop, and were "just taking in the country" (a peculiar idiom that always amuses me) and doing a little business as they went, to pay expenses. With this in view, they offered to sell me, in turn, a horse, oranges, a horsehair *riata*, a revolver, neckties, a saddle, a brace of rabbits, and, finally, some astounding chromographs. Then they inquired my own "line," and at once suggested that I should do a little advertising for them in my books. For this they were willing to pay (I suppose in rabbits or

neckties). They were puzzled, but not offended, when I replied that that would be impossible, but supplied me with some printed cards which I was to "kinder drop around in hotels and sich places." I made a half-hearted promise, bought a few oranges, and so escaped.

At the village of Las Cruces, where I arrived about midday, I got an excellent meal at the cottage of an old Spanish woman where I had been told I might purchase bread. Her heart was enlarged over me when she heard that I had been the guest of the good Father at Santa Ines, to whom she is parishioner and friend. I am always glad when I can get entertainment with these friendly Spanish and Mexican folk, and relish it far beyond the pretentious hotel "hospitality" of towns.

From Las Cruces the road turned directly south, following a picturesque gorge whose precipitous walls carried a wonderful growth of ferns, flowering shrubs, and herbage, mingled with huge creamy candle-flames of yucca. A lively stream rushes among rocks and boulders that break it into pleasant music. A pipe-line, carrying oil from the wells some miles inland to the refinery at Alcatraz, near by on the coast, does its best to spoil the cañon at its prettiest point, though I suppose it seems an adornment to the gentlemen who own stock in the concern.

A turn of the road brought me rather unexpectedly within sight of the sea, and I soon came again to the shore at Gaviota, not many miles west

of the spot where I had left it. A group of farm buildings and a dingy house showing the sign "Gaviota Hotel and Store" stood at the mouth of the cañon, but I saw no living being except a melancholy hound and, in the distance, a mounted man charging about as he rounded up a band of horses.

The coast road from this point west for ten or twelve miles is little more than a track, and that of the roughest kind, quite impossible for wheeled vehicles. There was a fence across the path, and a notice was posted that travellers must take the beach. I rode down to the shore, but when I saw that a little farther on the tide was washing up to the base of the cliffs I turned back, found a way through the fence, and trespassed on my way.

The country hereabout is monotonous and unattractive. Low undulating hills run for mile on mile, treeless, and scanty even of brush, and the cañons are dry and shadeless. We marched some miles before finding water, and I resolved to camp at the first creek I should see. At last I came to one, which afforded good pasturage also; and, dismounting, I led Chino down toward the beach, where I noticed a little bench of green grass at the mouth of the cañon and on the very edge of the shore sand.

Here the expedition narrowly escaped disaster. The inwash of the tide, meeting the water of the creek, had formed an area, a sort of pit, of quicksand. This we had to cross in order to reach the beach, and in a moment, without warning, I was up

to my middle, and Chino, following close behind, plunged in beside and almost upon me. On the instant I threw myself backward, and tried to work myself out, but the sand clogged me as if it were liquid lead, and I could not reach back with my hands to where the solid ground would give me support. Chino, meanwhile, was struggling desperately but helplessly, the heavy saddle-bags and other articles of his load weighing him down so that he was already half covered.

By great good fortune the cañon wall was near by, not over eight feet away. It was of weathered rock, soft and shaly, and I thought that if I could anyhow work over to it I could get grip enough on it to support myself. It seemed an impossible thing to do, with that fatal sand clasping and weighing me down, but I attempted it.

I remember that, as I struggled, a horror of the commonplace sunlit evening flashed over me, and, with it, the thought that no one would ever know what had happened to me, for there would be no trace, no clue. That horrible sand would close over me, the sun would shine on the spot, the roar of waves would go on unbroken; I should simply cease to be. I think I wondered whether there would not be any way of telling my friends; but I am not sure whether that thought came then, or in thinking it over afterwards.

All this can only have taken a very short time, during which I was struggling to reach the rocky wall.

At last my fingers scraped the rock, and gradually I was able to draw myself backwards to firm ground. Then I ran round by the solid beach sand, crossing the creek, and came back to Chino. He had stopped struggling, but lay over on his side, and had sunk so that one of the saddle-bags was quite out of sight. Blood, too, was spattered all about him.

Coming as close as was safe behind him, I gradually loosened as much of his load as I could reach. Then I caught his rope and tried to get him to exert himself. For some time he made no move, and I thought he must have broken his off-side foreleg on a half-buried snag of dead wood that projected above the sand. Again and again I tried to get him to move, but he still lay on his side, drawing great gasping breaths, and I about decided I should have to shoot him where he lay. But I made a last effort, shouting and hauling at him with all my strength, until I literally forced him to bestir himself: when, putting my last ounce into it, I pulled and shouted, refusing to allow him to relax his efforts for a moment, and gradually working his head round somewhat toward where I stood. With a final wild spasm he scrambled up on to the dry, hard sand, and stood snorting and trembling pitifully, bespattered with blood and utterly exhausted.

I was vastly relieved to find that the blood was coming from his mouth and nostrils. He had broken some small blood-vessel in his first struggles. I took off the saddle and led him carefully over to a grassy

spot, where I washed out his mouth and then gave him a thorough rubbing-down; and within half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing my staunch companion of so many days and nights feeding with equanimity and even enthusiasm.

The incident was sufficiently dangerous to give me a lesson in caution, as well as cause for hearty thankfulness. There was not the slightest hint of treachery in the appearance of the sand, but thereafter I went warily in all doubtful places. I ransacked my rescued saddle-bags and made a rare supper to celebrate the adventure. As the bags were strongly made, and waterproofed, the contents had not been much damaged. Then I ran up my sleeping-tent, in view of the fog which I could see advancing from the sea. I chose a place on a little shelf of dry sand, sheltered by the angle of the cañon wall, and apparently above high-water mark by a safe though narrow margin. Then in the dusk I gathered a pile of driftwood and made a royal fire, by which I sat until long after dark, listening with more than usual enjoyment to the tinkle of Chino's bell and the manifold voices of the sea.

There seemed that night to be an unusual variety in the sound of the surf. Intervals of dramatic silence were broken suddenly by roars as if huge bodies of water were being dropped from some great height. Then would come a long, sibilant swish, which, after subsiding to rippling murmurs, ended startlingly with a *thump, fortissimo.* Occasionally,

in the midst of a long whisper there would come a smart clap, followed by little quarrellings, and shudderings, and sighs, almost of human quality of tone. The ordinary sounds of the breakers, the steady pound, boom, and clatter, pound, boom, and clatter, seemed not to be in evidence.

The entertainment was so interesting that it drew me down to the water's edge. When I passed beyond the light of the fire, I found a new fascination in the pale sea-flame that hovered and raced up and down my quarter-mile of beach as the rollers broke in ghostly phosphorescence. Then a steamer, three or four miles out, passed on her way up coast, her lights shining genially across the black void of water. I fancied that some lover and lass, leaning together over the bulwarks, might be watching my twinkling beacon, and I went back and threw on another log to brighten the blaze, in the hope that the beam might stimulate my swain to some urgency, or some pretty fancy, that should bring a happy climax to his wooing.

When at last I felt in mood to turn in, I noticed that the tide had made a long advance toward my tent; but I felt sure that it was close upon its turn and that I could hold my ground. Still, as there seemed just a possibility of trouble, I did not undress to my usual camping limit, but got into my blankets partly dressed, and soon fell asleep. I suppose I had slept about half an hour when I awoke with an uneasy feeling that the water was coming too

near. Looking out, I saw that the stronger waves were sending their fans of foam quietly up to within a few feet of me, leaving a very slight rise of beach before they would wash against and undermine my little shelf of sand. There seemed to be still a "sporting chance" that I should be safe, and I lay down again; but the thought of awaking next time to find myself swamped and the tent collapsing over me was so annoying that I could not sleep and resolved to move.

To go farther back was impossible, for the stream ran only a few yards behind me, so I gathered an armful of my traps and made a bolt in the darkness across the creek, which was already flooding with sea-water, and found a level place among the grass near my horse. I had to make two more flights to and fro to bring over the rest of my belongings, and then, too disgusted to set up the tent again, I made a wind-break of the saddle-bags, rolled myself up in the blankets, and finally got to sleep. My last glance across at the red embers of the fire showed an ambitious wave in the act of washing it out of existence.

In spite of mishaps, the place was so attractive, in its close proximity to the sea and its complete retirement, that I decided to remain for another day. The swallows that haunted the cliffs made the pleasantest of company, flying happily about me, and pursuing the sand-flies almost into the coffee. The weather, too, supplied the one desirable thing, namely, shade, which the camp otherwise lacked; for

the fog of the night, lifting but not passing off all day, afforded a delightful temperature, with restful tones of color. It is so that I best love the sea. Its grandeur, its significance, its solemnity, are far more felt than "'neath the all-revealing sun"; and the water itself, deeply, darkly clear, seems more aqueous and elemental.

There was an unusual number of sea-birds hereabouts, and in a walk down the beach I came upon the rocky point which was their home. Hundreds of them sat ranked in demure hierarchy, the shags, who were the most numerous, taking the lowest place, then the white-backed gulls, and, presiding over all with an air of burlesque dignity, a dozen or so pelicans. At my approach the whole company took flight, and in a moment "the winged air was darked with plumes." The clatter of wings was bewildering as they circled once or twice and then streamed off to settle on the belt of kelp which here forms a floating reef unbroken for mile on mile. The flight of the pelican is a wonderful exhibition of ease in motion. I was never tired of watching them gliding in file, smooth, swift, and silent, with no movement of wing for great distances. If ever men attain to such perfection of aeronautics (though that is impossible), I mean to sell my belongings, to my boots, if necessary, and purchase the magic machine.

Returning from my walk, I almost stepped upon a rattlesnake that lay coiled among the driftwood

which I had been drawing upon for my fire. He was not a large one, and the calendar in his tail marked only four changes of skin; but I judged that he must die. Mr. Muir, I remember, deprecates killing these creatures, and says that, having once put one to death, he felt himself "degraded by the killing business, farther from heaven." On the other hand, I recalled that when, on the island called Melita, a viper bit the shipwrecked apostle in the hand, he unceremoniously "shook off the beast into the fire." My little reptile was a potential evil-doer also, and on the whole I saw no reason for trying to better such a notable example as that of St. Paul.

At evening the cloud curtain to the south lifted a little from the horizon, and one of the islands of the Channel Group shone out like a great jewel in the light of the setting sun. It was very beautiful, and rather solemn, — the slow lifting of the veil; the magic of the revelation; the silent passage through tone on tone of ethereal color until, when the sun had sunk, the distant isle stood marked in soft, dense purple on a glowing belt of yellow, the only object between gray of cloud and gray of sea. Then came the gradual lowering of the veil again over all. There was something unearthly in the quiet color-action, as if an angel had managed the heavenly display. Indeed, perhaps one had.

CHAPTER X

A bad road — A Marblehead skipper: bygone whaling — Portuguese fishermen — Point Conception: night at the lighthouse — A natural division point — The Jalama: fine old olives — Camp on the Espada: tramp company again — A Point Conception wind — An inexplicable family — The town of Lompoc: Chinese freemasons: Don Camilo, a Spanish-Californian — The Mission of La Purísima Concepción.

THIS stretch of coast is reputed to be the windiest part of all the California seaboard. There chanced to be only moderate breezes at this time, however, with a good deal of fog; and the morning on which we left the cañon was calm, with a sleepy sea that gleamed to white where it caught the rays of a hazy sun. The road, which can never have been exactly a boulevard, had been almost obliterated by the spring rains, and scraps of broken harness, shed plentifully along the way, seemed to illustrate the adventures of the last wagon that had passed over it. It was a relief when, after a few miles, we fought our way through a jungle of ten-foot mustard down to the beach, where we could travel on the hard sand. There seemed a little risk here and there of being cut off by the tide before we could round the many headlands, and at every crossing of a creek I could see that the adventure of the quicksand came vividly to Chino's mind. The loneliness of the region

was marked by the presence of a bald eagle that sat in haughty solitude on the cliff-edge, and gazed on us with unquailing eye as we passed below. This great bird is becoming rare in California, but still breeds in the lonely islands off the coast.

At El Bulito Cañon I caught a glimpse of the handsome large house of a local cattle-baron. Gleaming white among noble oaks, it had much the air of a French chateau until I reflected that it was probably built of one-inch plank, or perhaps cardboard. Cañon followed cañon, breaking the rounded hills of yellowing grass that rose in long succession to the west. Coming to the Cañada del Cojo I found a little cluster of buildings where a trio of Portuguese fishermen had established themselves. A great boiling of nets was going forward in an immense cauldron set against the cliff, and in a shed one of the men was employed in making traps for crawfish (destined, I suspect, to appear as lobsters on the dining-tables of San Francisco and Los Angeles).

As pasturage was scanty hereabouts, I had a mind to camp if I could buy forage for my horse. The Portuguese had none, for they kept no horse, but I learned that an old American fisherman lived close by, on the cliff, and that there I might find what I wanted. I found the old man at home, and he willingly offered the best he had, — for Chino the use of a decaying stable, and for myself a place to spread my blankets in an old barn, among rats, bats, nets, sails, and rudders. His own quarters were hardly

better, and housed a quaint museum of smells, the accumulated odors of half a century of fish. I shared his supper of eggs, potatoes (which it was his fancy to call oranges), biscuit, and coffee, while he, at my request, told me a little of his history.

He was an old Marblehead skipper who had found his way to this solitary spot as far back as the year 1866, and had lived here alone since that time. (His Portuguese neighbors had come only a year or two ago.) He was now seventy-six, but still followed his calling, and had no idea of forsaking it yet awhile. Why should he? he said. When he went in to Santa Barbara he saw men of his own age "hanging off and on without wind enough in their sails to blow out a candle"; and look at him, as sound as a fo'c'sle bulkhead! Dangerous to handle the boat alone? Well, maybe; but he never thought of that. Storms? Why, yes, now and then. Once he was capsized, and was pretty badly used up when a lumber schooner picked him up just before nightfall; but that was years ago, and he thought the weather late years was n't near as hard as it used to be, in the Channel.

Maybe I did n't know that there used to be a sight of whaling went on right here at the old Cojo landing; not so long ago as I 'd think, neither. The whalers' camp was right below there, and they would tow the whales — California grays, they were, mostly — to shore and cut them up and try out the blubber on the beach. "You see, there was n't so many places along this piece of coast where you

could beach a boat, anyway, so the Cojo was quite a place in them days."

And had I ever heard of the school the priests used to have a few miles up the country? It was for teaching the boys to be priests, and now and then some of them boys would break away, and run off down here, and he would row them out to some ship that came near in, like they generally do coming round Conception. The old fellow chuckled delightedly over this reminiscence, as a smuggler would over the "shooting" of a rich cargo of contraband.

When I appeared by appointment for breakfast, at a quarter-past four, I found that he had already taken his own, and was ready to go out for the morning catch. I hinted that I should like to accompany him, but he ignored the suggestion, evidently feeling that landlubbers were best ashore. He left me to close up the house when I was ready to move, cautioning me to see that the chickens were shut in their coop, or the coyotes would surely get them.

So he took the fat gray horse, and I watched them drag the boat down to the water, and saw him shove off, leaving the horse tied on the beach ready to haul up the boat on his return. Plucky old Yankee skipper! Some day the old gray horse may wait over-long, and master and boat may come home at last in evil plight, thrown up, mere drift, by the indifferent sea. But, meanwhile, "we never think of that."

I stopped to chat again with the Portuguese as I

passed, for I felt an interest in meeting these countrymen of Da Gama and Magellan. Dark, active, crisp-looking fellows, they were very different from the American or English fisherman type; but they fitted well into the picture that came to my mind, of caracks, caravels, arquebusiers, and marineros, —

"And past the headland, northward slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon."

This was the type of men who went flitting about uncharted and all but fabulous seas under the flag of the Navigator Prince. Midday found me still lounging there, and I was invited to eat dinner with them. The wife of one, a smiling, handsome woman, speaking excellent English, had prepared a delicious meal, my offer of payment for which was generously scouted. The husband and one of the other men, as I learned casually at table, had been capsized the week before, while the wife had helplessly watched them through the glass for twelve hours as they clung to the bottom of their boat.

Two miles farther on I passed Government Point, where lay the bones of a small steamer, the Shasta, wrecked here a few years ago; and then, striking across a wide, sandy plateau, another mile brought us to Point Conception and the neat white buildings of the lighthouse station. I had brought a note of introduction to the keeper, and found myself a bone of hospitable contention between him and his next in command.

The lighthouse is an important one, with a light

of the "first order Fresnel system," visible for forty miles, and a fog-horn whose range I do not remember, but which I should estimate as of about ten thousand newsboy-power. The building stands on a bold angle of this great seaward promontory, and carries its lantern two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The night I passed there was densely foggy, and, while sharing the watch of the second officer, I found it fascinating to pace for the midnight hour about the rocky platform, dank and slippery with the mist, listening to the maelstrom of swirling, roaring water, and the grim hail of the syren, bellowing to unseen ships its warning against the treachery of the fog — "Ro-o-o-o-o-o-*ocks!*" and again, over and over, "Ro-o-o-o-o-o-*ocks!*" A terrible sound to strike the ear of seaman or sea-traveller, too near! Too late for warning, it turns to a cry for help, often, alas! too late for that, as well.

A sight that I shall long remember was that of the sixteen great moving bars of light marked on the fog like spokes of a gigantic wheel. As the huge lens revolved on its bearings, the white beams travelled slowly, smoothly round, searching the fog inch by inch as if to discover what it might be hiding, — doomed ship, or shipwrecked men in boat or raft, drowning sailor clutching at a spar, or pallid bodies of the dead. As the rays passed in turn over the face of rock behind the tower, the shrubs and flowers started out of the gloom as if they, too, were dead and suffered an unwilling resurrection. It was a

relief after a while to climb again to the tower and join my friend in the commonplace comforts of coffee and cigars, until four o'clock and daybreak ended his watch and sent us to bed. My last waking sensation was the shriek of the fog-horn, still on duty, — "Ro-o-o-o-o-o-o-*ocks!*"

Point Conception forms the western abutment of the Santa Ynez Mountains, the elbow, as it were, to the humerus. Here ends the long westerly trend of the shore, which from this point bends sharply northward. I looked with interest to see what lay next before me. What I saw was a bluff, rocky coast, shut off at a few miles' distance by the promontory of Point Arguello; and, looming above a wilderness of broken mountains, one impressive peak, El Tranquillon. (Some one had a happy inspiration in that name.) The railway here follows the shore closely, with the road, now a somewhat better one, accompanying it.

In my mental survey of the coast of the State, I had always found it fall naturally into three divisions: a southern, from the Mexican boundary to this salient angle; a central, from here to San Francisco; and a northern, thence to the Oregon line. Dana, also, whose observation extended from San Diego to San Francisco, viewing the coast in the large way of a sailor, remarks that "Point Conception may be made the dividing line between two different faces of the country. As you go to the northward of the point, the country becomes more wooded,

has a richer appearance, and is better supplied with water." So, in leaving Point Conception, I felt the stimulus of new expectations; and the prospect of trees in greater number and variety made a special attraction.

The first few miles of our new road, however, proved barren of event and even of water. All the morning we travelled a dusty road, far enough from the cliff edge to be shut off from view of the sea, and bordered on the other hand by tedious hills robed in summer monotony of brown. About noon we crossed the railway and came down to the beach near the mouth of the Jalama Creek. There is a spring of warm sulphur water here, whose virtues for bathing I should have liked to test; but trains, whose schedule I did not know, passed unduly near, and it was necessary to refrain.

I had been told that I ought to see the old Jalama Ranch, which lay a few miles inland. It is now deserted, and is said to have been an appanage of the neighboring Mission of La Purísima Concepción in the days of its prosperity: indeed, I heard it spoken of by the Mexicans as the Mission of San Francisquito. A romantic trail led to it by way of a valley of great shaggy oaks. I passed an old orchard where vines still grew rampant of leaf, though fruitless, and, a little farther on, the remains of a cellar-like wine-vat of masonry, overflowing now with phenomenal nettles and lively with bright-eyed lizards.

The old ranch itself occupies a shady, dell-like

spot at the junction of two creeks that made music through all the vale. I walked under avenues of ancient olives which met overhead and whitened the grass with myriads of starry blossoms, — a habit of this tree by which one of Job's obnoxious friends illustrated the fate of the wicked, who "shall cast off his flower as the olive." Two huge, poplar-like pear trees were heavy with fruit, and there were the remains of an efficient hedge of the tuna cactus. Altogether it is a beautiful and interesting place, and if any one wishes to make me a present of the San Julian Ranch, on which it lies, I shall have no difficulty in deciding where to build my country seat.

I returned to the coast by sundown, and pitched camp on the bluff beyond the creek. Near by was a black and eyeless ruin of adobe, the old ranch-house of the Espada. After getting my supper I walked over to inspect it. As I passed the doorless entrance of one of the rooms I caught a whiff of tobacco, and a voice from the gloom hailed me with, "Come in, partner; lots of room." I hope I am as good a democrat as the average man, but I confess I was a little nettled at the cordiality of this greeting, evidently from a brother tramp. However, I put a good face on it and entered. I could see nothing but the red tip of a cigarette and the twin high-light of a brilliant nose; but the voice in which I was invited to sit down on a box which I should find by the door had a guileless tone, and even a hint of timidity, and my foolish resentment faded away.

So we sat and exchanged judicious explanations; or rather, I sat and he lay, for he announced that he had gone to bed (no elaborate ceremony, I suspect). I could tell that he was a man of fair education, even before he confided to me that he was the son of a well-to-do Ohio farmer, and had thrown up good prospects when the *wanderlust* caught him, twenty years before. I could but admire the philosophy of his conclusion: he "thought sometimes that he might have made a mistake." There is much virtue in "might." After all, to the actual bad there is always a possible worse, and still beyond that there lies a whole unknown region of superlative.

I invited my neighbor to breakfast with me, and looked forward with some curiosity to the meeting by daylight. He proved to be a tall, middle-aged, pathetic man, weak of mouth and eye, buttoned and safety-pinned into a long overcoat. He was loud in enthusiasm (genuine enough, poor fellow, I have no doubt) over my camping appliances. The little sleeping-tent was a marvel, only possible because extant; almost more incredible were my white enamelled cups and plates; he became incoherent over the coffee, and could only express his admiration for all in such impressive generalizations as "Well! I call this living!" or, "Don't that knock you, now?" When we parted Chino's load was lighter by my duplicate set of enamel-ware and half my supply of coffee.

As I passed the neat house of a small ranch near

the road, I halted to make an inquiry as to the road. The rancher, a young Spaniard, proved so affable that our conversation extended until noon, when I was invited to join the family for a meal. Both Señor O. and his wife were of families that figure largely in the ante-American history of California, and here again I experienced the open-hearted courtesy of this kindly race.

A few miles inland from here was the town of Lompoc, near which were the remains of another of the Missions, La Purísima Concepción. After a mile or two I struck a road running northward, which made a fairly direct route to the place. A cold wind had sprung up, from which I hoped to find shelter by taking to the cañon up which the road lay. But I was sadly mistaken, for the power and coldness of the wind increased as the road climbed, until both myself and Chino were in misery. This, then, was a taste of Dana's infamous Point Conception wind. Harder and harder it blew, and by some local ingenuity it managed to come from all quarters in quick succession, or sometimes even from all at once. The sun shone clearly enough, but made not the least impression on the temperature. The grass and herbage looked pinched and starving, and the very rocks seemed to cower. Ordinarily the scene would have been interesting, though not specially pleasing; — the weird yellow land, treeless, silent, and uninhabited for league on league; the stark, hard sky; the glimpse of indigo sea behind;

and the pale lilac road winding interminably away till it became a mere scratch of gray on the great hill-shoulders that lifted to the distant sky-line. It was picturesque, or posteresque, in an odd, clever way, but under that confounded wind it looked abject, bald, and almost hideous.

At last, to my vast relief, the divide was crossed, and we dropped into peace and comfort. The contrast within twenty yards was amazing. A soft sun lighted a landscape varied with trees, fields of grain, and cattle-spotted pastures. Beside the road stood a little farmhouse in a bright garden of flowers. A stream ran in a pretty cañon that opened eastward, and here we stopped to regain our tranquillity and eat our lunch. Then I went up to the farmhouse to assure myself of my road. A solemn man and boy, in Quakerish, wide-brimmed hats, and who were apparently in the act of leaving the house to return to work, answered my knock. An incomprehensible scene, over which I have pondered more than once, met my gaze as the door was opened. By the table, where, evidently, a meal had just been despatched, stood two heavy-looking, middle-aged women, each with a wreath of flowers on her head. Their eyes were bent upon the floor, and for all sign to the contrary they might have been graven images. Not a move was made during the two or three minutes that I remained there. They stood facing me, side by side, solid, stolid, and silent. It occurred to me that they had all been going to dance, or had just done so:

but in view of the bearing and physiognomy of all four, the idea was ludicrous to the last degree. Is there, I wonder, some quaint and serious sect whose daily ritual includes a *minuet aux fleurs* after dinner?

I had not gone far before I heard the man and boy coming up behind. They walked side by side with long, marching steps, and each carried a shovel. Without a word or a look they stalked by, like "ships that pass in the night." I watched them until they turned in at a gate that led to a hillside field of grain. There they passed beyond my ken, but for a long time they haunted my camp-fires like some hopeless conundrum.

The country I now found myself in was of an unusual character. The cañon ran between high hills, broken with cliffs and darkly variegated with solid clumps of trees. Farmhouses were perched precariously on these steep slopes, and a fringe of timber wavered along the sky-line. At the bottom ran the creek, growing apace, and the road, which followed it, was quite charming, often overlaced with oaks, and bordered with high banks on which honeysuckle, wild roses, wallflowers, and many other wildling favorites grew among jungles of grass and thickets of prosperous weeds. The occasional roadside houses stood among cherry and apple trees; and altogether the region looked interesting, homelike, and cheerful.

By evening I found myself on the outskirts of Lompoc. This is a town of quite respectable size,

but of sedate and village-like aspect. The locality is famous for its farming, and a branch of the railway comes down from the coast. The principal crop is mustard, fields of which lie all about the town, while yellow-blossomed stragglers invade the vacant lots and corners. On a side street I passed a red-and-green balconied house on which appeared the sign "Yee Hing, Chinese Freemasons' Headquarters." This had a queer look. I tried to conjecture what mongrel rites might be celebrated within. It was not easy, but so far as secrecy is concerned, at least, one can understand that these impenetrable people are well fitted to be adepts.

There is a considerable Spanish and Mexican population in this old town. I had brought a letter of introduction to Don Camilo R., the head of one of the old Spanish-Californian families, and formerly the owner of a great grant of land farther north. I found him living in a cottage of four or five little rooms, and my interview with him and his wife was most pleasant. The tall old don, in his black silk skull-cap, was like a Vandyke picture; and his manner was a fine fusion of dignity, simplicity, and cordiality. It was delightful to watch him romping with his sturdy baby grandson, and to hear him pronounce over and over again, with innocent pride in his English, the name of his son "Beely," whom I was charged to call upon on my way up country. The vivacious doña bustled about to get me afternoon tea, "as every day in England they have it, —

is it not true?" No hospitality could be more gracious, and, I will add, more touching. It was not only kindness, but honor that they would heap upon me. Whenever I hear (as I often do) disparaging words spoken of the Spanish race, I have only to recall that simple meal and those delightful people to range myself without hesitation on their side.

As I came into Lompoc I had passed the ruins of the original Mission of La Purísima Concepción, distinguished now as the Mision Vieja, or *old* Mission, to mark it from its successor. It is little more than a heap of adobes, but a great crack still shows the means of its demolition, by earthquake. The second Mission was built some three miles to the northwest of the town, where, next day, I found it sleeping in gentler decay among sober brown hills and acres of mustard and beans. It, too, has long been disused, and, as with Santa Ines, the heavy rains of the last spring had wrought havoc with the unroofed walls of adobe. A long row of filleted pillars and one or two door and window openings alone give coherence to the ruin. Wild mustard waved in profusion around and within the precincts. I pitched camp on a clear spot among the tangle of weeds, and passed a quiet Sunday in wandering about the old place, and in the company of quail, doves, and squirrels, and echoes and fancies of the past.

CHAPTER XI

Pine Cañon — The Burton Mesa — Camp on the San Antonio — The Sierra Santa Lucia in view — Casmalia and the Todos Santos — A fine seascape — Point Sal: friendly entertainers — A Spanish Petruchio — Fog and rough trail — Guadalupe — Humors of fence advertising — The Valley and town of Santa Maria — Southern California left behind — "Hunting a location" — The Nipomo Valley: the Dana family — Arroyo Grande Valley — San Luis Obispo Bay — An Indian burying-place — A Portuguese legend — The Avilas of Avila: more Spanish-Californian hospitality: Shakespeare and the drama of California.

FROM the mouth of the Santa Ynez River, which is a few miles northwest of Lompoc, the coast for fifteen miles or so is low, sandy, waterless, and, for the greater part of the distance, roadless. When I added to these unsavory items the probability of that dismal wind still blowing on the coast, I searched the map for some better way; and decided to take a road that ran north by way of Pine Cañon, parallel with the coast but a few miles inland.

We crossed the river by a wide ford. Chino was excited this morning, walking fast and nervously, evidently for some reason in a hurry to get away from La Purísima. I had tethered him at night in a rather ghostly-looking angle of the Mission wall, for shelter from the wind; and his present behavior made me wonder whether my good horse might not have a streak of superstition in his make-up.

I found Pine Cañon as attractive as its name. The road was enclosed by steep hills wooded with oaks and small pines, and water and pasturage were plentiful. The pine is ever my best-loved tree, and these were the first of the family that I had come among directly since I started. I was tempted to make a camp, but it was only midday when we came to the head of the cañon, and found ourselves at the edge of a wide, flat expanse known as the Burton Mesa, which stretches west and north unbroken for miles. Across this we took our tedious way through leagues of oats uninterrupted by house or fence, and but little enlivened by a few haggard, wind-blown oaks. Only once I saw a wagon passing "hull down" on the distant horizon of oats, as if it had been a ship at sea. To the north rose a low range of whitish shaly hills, and I thought I descried a derrick or two at its foot. It was a depressing landscape. No birds seemed to inhabit it, and the only sound over all the wide space was the long whisper of the oats. The sparse flowers looked lonely and frightened; even the poppies seemed to have lost their broad yellow smile. I was glad when an abrupt descent took us down to the San Antonio Creek. A large ranch-house stood on a knoll beside it, but all up and down the long valley no human being was in sight. We crossed the creek, and among a clump of Lear-like, moss-draped oaks on a sidehill I made camp.

The cottonwoods that grew along the creek bottom made quarters for a large colony of crows. I

like these loud, cheerful blackguards that carry off their iniquities with such bravado. The sound when they came swinging home at bedtime was like a crowd cheering the orator of the day; and when they began to shout and scuffle over the desirable perches, Chino looked round at me from his grazing in amazement at such behavior. A rattling chorus came already from the frogs in the creek, and before supper was over the owls opened in unusual variety of song; nor, unhappily, was the impish note of the mosquito absent from the concert.

I turned in early, and smoked my after-dinner pipe in bed, chatting with Chino and watching the stars winking through the leafy canopy. The rumble of surf came to me from four miles away with a peculiar deep tone that was due, perhaps, to its being conveyed partly through the earth. Then I felt some small animal, probably mole or gopher, shoving at me from below. With moonrise there arose also an indescribable hubbub of coyotes. *Och-o-o-o-one! Och-o-o-o-o-o-one!* they went, like mourners at a wake. To these dulcet sounds I fell asleep, and knew no more until Chino called me at first daylight, whinnying to be let loose to graze.

Our way next morning was up a long cañon with a frightfully bad road. There was compensation in the beauty of the oaks, which shaded the way with an almost solid firmament of foliage. At the head of the cañon I looked out upon a long desired sight, — the distant highlands of the Sierra Santa Lucia, ly-

ing low and blue in the north. For years I had been waiting my chance to get at that little-travelled range, and it had formed, in fact, a main inducement in planning the summer's trip. Now that at last it was coming within striking distance, I gazed at it with special interest, trying to forecast from the dim and tumbled outlines some features of contour, timber, or stream.

A long grade took us down to the valley of the Todos Santos, through which comes the railroad on its way to the coast a few miles to the southward. At the foot I found the village of Casmalia. Half of its score or so of houses were closed, and hotel and store were vacant and dismantled. I was glad that I had stayed the last night on the San Antonio instead of pushing on to this cheerless place. I sat for a few moments on the porch of the hotel while I condoled with an old Casmalian. "Why, yes," he mourned, "the barley and beans looks good, but the Tody Santy ain't what she useter bin. Them oil strikes in the Santy Maree jest plumb cleaned this hull country out o' ranch-hands. You 'd 'a' thought 't was whiskey they 'd struck, 'stead of oil." This pregnant remark gained point when, on passing the saloon a few minutes later, I noted the speaker's figure in expressive posture at the bar.

A belt of broken country here extends to the ocean, ending in a fine headland at Point Sal. It looked so interesting that I turned westward to see what the coast might be like. Following an almost disused

THE COAST NEAR POINT SAL

road for a few miles through rolling cattle-range I came upon a striking landscape. A strong wind blew from the west, and before it the fog rolled in, gray, chill, and gloomy. Southward stretched a shore of sandy barrens on which huge breakers thundered, with a power that betokened that a considerable storm had blown at sea. Beyond a mile all outline was lost in the smother of flying sand and spray. Now and again a pale gleam of sun flooded the scene with strange dull tones of color: the heavy water showed yellow through the pallid wash of foam, and the wastes of sand took on a sickly tinge of ochre. To the northwest the point showed dark and misty between the upper and nether firmaments of the fog. At five miles' distance I could see the flash of the waves as they burst and rushed wildly up the face of the cliffs. All combined to interpret the intrinsic sadness, the ageless passion, of the sea.

It was hard to turn away from this superb sight, but evening was coming on, and the nightly problems of water and forage waited to be solved. A mile farther on I met two horsemen, one evidently American, the other Mexican, who reined up and seemed to await an explanation. When I inquired the prospects for making camp the reply was discouraging. I was told that the road had been abandoned; I could not cross the mountains by it, and must turn back. I answered that with a saddle-horse I thought I could get through, and anyway I meant to try. To this the American replied that the

road was fenced across and the gates nailed up. He was foreman *vaquero* on this range, and no one but his own family lived farther on. I saw that for some reason I was regarded with suspicion, and it seemed best to make plain the innocent nature of my intentions. The explanation brought a welcome change of attitude. The hospitable American instinct came into play, and I was told that I might go on to the ranch-house, where I was welcome to stay the night.

An hour's travel took us to the house. I saw no one about the place, and my knock was not at once answered. The first thing that came in view as the door was opened was a rifle, evidently held by the person who opened it. This proved to be the foreman's wife, and to her I related my meeting with her husband. I suppose my appearance backed up my story, for the rifle was laid aside and I was invited to put up my horse and make myself at home until supper-time. By then the husband had returned, and the meal was enjoyable with racy table-talk as well as with good fare. They were Oklahomans, not long in California, and full of entertaining comments and comparisons. I was struck by the feeling for natural beauty which came out in the conversation of this foreman of cowboys. He spoke in vivid words of the grandeur and mystery of the sea, and had a ready eye for anything fine in light and shade, or in cañon and mountain contour.

From the daughter of a former owner of the Point Sal Ranch, whom I met a day or two later at Santa

Maria, I gained some interesting particulars regarding the place. I had noticed near the ranch-house an odd-shaped little building, looking like a lost summer-house. I found that it had been the deck cabin of a ship that was wrecked on the point. The captain and his little daughter, and some of the crew, were buried on the hill above the house, — no bad resting-place for storm-beaten seaman, but bleak and pitiful for that little daughter!

The remains of a cable landing on the cliff above the quiet water inside the point were a reminder of the ante-railway days when Point Sal Landing was a place of more importance than now. From here a road went east by way of the Cuyama Valley and through the San Rafael Mountains to Fort Tejon (a name of epic sound to Californians of half a century ago), and over it an incredible amount of traffic came and went to and from this little shipping-place. That was the Age of Mules in the West, and on these primitive mountain roads teaming rose to the level of a science.

In later days the working of gypsum mines in the mountains near by furnished employment for many men, and there had been some excitement over the discovery of gold in the sands of the beach, and rumors of a rich mine hidden in some cave known to the Indians and only to be reached by boats at low tide and at risk of life. From time to time treasure-seekers were trapped on the shore by the water, so the good old gentleman, my informant's father,

kept a stake, with rope attached, on the cliff-edge, by which more than one rash gold-hunter had climbed back to safety.

I learned further that in the vicissitudes of things Californian the ranch had once changed owners for the consideration of a yoke of oxen and a bottle of wine; and there was a full-flavored story of some old Spanish Petruchio of the region who had tied his scolding wife to a tree, cut off her hair, and braided it into a pair of bridle-reins. This doughty don seems to have had a passion for the *bizarre*. He is said to have possessed a string of dried ears collected from enemies he had slain; which quaint souvenir his daughter was wont to wear as a necklace at balls and fandangos. With such legends, or histories, are many of these lonely holes and corners of California illuminated.

I slept well in the old barn, which I shared with Chino and some families of swallows that had built in the gable. Next morning my host put me on the obliterated road that climbed the mountain, and I bade the kindly people good-bye. The scene again was fascinating. The wind had fallen somewhat, but still came from the sea, and freighted with gloomy masses of fog. Again and again the cold white mist enclosed us, or streamed more darkly overhead, to break away with bewildering suddenness and reveal the long, dark headland hooded with cloud, its foot whitened every moment by the tearing claws of the sea. It was like a page of Ossian,

and the short mountain grass trembling in the wind, with the purple thistles ranked beside the path, were suited to the scene.

Now and then came the hoarse barking of seals on the rocks a thousand feet below, — that

"Deep seal-roar that beats off shore above the loudest gale."

It was altogether the finest, because the wildest, piece of weather, scenery, and sentiment all mingled that I had met on the whole expedition. I even shouted aloud — never mind what — in my excitement, giving Chino such a start thereby that he came near pitching me over the cliff.

So far we had been climbing steeply, but keeping near the shore. Now the track struck directly northward, and I regretfully bade adieu to that wild and lonely coast. The path was difficult to keep, and often I lost it on the wide and down-like hillsides. At last we reached the summit, in a dense smother of fog that made it impossible to travel at all for half an hour. Then I found that we were shut in by a barbed-wire fence, and it was another half-hour before I could get the wires down so that Chino could step over.

Finally rounding the shoulder of the mountain I came in sight of the coast to the northward. It ran again for a long distance in trackless dunes; and I determined to strike once more inland until I could return to the bolder coast that must begin at the southern end of the Santa Lucias. I found a rough

road that wound down the Corralillos Cañon, and with one or two détours made necessary by the washing-out of the track, we came in due course to cultivation and the eternal barley and beans. As we emerged into the wide Santa Maria Valley, beets joined in to make a trio.

By evening we reached the little town of Guadalupe. From its Spanish name I expected to find it old and interesting: on the contrary, it was merely old and dirty. Half the place is Chinese, with the regulation red-and-green joss-house, the regulation smells, barbarous yellow flags dangling from bamboos, and store names looking like groups of excited tadpoles. The other half is mixed Portuguese and Italian-Swiss, and it was hard to say which half was the more unprepossessing.

I found a stable, though not a hostler, for Chino, and learned from a skirmishing boy that the saloon across the street was the only hotel in the place. The proprietor, a pig-like Swiss, wasted no civilities on a customer who had no choice, and seemed to resent a request for water and a towel. For half the night sleep was wrecked by the din of bibulous patrons. I was up betimes, and hastened away from Guadalupe as the first drowsy Chinese was lighting his pipe in the doorway of his frowsy laundry.

I now took an easterly course up the valley. An unbroken green of beets spread mile on mile, and substantial farm buildings gave evidence of prosperity. Far to the north the foothills of the Santa

Lucia took a hue of fawn where the sunlight flowed over swelling contours of dry grassland, purple where companies of oaks marked out the cañons and clouded the higher ridges. The nearer landscape was uninteresting, and I was fain to beguile the way with the unconscious humor of the fence advertisements. Modest efforts like "Goldstein's Prices will Surprise You" or "Bowen and Scraypen for Shirts and a Square Deal" were varied with bursts of Wegg-like song, such as

"Bilkem's Shoes are Straight and our Prices are Right;
Call in and see Us, Partner, 2 doors past the P.O. we'll treat you white."

The board fence has never been given its due by writers on the Genesis of American Poetry.

Gradually houses became more frequent and more urban in look. Some of them, large, new, and brilliant with paint and bougainvilleas, I judged to be the residences of the local magnates in oil and beets. In due course we arrived in the thriving town of Santa Maria, finding it dressed in patriotic bunting in readiness for Independence Day, close at hand. I put up for a day, and found the place very attractive, the model of a progressive Western town; neat, bright, and well-ordered: a whole continent apart in character from its neighbor, the mangy and ill-favored Guadalupe.

Leaving here at noon of the next day I took a northward road, crossing the Santa Maria River, or, more exactly, its bed. It showed a quarter-mile

of Sahara-like sand, without vestige of water, though four months before the river had been running amuck, bank full and yellow as ancient Nilus. Here I entered the county of San Luis Obispo. It opened hopefully, with a rougher look, and I felt by many tokens that I was no longer in southern California. The cross-range of the Tehachapi is the physical bar which gives effect to the conventional division of the State. It is the region south of the Tehachapi that constitutes southern California, and that was now finally behind me.

A mile or two beyond the river I saw two wagons approaching me, loaded with household stuff that showed some family on the wing. In the first were a couple of rosy young women, who stopped me to ask whether I had seen any people camping in Santa Maria as I passed through. It appeared that they were expecting to overtake there some advance guard of their party. In the other wagon were a man, a woman, a sleeping baby, and, as my ears told me, several more children who were stowed away in the covered rear end. The man accosted me with "Say, stranger, where're ye from?" — "Los Angeles." — "Los Angeles, hey? Well, then, you can maybe tell us how things is down that section." I made the best answer I could to this rather extensive question, and learned in turn that they had come down from southern Idaho, "hunting a location."

There is a picturesqueness in such incidents, a Bunyan-like simplicity. As it might be: "And in

my journey I saw a company that came to meet me in the way. And when they were come to where I was, one that seemed the goodman beckoned me as if I should stop. So I stayed, and we fell a-talking. 'You are well met,' said he; and then he would have me tell him how all matters did in the country of the south; 'for you must know,' said he, 'that we are travellers, as I see you are: and seeing we are met on contrary ways, it may be we shall save our steps, and our beasts' as well, if each shall show the other what manner of country it is that he is bound away from. Do you begin.'" — And so on. Thus the sons of Adam, John Thompson even as Mahalaleel, still are going about the earth on the old elementary quest, seeking a place of habitation. I heartily wished them Godspeed, and the caravan vanished in a cloud of dust.

In the Nipomo Valley, through which I was now passing, there are living a number of members of the Dana family. At the death of the late head of this branch of the house (who was a cousin of Richard Henry Dana, the writer, who has been several times referred to and quoted in these pages), the Nipomo Ranch, of over thirty-seven thousand acres of land, was divided among his numerous children. Using the privilege of a traveller, I called upon Mr. John Dana, the eldest son, and was received with all possible kindness; American frankness and Spanish courtesy together, for his mother was a Carrillo, of the best blood of Spanish California. It was like an

echo from the old days to hear from his daughter how, half a century ago, her father would ride in one day the ninety miles to Santa Barbara to pay a call to his betrothed in the evening. And it was a surprise to learn that the lady, Doña Carolina, was a niece of that Captain Thompson whom the author of "Two Years Before the Mast" drew in such effective colors.

I was entertained that night at the ranch of another one of the family, a mile farther up the valley. It needed an ample table to accommodate the three generations of Danas with whom I sat at supper; and I wondered, as I listened to the cheerful bi-lingual talk, and noted the fine physical results of the union of the Saxon and Spanish strains, whether the race does not suffer more than we think by the barriers which prejudice often raises against interracial marriages.

My road next morning was through the rich grainland of the Nipomo. Straight ahead rose a striking peak named El Picacho, and on the east ran a range of odd, sugar-loaf hills, from which many a bright rill came romping down. Reaching the top of a long rise I could see the flash of breakers five miles to the west.

An hour or two took us into the Arroyo Grande Valley, a region famous especially for the growing of seeds. On leaving the prosperous little town we took the road once more toward the coast, which we struck near El Pizmo, a newly exploited beach re-

sort. The place had no attractions for me, but Chino scented a stable, and gazed anxiously toward the town as we passed it by in the offing. Here ended the long sweep of low, sandy shore. From this point northward the Coast Range pushes its spurs sharply into the waters of the Pacific, and the scenery consequently becomes bolder and continuously attractive.

The coast here trends west and then south, to form the bay of San Luis Obispo. To this point come pipelines from the oil-fields in the interior, and from Port Harford, on the west side of the bay, cargoes of oil are shipped to many ports on this side of the globe. At Oilport I saw a deserted refining-plant, complete to every accessory, and representing a huge outlay. Its owners had been defeated in some bout of wits with the colossi of the industry, and there it remains, silent and inactive, an example to rash capitalists.

The road now swinging inland to avoid a hill, I found myself in a pretty, wooded cañon. A short distance along it I came unexpectedly to a hotel, whose reason for being is some medicinal springs near by. The place was so pleasing in its bird-haunted seclusion that I took Chino's hint, and put up for a day or two while I explored the locality.

On the cliff a mile away a recent subsidence of the land had laid bare an ancient Indian burying-place. The ground was strewn with crumbling yellowed bones, and though the best of its archæological treasures had already been gathered up by col-

lectors, it was easy to unearth rude implements of stone that had been buried under many feet of accumulated soil. No doubt future ages will similarly delve among our own remains as those of a sort of savages.

Near by was the dwelling of a Portuguese fisherman, who came over to chat, and hospitably invited me to visit his cabin. I found him full of friendly talk and simplicity. Seeing me notice a framed print of the Saviour that hung above his bed, with the title, "*O Bom Jesus do Milagre*" (the Good Jesus of the Miracle) he seemed to fear that, as a probable Protestant, I might disparage it. For the defence, he related the story of a poor Portuguese boy who, having once buried some money for safety, was unable to find it when he came back to dig it up. In his distress he fell to prayer, and vowed to give half of the sum to the Church if he were enabled to find it. As he resumed his digging, a Man came by who asked what he had lost, and offered to help in the search. The lost money was quickly found, and the Stranger went on His way. The boy, true to his word, was proceeding to fulfil his vow, when, on the wall of the church whither he had gone to complete the arrangements, he saw a picture of the Saviour, the same, in attitude and expression, as the one I was looking at. "That is the Man who helped me to find my money!" he cried joyfully. "We belief that," said my fisherman eagerly; "we belief that. Peoples laugh at us; well; we belief that."

I assured him that I saw nothing to laugh at in his story; as God forbid I should. At this he was greatly pleased, and shook me earnestly by the hand, saying that I was "good man, good man for sure": and when, by help of my Spanish, I was able to decipher some phrases of Portuguese in a letter from home, he clapped me on the back delightedly, and declared that I was "good scholar, all right; good man, good scholar, good friend."

A mile farther along the coast, at the mouth of the San Luis Creek, is the little village of Avila, where lived a Spaniard of the same name who was related to some of my friends in the south. The Avilas formerly owned the whole neighboring grant of the San Miguelito, but the inevitable has taken its course; the property has passed to the Gringos, and even the fine old family mansion was burned to the ground a few years ago. I found Don Juan living with his sister and his niece in a little wooden building on the site of the old house. He was deep in "King Henry VI," for Shakespeare and Cervantes are his twin suns of literature. When I presented my letter, I must needs stay to dinner; he would take no denial; and then, as sounds of agitation came from the chicken-yard — "There! you see? Doña Josefa has killed a fowl for you, and Maria will be vexed if you do not taste her *colachi*."

Many were the tales he had to tell of life and manners in the bygone days: of *fiestas* and *bailes* in the old house, with pensive tribute to the rare

wines and champagnes that used to flow thereat; of the horses, then of no more account than rabbits; so that if a friend, or even a casual traveller, needed one, it was but to send the *vaqueros* to run a band into the corral, and then, — "Choose the one you like: it is yours"; and of how the Spaniards, when selling cattle, would receive the stated price as each beast was passed over, — one steer, one gold piece; another steer, another gold piece; and so on. That was to save trouble; perhaps also to save mistakes; for it is matter of common report how grossly they were cheated by some of the traders, who, knowing that a Spaniard would not condescend to examine an account, were unduly prone to little blunders, casting up units as tens, and so forth.

When I rose to go, I found that a bed had been made ready for me, and I must stay the night or I should deny them the now rare luxury of entertaining a friend. I could not refuse this kindness, and Shakespeare and the drama of California, with Don Juan's cigars, occupied us until long past midnight.

CHAPTER XII

Into the mountains — The knob-cone pine — A lost trail — Camp on Diablo Creek — Rough going — A debate with Chino — French hospitality, and Irish — The city of San Luis Obispo: the Mission: preposterous chimes: lynchings — Volcanic peaks — A gray day — Italian-Swiss settlers — Blithe cowboys — Morro — Entering the Coast Range country — Cayucos — The town of Cambria — Abalone fishers — San Simeon — Piedras Blancas lighthouse — Welsh kindness — Indian relics — A primitive school — Irish hospitality again.

A FEW miles to the northeast of the San Luis Hot Springs is the city of San Luis Obispo, with another of the Franciscan Missions. My contour map showed an interesting looking piece of rough country lying near the coast, which would be missed if I took the direct road. I therefore determined to find a way over the mountains, and made a start northward up a cañon charming with ferns and wild flowers and profitable with blackberries. A gay little brook trotted beside the road, and when outposts of the pines appeared on the higher ridges, I congratulated myself on my choice.

We passed many small farms, but nearly all were abandoned, owing, I fancy, to the repeated washing-out of the road in winter storms. Near the head of the cañon I found the owner of a ranch working at the road to render it passable for a wagon, in hope of making his farm salable. His family and furniture

had been moved away, he said, but he should be glad of my company for the night at the house if I chose to stay. This I was glad to do, and enjoyed his simple talk of his losses, his children, and his plans. Somehow, such confidences often come nearer to the heart than a valuable kindness.

Next morning I started early on my climb. The dilapidated road went no farther, but my friend pointed out a trail that led in the right direction. It struck at once up the mountain-side, which here bore a thin forest of the interesting knob-cone pine (*Pinus tuberculata*). The region had been burned over some few years before, with the result that most of the old trees were dead, but around them flourishing squads of pinelings were growing. These were already bearing cones, as if Nature had hurried to forestall another fire, which, if it had come before the young trees bore their fruit, would have ended the succession: for the species is peculiar in holding its cones unopened until fire destroys the tree, when the seeds are liberated by the heat that kills the parent. They seemed a vivid illustration of St. Paul's eloquent argument for the resurrection.

The trail had gradually become fainter, until, near the summit of the first ridge, it wavered off into uncertainty and finally ran out. I tied Chino and beat about for half an hour hoping to pick it up, but the depopulation of the cañon below had put the trail into disuse, and the industrious brush had quickly claimed its own.

To south and west I got glimpses of the ocean at a few miles' distance, and on the other hand ran a maze of mountains and cañons, far too steep and too heavily brushed to allow of our making across country. Leading Chino carefully along a sharp slope I gained a connecting ridge that was sufficiently open on its summit for travel. It bore west, whereas I wished to go north, but I went on in hope of either striking a trail or finding more open country by which to drop to Coon Creek Cañon, where I knew there was a road.

Coming at length to the end of the ridge, I found that it fell away steeply. In the deep cañon that opened below me I saw a tiny cabin and traces of cultivation. It was getting towards evening, and there was nothing for it but to go back or to get down to the cañon, where there would probably be a trail, and almost certainly water. So, leading Chino carefully by the bridle, we began the descent. It was a difficult piece of work, and not entirely without danger. Had I been alone it would have been merely to fight my way through stiff brush down a steep hillside; but Chino with his encumbrances was in constant danger of losing his footing on the sharp uneven slope, or getting snagged on some rock or stubborn elbow of greasewood or buckthorn. But the good horse behaved well, responding instantly to my voice and guidance, and by sundown we got safely down to the cañon.

As I expected, I found a good stream, and follow-

ing it down we soon came upon a faint trail, which led to the cabin I had seen from above. It was deserted and had fallen into the quick decay that overtakes man's abandoned outposts in the wilderness. A row of cypresses, a few starving vines, figs, and apples, and a straggling rose-bush seemed to show that a family, and not some solitary settler, had here suffered defeat. It was far from being a cheerful spot, but it served our purpose well enough. I found good pasturage for Chino on a little *ciénaga*, or marshy spot, beyond the creek; and supper and a rousing pine-wood fire soon put me in happy mood. I spread my blankets among the old trees of the orchard, and lay blinking at the darkening embers until the final blink came that was prolonged until morning.

We were early on the march, or, to speak literally, on the scramble. I had figured out my whereabouts as closely as I could by map and compass, and decided that I must be on Diablo Creek, the stream next south of Coon Creek, which I must somehow reach before I should find a road. I prospected up the first one or two cañons, only to find that they soon changed their direction. Then came one that seemed more hopeful, and though it was full of broken rock and boulders, and hard on Chino's feet, I determined to try it. As I was leading him carefully among the rocks I stepped close beside a rattlesnake that lay coiled among them. We had a lively engagement for a minute or two, but as I was not

wearing my revolver and he was too discreet to come into the open, I had the mortification of seeing him slip into a cranny where neither shot, stick, nor stone could reach him. I always feel unhappy when I fail to kill one of these detestable creatures.

We made slow headway up the cañon, which soon degenerated to a gully. It grew very hot, for in this narrow place no breeze could reach us, and the rocks reflected the heat like firebrick. Once or twice it seemed impossible to go on, for Chino was slipping about every moment, and I was afraid he would fall and come to harm. But the gully continued in the right direction, and I hate turning back. During pauses for rest I would sit on a rock to study the map while Chino looked on over my shoulder. Then we would discuss the situation somewhat thus (I interpret my horse's part by his demeanor, which was almost intelligent enough to amount to conversation):

Chino. "Hang it! this can't be the trail, you know."

I. "Why, no, it's not exactly a trail, Chino, but it heads the right way. Besides, the map —"

Chino. "Confound the map! I don't believe —"

I. "Uncle Sam's map, Chino, your uncle and mine. It must be right, you know."

Chino. "Well, but —"

I. "It can't be much farther to the head of the cañon, anyhow, and then —"

Chino. "Well, but look —"

I (*getting up*). "Now, look here, my boy, we are

going on up, so that's all about it: at least, I am: you may stay where you are, if you like."

Chino (*aside*). "That'll never do: he pays the stable bills in town fairly enough." (*Sighs heavily.*) "Well, then, all right: we'll take another shot at it. Come on, Governor."

In this manner we toiled along for perhaps two hours, and at length stumbled out from the cañon upon a flat where, under a big oak, were the traces of an old camp, probably of cattle-men. On the hillside opposite I saw to my relief faint but unmistakable signs of a trail. After an hour's rest we made for it, and followed it down long zigzags, here overgrown with brush and there washed out by rains, until we emerged in a green valley which I knew must be Coon Creek Cañon.

In a little shanty from which smoke was rising I found an old Frenchman woodcutter, sorting herbs into bundles. His first word was the usual hospitable one, "Are you hungry? I'll get you some dinner." I was glad to take a cup of the coffee which was still hot on the stove; and then, learning that the road was close by, I struck into it. A comfortable ranch-house stood at the junction, and seeing a man romping with a child by the open door I went over to speak to him. When I had made sure of my whereabouts and explained my presence in that out-of-the-way spot, the question again was, "Have you had dinner? Well, come in; we are just sitting down."

The family consisted of the handsome old man I had spoken to, a stalwart son and daughter-in-law, and two chubby, blue-eyed children. I was made to feel as much at home as if I were a member of it myself. It proved that they were Irish, so I might add another nationality to the list of those from whom I had received a traveller's aid and comfort. Like the apostle, I felt myself "debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians."

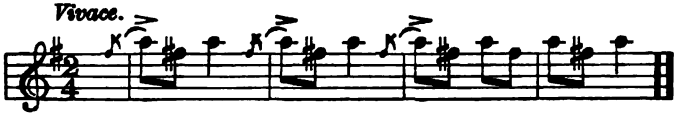
San Luis Obispo was still eight or ten miles away, and after the morning's work we travelled slowly. I walked, leading my tired horse, and enjoying a sunset view out over the wide Los Osos Valley below me. A lake of milky cloud filled all the valley, extending westward to the coast and far out to sea. Above it stood up, black and ragged, the summits of a row of volcanic peaks which give a unique character to this locality. Beyond lay the main range of the Santa Lucia, now near at hand, softly opalescent in evening light. About sundown we arrived on the outskirts of the town, and I furnished diversion for the young fry of the place as I hauled my tired steed along, almost by main force, to his quarters.

My own were close to the Mission, and at intervals of each day of the two or three I stayed here, I watched from my window the black-shawled women hurrying to service. Once before, when I was in the town, I had wandered into the old building, and, finding service in progress, had felt it good to kneel with the half-dozen Mexican *peons* who shared the back

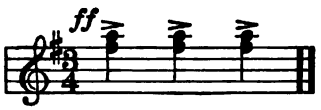
seats with me. Somehow, the ties of a common humanity (and, I hope, a common humility also) seem to me of more account than the differences, momentous as I hold them to be, between Rome and Canterbury. And when I watched these humble, black-shawled, rather sad-faced women going to their devotions, something brought to my mind the carpenter's wife of Nazareth, and a phrase or two of that sweetest lyric of Holy Writ—"the lowliness of His handmaiden . . . exalted them of low degree."

The Mission itself, founded in 1772, is not specially attractive, but contains some interesting matters. By the kindness of the priest I got entrance into the old garden, a quiet square of old-time flowers and arbored walks. The Father told me that the Tulareños, or Indians of the interior valley, who come periodically to the coast to gather shell-fish, still make their camp as of right in the Mission grounds. I was glad to hear that in the eyes of his church, at least, the Indian yet has some trifling rights beside his pauper's dole.

I was at first staggered and then much amused by the bells of the Mission as they called worshippers to the services. Imagine being awakened from normal slumbers by this preposterous ditty, rung, in a sort of jig-time, on bells not remarkable for sweetness of tone —



— repeated four times, and ending with three explosions *fortissimo* —



This, it appears, is San Luis's traditional exhortation to his parishioners. Performed, as it was, in quick time and with a sort of idiotic excitement, it resembled the antics of marionettes, and I could never hear it without a burst of laughter.

A walk about the town, which is an old one, by Western reckoning, and contains some six thousand people, yielded a few attractive items. There is quite an air of old California remaining in the nooks and corners. Near the centre of the town stands what was one of the best of the old adobe houses, now fallen to the uses of a Chinese laundry. Near by are a few fine olive and pear trees; and half hidden here and there among the stores are tall date-palms and ancient prickly-pears that mark the gardens of the old pueblo.

The surrounding region has been the scene of labor of some notable bandits, and more than once it fell to the citizens of San Luis, as to those of many other Western towns, to take the execution of the laws into their own hands. In one year, I was told, no less than eleven malefactors, or supposed malefactors, were here summarily hanged; and a lady with whom I talked described how, on one occasion,

she herself, a girl at the time, looking casually from her veranda, had seen three bodies swinging in a row at the corner of the street.

On leaving San Luis Obispo I took a northwesterly road that led toward the coast. A sprinkle of rain was falling, but those little crossbowmen of God, the swallows, wheeling happily about in the upper air, prophesied fair weather, though the heads of the rank of peaks that rose close by to the south were veiled in rolling mists. Both in color and outline these mountains are very conspicuous. Each peak stands out isolated, statuesque, and finely unconventional. Broad cloudings of lichen, in gray, ashy green, and purple, variegate the ragged blackness of their contours. Under that sombre sky they had a strange and antediluvian look. As I came near the third in order, called Cerro Romualdo, it showed through the eddying cloud as a black volcanic cone; and to heighten its eerie appearance a company of buzzards were perched in the gaunt sycamores at its base, as grim as Odin's ravens.

On the other hand lay the Santa Lucias, a long wall of fawn and black, belted at half its height with a level stratum of vapor. The valley had fully taken its summer hue of brown, but the foreground was tinged with the gold of dry wild-oats. A few gray farms nestled among gray rocks on the gray mountain-side; a colorless stream rattled over a stony gray bed; gray moss trailed from the roadside oaks; and the sky was of that great, elemental gray

that stirs the Anglo-Saxon in one as sea-spray would rouse a Viking. In California I never get enough of this finest of colors, and here I set my teeth for very joy. Even Chino felt the stimulus, tossed his head, pricked his ears, and broke voluntarily into a canter.

From here northward for some hundreds of miles the principal industry of the coast region is dairying, and the people engaged in it are mainly Italian-Swiss. It was a surprise to me, and a rather unwelcome one, to find in what numbers these hardy and industrious folk have settled here: unwelcome, not from any dislike I have for the race, but because my intercourse with them has given me the impression that, of all the various racial ingredients, the Italian will prove to be the most difficult to blend.

While I was lingering near the remains of an old orchard, to give Chino a chance to graze, a cloud of dust and a hilarious whooping told the approach of a "bunch" of cattle. They were convoyed by five cowboys in sombreros and "chaps," who stopped to fraternize with a brother horseman. They had been four days on their way down from the San Luis ranges, and were loud in envy when they learned that I was two months out and still had more than half my journey before me. Two of them at once offered to "trade jobs" with me, without even waiting to hear the nature of my own business. When they understood this they were urgent to accompany me, and thought they might be useful in "working the picture-box" or even "doing the po-

etry stunts." But, finding that their beef was spreading over too wide a territory while we talked, they suddenly jerked their ponies round and with blithe shouts of "*Adios!*" jingled away in a whirlwind of dust.

Evening was falling as we came to the coast at the village of Morro. The sun broke for a moment through the clouds in a sudden magnificence of crimson, painting a gorgeous belt along the horizon and empurpling the great plain of ocean, though all about me was still that nobler gray.

Morro's population sat at ease on doorsteps and packing-boxes, watching a game of horseshoe quoits. The stable-man was with difficulty detached to attend on Chino, and I made a meal at a primitive restaurant while the lads and lasses of the place performed on an adjoining rink to the strains of a phonograph.

This pretty place is destined, I think, to be of more note than it is now. It lies at the northern point of a beautiful bay, three or four miles in length and all but landlocked. The sporting attractions are of the best, the landward scenery very interesting, and the great rock, El Morro, which stands at the bay's mouth, gives nucleus and distinction to the whole.

On leaving Morro I found myself definitely entering that little-known stretch of mountain country which borders the Pacific closely for a distance of about a hundred miles. For most of that distance

there are no roads and few settlers, while the trails are rough, steep, and often so little travelled as to be difficult to follow. Further, no maps of the region were to be had. Many persons had told me that I should never get through without a guide; but it seemed to me that, since water must be plentiful and I could carry food enough for many days, there would be no particular hardship in the matter even if I should get lost.

My only fears were on Chino's account. The long trip had worn him down, easily as we had travelled, and with all my care the saddle had rubbed sores on the withers which might render him unfit for use; while the question of feed would be a troublesome one, for the wild forage was by now almost gone, and I could not rely upon buying fodder from the scattered settlers. However, I could not afford to miss this fine piece of coast; so I resolved to go on, taking what chances there might be, and offsetting them as far as possible by special care. I had got some general idea of the trails from people at San Luis, and had no doubt we should get through.

The regulation sea-fog lay thick upon the coast as we started northward. To seaward the great rock loomed uncertainly, and the cries of unseen gulls came weirdly through the mist. Occasionally a field of beans would be seen near some farmhouse occupied by Swiss, with all hands diligently hoeing, not only men and boys, but women. I suppose to some people this would seem shocking, but I own

that it had a wholesome, primitive look to me, and I could not see that civilization, or even "culture," needed to quarrel with it. The houses were generally rough, too, but they had an air of country comfort, and there were plenty of trees about them. Here again I may be retrograde, but I sometimes wonder whether the elegance of our days is not in some insidious way a foe to true home-making; and whether the modern American home, with its perfection of artistic and hygienic accessories, is quite the equal in value, as regards the Family Idea, of those simpler conceptions which our immigrants bring with them, though they seldom persist in the first generation American born.

The road kept near the shore, and as the fog slowly lifted I now and then caught glimpses of the Santa Lucias, now a soft mystery of blue shaded with milky skeins of mist. Eight miles, and we came to Cayucos, a one-street village lying in the bend of a rocky bay. While Chino lunched at the livery-stable I found a quaint little restaurant whose Portuguese proprietor, on the mention of my meeting with his countrymen at Point Conception, shook my hand as earnestly as though I had done him a high favor, and would hardly be persuaded to take payment for my meal.

A few miles farther, near Point Estero, the road turned somewhat inland. It was again a delight to find myself among pines, this time of the *radiata* species, whose southern limit of natural growth is

this region. The tree is one of the handsomest of the pines, especially notable for the full, dark brilliance of its foliage. In its manner of growth, and with that background of gray and silver sky, I was strongly reminded of the Scotch fir of my native land.

From the top of a long, steep ascent, I looked down upon the compact little town of Cambria, lying pine-encircled in a hollow of the hills. I have seldom seen a place more happily situated. A fine trouty stream, the Santa Rosa Creek, flows in a wooded cañon past the town, mingling its jaunty voice with the roar of the ocean, near at hand, though unseen. In the gardens, palms compete with wonderful fuchsias and sensational rose-bushes of tree-like size. From its name, and the fact that its mainstay is mining (principally for quicksilver), I expected to find the place Welsh; and, indeed, it has much the physical air of a rain-washed Welsh town. I found, however, that, as with all the region, the preponderating flavor is Swiss.

I put up for the night at the comfortable hotel, and next morning we took our way again through the fragrant pine woods. On the top of the hill was a little cemetery, lying between sea and pines and hushed by the voices of both. A bright, strong wind was blowing on this upland; on one hand spread a brilliant green and purple sea, with the eternal fog-bank lying in wait in the offing; on the other rose the mountains, with great pines etched finely on the sky-line.

Where we came down to the shore a camp of Japanese abalone fishers had established themselves. Huge cauldrons were boiling on the beach, and a wide space near by was covered with the drying-racks. Here, as at several other places, I found the men equipped with power-launches and modern diving-dresses. The camps were always neat and systematic, and everything complied with the national characteristic of thoroughness.

The coast now curved to the pretty bay of San Simeon, fringed with islets of rock round which the sea coiled in dazzling whiteness of spray. Along the cliff large sea-asters grew thickly, with lavender lupines, yellow tar-weed, and eschscholtzias of that splendid deep orange that suggests the Arabian Nights, or the court of Ahasuerus; like sunshine filtered through silken curtains of crimson and gold. Inland, gray farms lay in bends and hollows of the mountains; wind-shorn oaks and laurels filled the narrower cañons; and whenever the road swung in to round the head of one of these, I found myself suddenly in a different world, among wild roses, ferns, blackberries, and phenomenal thickets of coarse flowering weeds.

We loitered along so easily among these various attractions that it was near evening before we came to the village of San Simeon. This once promising little port has dwindled under the caprices of Fortune and local landowners until now only one small coasting steamer calls unpunctually at its wharf. I

found myself the only guest in a hotel that would have housed double the whole population, with room to spare. But my host (an old Maine seaman, and for twenty years in the lighthouse service on this coast) and his good Welsh wife made amends by their friendliness for the physical drawbacks of the place.

I rode out next day to visit the lighthouse at Piedras Blancas, six miles up the coast. A rattling breeze blew from the sea, and Chino, appreciating the freedom from saddle-bags and blanket-roll, let himself out at his best. On the way we passed the Piedras Blancas Ranch-House. I found this once fine old mansion deserted and falling to ruin. Two ancient cypresses leaned mournfully against the veranda, and seemed as though they were weeping; the crazy steps rocked under my feet; and some pigeons took flight through a broken window. The place looked like some faithful old retainer, left decrepit and pitiful by the death of his master.

The lighthouse is a high white tower, handsomer than most of those on this coast. I found there, besides the keepers, a lot of frank-eyed, frolicking children whom from their dress I took to be all boys until by chance I found it was otherwise. The spot is a lonely one, but there seems to be something in the nature of the lighthouse service, some spiritual ingredient, that keeps its people hearty and wholesome.

At Cambria I had met a young Welshman, owner

of a large ranch in the mountains, and whose father had a dairy-ranch near Piedras Blancas. I called on these good people on leaving San Simeon, and stayed a day or two with them, enjoying the cheerfulness of family life in three generations and the Old-World simplicity of manners. No doubt a travelling Turk or Zulu would be welcomed in that house of kindness, but I could see that the old gentleman's heart warmed toward me when I was able to give him "Boreu da i chwi" (good-morning) for a breakfast-table greeting.

This region must once have had a considerable population of Indians, though now it contains fewer than any other part of California. My host's vegetable garden was quite a museum of their relics. The stone *morteros*, or grinding-bowls, came in handily as sockets for gate-posts, and among the baby's toys was one of these in miniature, which probably had been fashioned by some aboriginal parent as a plaything for his little girl, — perhaps an item in a doll's set.

One of the sons, having business with a neighbor a few miles up the coast, accompanied me when I again started on my way. I was respectfully amused at the primitive appointments of the Piedras Blancas school, which we passed, and which seemed to illustrate Pallas in all her chaste severity. The schoolhouse was a tent of ten by twelve feet, and the furniture consisted of three small tables, evidently of kitchen antecedents, two plank benches, a chair and

desk for the teacher, a nail-keg for an emergency scholar, a demijohn for water, with a tin cup, a square yard of blackboard, and a handful of books, apparently fourth-hand. It was vacation season, and a trio of cows sniffed at the crannies in hope of scenting hay. The only sound beside the cry of plovers was the sober voice of that wise old teacher, the sea, thirty yards away: and I wondered whether it might not be instilling into those children of the lighthouse, who come here for their simple schooling, some fine lesson of reverence and wonder that may one day blossom into poetry or art.

My companion's destination was a dairy-ranch kept by two jolly young bachelor Irishmen. One or two neighbors happening in, we made a cosmopolitan dinner-party, six nationalities among seven people. Gaiety and friendliness abounded equally with beans and home-cured bacon. Again there was no withstanding the hospitable pressure to stay for the night. I shared my hosts' room, with the result that we talked so late that we had hardly got to sleep when we were awakened by the cries of the *vaqueros* as they brought the cattle into the corrals for the morning milking.

CHAPTER XIII

San Carpóforo Cañon — Oddities of pronunciation — More kind Mexicans — A mountain home — The Pear Orchard — A resting spell — The Santa Lucia fir — Duality of climate — Physical and pictorial aspects of the region — A hot climb — Crossing the crest — More great oaks — Camp on the Nacimiento River — A delightful swim — Sunday in camp — The trail lost — Intelligence of Chino — The San Antonio River — The village of Jolon: Indian music: my classification.

THE fog, which had hardly lifted for two days past, lay denser than ever over the coast when, about mid-morning, I rode away along the cliffs. I caught momentary glimpses of black, fang-like rocks among which the sea hissed and spouted in incessant uproar. From the cliff-edge the ground rose to a high, undulating horizon uncertainly seen between the wreaths of the fog. The country was treeless: only low-growing brambles, thistles, and bracken sprinkled the ground, and mingled their faint wet odor with the strong smell of the sea. All concurred to bring up a vivid remembrance of the downs and moorlands of England; and I half fancied I heard again the seraphic voice of the skylark, showering down impassioned joy from the firmament of gray.

Gradually there grew up before me the high wall of the San Carpóforo Cañon, and a couple of miles

brought me to its edge. (This name suffers many variations. I have read it "San Carpoco," "San Carpojo," "Zanjapoco," and "Zanjapojo," while in speech the changes are rung on "Sankypoko" and "Sankypoky." It is not surprising that this modest saint should prove troublesome to laymen; and I had lately met with greater oddities of pronunciation at San Símeon, where I heard Piedras Blancas seriously referred to as "Peter's Blankets," and Arroyo Cruz, the name of a neighboring cañon, as "A Royal Cruise.")

The San Carpóforo is deep, with a sandy bar and a roaring surf at its mouth. I took the trail up the cañon, where a small stream wandered in a waste of brush and boulders; and after passing one or two deserted cabins came at midday to a thrifty little Mexican farm, gay with flowers and children. There was a smell of cooking in the air, and I inquired whether they could get me dinner. It was willingly done, and the meal was doubly enjoyable for the tokens of happiness and affection that abounded among them. When I asked what I owed for my entertainment — "Nothing, señor," said the good woman; "it was but a poor dinner; — that is worth nothing"; and when I left, it was with a chorus of "*Buena fortuna!*"

To keep the main coast trail I should have crossed the cañon at its mouth and continued directly northward. I had two reasons, however, for wishing to make a divergence: one was, to visit the Mission of

San Antonio, which lay on the other side of the Coast Range and could be reached by a trail that crossed the mountains at this point; the other, to study a rare tree, the Santa Lucia fir (*Abies venusta*), which is found far up a few cañons of this range. I had heard that a small group of them grew in the San Carpóforo; and the double object decided me to turn inland.

After a few miles the trail left the bottom of the cañon and climbed the northern wall. Scattered willows were exchanged for shady woods of oak and maple, with thick underbrush of wild cherry, buckeye, and many other flowering shrubs. The fog had lifted by noon, but long before sundown white scarfs of vapor again floated in, eddying in elbows of the cañon or creeping with serpentine motion along the cliff-like walls. The opposite summit, gaining an increased effect of height from the belt of fog, rose like the wall of some legendary sky city.

High up on the north face of the cañon I came upon the ranch of my friendly acquaintance of Cambria. It lies about midway up the western slope of the mountain, backed by a wood of fine oaks, and looking out over the deep rift of the cañon to a high ridge crested with pines. For situation the spot is quite ideal, and its elevation of seventeen hundred feet, with its nearness to the sea, give it an unequalled climate. In the orchard I saw such diverse fruits as cherries, oranges, and butternuts, with many others, all growing in perfection.

Again it was Welsh hospitality to which I fell debtor. The evening sped with tales of sport, for which the antlers, skins, and other trophies that crowded the house furnished the texts. When I awoke at dawn next morning, I looked out from my bed under a maple upon a spectral river of cloud that filled the cañon below me. As the sun rose, the vapor began to draw away in shreds and skeins of gray, and for an hour we were enveloped in the grateful moisture. Another hour, and the sun burned as through a glass, while the fruit reddened almost as one watched it. Yet a pleasant coolness held in the shade, and now and then a snowy berg of cloud drifted lazily up the cañon, to melt away as it reached the warm stratum of the upper air.

There are the remains of an old orchard hereabout, the origin of which is a mystery to the few people who know of its existence. It lay near my route, and I turned aside to pay it a visit. It goes by the name of the "Pear Orchard," but I found only one pear tree remaining, and sharing the solitude with a score or so of hardy olives. By comparison of the size of these olives with others I have seen in the gardens of the Missions, it seemed that they could hardly be less than a century old, while the pear was an oak-like tree, the Nestor of mortal pears. Who were the planters of this secluded mountain garden? I could only guess that, like the one I had found on the Jalama, it had been an outpost of one of the Franciscan Missions, and had been cultivated by

the old padres with the help of their Indians. But padres and Indians alike have long vanished, and left no successors to claim the fruit of this forgotten orchard.

Chino's sore withers had become so troublesome that I resolved to cease travelling for a time while I doctored and rested him. A few miles up the cañon I found a good place for the purpose, where a *ciénaga* provided abundance of pasturage, and there I made camp, under a great oak beside the creek. I had provisions for ten days or more, and there were plenty of trout in the stream. The *ciénaga* produced medicine as well as forage, in the shape of the herb called by the Spaniards *mastransia*, an excellent remedy for such troubles as Chino's, either in horses or men. I was not sorry myself, after two months in the saddle, to stay for a time in this attractive place. Twice a day I brought Chino in for medical parade; otherwise there was nothing to interfere with a programme of fishing, mending, botanizing in my humble way, or unadulterated loafing.

About a mile from camp I found the group of firs I wished to study. They grow in a deep and narrow part of the cañon, and mostly on the northward-facing slope, where little sun reaches them. I was greatly interested in meeting this rare tree, of which there are probably not more than a thousand or two living. In shape it is a typical fir, straight, spiry, and symmetrical, reaching a height of about eighty feet. The foliage is stiff, bright, and sharp-pointed, and

the cone is unique for the long, bristly bracts that protrude from between the scales. The cones are produced only at the top of the tree, and it was a little trying to feel the slender leader bend almost to horizontal under my weight when I climbed to secure a few specimens.

On the mountain-side about camp grew a scattering of digger-pines (*Pinus sabiniana*), becoming more numerous toward the summits. It was a mark of the peculiar duality of climate in this region that both the moisture-loving fir and this drought-loving pine find it suited to their contrary natures. The yucca, and the great golden mentzelia, five feet high, also flourished on the hotter slopes, the former a surprise to meet in this latitude.

I found that I had been largely mistaken in my forecast as to the physical features of this part of the Coast Range. I had figured this western slope, where streams are numerous and summer fogs almost perpetual, as a region of rugged mountain, bearing a heavy forest of coniferous trees; as being similar, in fact, to the corresponding slope of the Sierra Nevada, but with more of timber, by reason of the greater moisture of the summer climate. Instead of this, I found, rising from the coast, steep but rounded hills of grass, only occasionally ridging up to rocky crests. Files of oaks grew in folds and hollows, and mingled with them in the deeper cañons were alders, sycamores, willows, and the fragrant California laurel (otherwise known as myrtle, pepperwood, or

bay). Farther north I found the slopes steeper, the cañons deeper and more wooded, and the crest of the range (which runs higher than here) densely forested; but there also the seaward slopes are rounded, grassed or brushy, and, generally speaking, scant of timber.

Pictorially, the country I was now in is full of beauty and character. A more admirable contrast of color could not be imagined than these massed slopes of quiet gold, gentle in contour, but striking in height, imposing in length of range, and blotted by the clustering oaks with islands of serious green. Especially was it lovely at sunset, when the summer-yellowed hills took a flush of rose, the long cañons were shadowed in purple, and even the uncompromising blue of the sky warmed to a tenderer glow of violet.

The flat where I had my camp had once been "homesteaded" by a settler, one Heisel, whose memory is kept alive by the remains of his fireplace. It seemed natural that the last token of a home-loving German (as I take him to have been) should be his chimney. My blankets were spread under a small oak near by, and I made a point of smoking my evening pipe beside the old pile of stones round which, I guessed, his own tobacco smoke must often have eddied.

I had been nearly two weeks in camp, and it had come to mid-August. My supplies had almost run out, and Chino's pasturage was becoming scanty;

but his sores were looking well, and it seemed safe, as well as necessary, to move on. When it came to starting, I became conscious again how quickly any place of abode, camp no less than cottage, engages man's instinct for a home. My heart fell a little as I took a last look round the little clearing, and I waved my hand sentimentally to the oak that had been my "green caravanserai." Not so with Chino, who marched off so cheerfully that it was plain he suffered no pensive emotions.

I had got such instructions as I could regarding the trail across the mountains. It is so little travelled that only twice during my fortnight in camp had anybody passed along it: but it is well marked, and in some places worn deeply into the earth. I suspect, indeed, that it may have been, in Mission days, the trail to the old orchard which I have mentioned; and that it was from the firs in the cañon (called *árboles de incienso* by the Spaniards) that the fathers at San Antonio procured the aromatic gum for incense.

The trail led steeply up the mountain-side to the northeast. There was a hot sun, and the warm wind from the interior valleys brought more distress than refreshment. I had saddled Chino with special care, to avoid chafing, and, with a view to his comfort, had packed the load on the saddle, as I intended to lead him. I did not fill my canteen, as I relied upon finding water where I crossed the creek higher up; but at the first crossing it was quite dry, and at the

second only a couple of slimy pools remained among the boulders. These Chino promptly drank dry. After two hours of pretty strenuous climbing we came to the crest of the ridge, from which I looked out over a wilderness of low ranges, colored here in dark bands of "chamise," there in golden slopes of grass thinly stippled with oaks and digger-pines.

I made a hasty lunch, for I had no very clear idea of the distance to the Nacimiento River, where I intended to camp, and which would probably be the first water we should strike. Then, with a regretful glance back to the west and its cool fog curtain, we plunged down the landward slope. The sun beat down with trying fervor, the trail was rough and difficult with brush, and shade was at an impossible premium. A couple of miles down I found the remains of a settler's house, and explored for water, but without success.

An hour more of rough going brought us to a wide glade wooded with oaks of unusual size and beauty. They were the great valley oak of California, the *roble* of the Spaniards. The species was well known to me, but nowhere else have I seen it reach the stateliness of these superb trees. The huge white trunks and fountain-like flow of branches had a sort of Greek perfection, and one could easily understand why, if Greece has such oaks as these, they were held sacred to Zeus. Here were the remains of a house, and I searched again for water, for I was getting pretty thirsty. But the cracked troughs in the old

corral gave notice that I need not expect to find any, and seemed to hint at the reason for the abandonment of this handsome homestead.

A short distance beyond this place the trail emerged at a divide, and I saw with relief the cañon of the Nacimiento lying below, with one pool of blue water shining among its sun-bleached boulders. The opposite wall was a high, perpendicular bluff of purple-red rock, barren except for a few spectral digger-pines that grew in crannies, or leaned in languid attitudes on the summit. It was an unusual landscape, and one worthy of particular notice, but I was too tired and thirsty to enjoy it, and hurried on to get down to the stream.

The trail descended the north side of the cañon, and by evening we debouched at river level into a valley of grass, oaks, and pines. Fording the river we went into camp among the willows on the farther bank. I was amused to see the puny size of the stream, for at Cambria I had heard a ranchman describe how he had nearly lost his life in swimming it with his horse three months before, and I had intended to use caution in fording it. Such are the vagaries of Californian rivers.

There was a deep pool, almost landlocked, close to camp, and to this, after supper, I repaired for a swim. I do not know when I have enjoyed one so much. The water was crystal clear, and perfect in temperature. White sand formed the bottom; one side was fringed with small cottonwoods, and the

other, where the water was deepest, was walled directly by the dark, perpendicular rock, from the crevices of which waved fringes of delicate fern. The moon was nearly full, but it was not yet an hour past sunset, and the day hovered on that quiet borderland where one can hardly tell shadows from thoughts. A pale flicker of moonlight caught the ridges of water that flowed about me as I swam slowly to and fro, and once a water-snake slipped noiselessly away before me, the little black head rippling the water into lines of pallid silver. After the heat and thirst of the day I felt half inclined to sleep in that delicious pool.

Then I gathered a good supply of fuel and spent a luxurious evening in company with a small but loquacious fire. To-morrow would be Sunday, and we should not travel. I was glad that it occurred that I could pass a day by this stream, which I had long wished to see. Even the name seemed to invest it with a special charm. I take it to have a religious reference; and the association of the Holy Birth with the quietude and beauty of Nature that reigned in this lonely spot seemed very happy. I suppose there was not a human being within ten miles of me in any direction.

I awoke next morning in time to catch a coyote nosing at the saddle-bags, which I had hung in the fork of a willow twenty yards from my sleeping-place. A shot from my revolver sent him scurrying. The morning was passed in camp, in hope of offsetting

ON THE NACIMIENTO RIVER

the maximum of heat by a minimum of exertion. In the afternoon a trifling breeze wandered up the cañon, and I spent some hours in trying to prospect out to-morrow's trail among the tangle of cattle-paths that crossed and recrossed, converged and diverged, all over the country. It was annoying to find, after several miles of tramping, that what had seemed to be the principal trail led again to the river, by which I knew it was not the one I wanted. In the end I resolved to ignore them all, and strike across country by compass.

It was evening when I got back to camp, and the air was full of the cooing of doves and the *whick, whick*, of their wings as they flew to and from the river. Once when I went down to the stream I saw for the first time the great American egret (*Herodias egretta*), unmistakable in its snowy beauty, though not now wearing the bridal plumes that have almost brought the species to extermination. I noticed also the watermark of the spring rains in the drift that had lodged in branches fifteen feet above the present level, and could better appreciate the risk in swimming such a torrent, nearly a furlong wide and full of hidden traps and dangers.

I was up next morning by moonlight, and after breakfast doctored Chino's sore, which had become inflamed again by the heat and the climb of Saturday. I saddled him with all possible care, again arranging his load with a view to leading instead of riding him. Then we both drank deeply at the creek,

and started with a full canteen. I had no map of the region, for there is a gap of a hundred miles or so here in the maps of the Geological Survey; but I gauged the direction of Jolon, my objective point in the San Antonio Valley, to be nearly due north, and believed I could trust the compass better than the one or two doubtful landmarks of which I had been told.

The country ran in interminable low hills, or *lomas*, as monotonous, and about as vacant of recognizable features, as a tract of ocean; but it was pretty open, and only cut by shallow gullies from which the water had vanished, leaving a sickly white incrustation of alkali. Among these we threaded our way hour after hour without much difficulty, while I looked carefully at every trail we crossed for marks of horses' hoofs, but saw nothing but the tracks of cattle, coyotes, and deer, except once where a bear's heavy imprint was sunk in the baked clay of a dry *arroyo*.

Chino was in unresponsive mood, though I tried to interest him in various topics. I am sure that by now he understood much of what I said to him. Naturally, I did not choose such matters as politics or the price of pig-iron for discussion: but to such sentiments as "Chino, my boy, we're doing handsomely, are n't we?" or "What do you say to taking five minutes for cooling off, old fellow?" I am sure he responds understandingly; while when I attempt something humorous, as "Well, old chap, I don't

see the domes and minarets of Jolon on the horizon yet, do you?" he replies with something that comes as near a smile as is possible to the equine countenance. Nature, in framing this best of quadrupeds, seems very judiciously to have put the humorous ingredient at a minimum. It would be unfortunate if the horse were so constituted as to care as much as the terrier, for instance, for practical joking. Between the two of them, it seems to be a question whether the horse or the dog is to be the first to surprise his master, some fine day not far ahead, by bringing out the epoch-making words, "Good-morning!"

We had been steadily marching northward for several warm hours when the cattle-path we were on began spontaneously to develop symptoms of wheel-tracks, which grew imperceptibly from nothing and nowhere. The trail widened gradually into an unmistakable road, which led, on the whole, in the right direction. It descended a long, winding cañon through sparse timber, emerging at last upon a river which I knew must be the San Antonio, while beyond the low range of hills to the east must lie the wide valley of the Salinas. Then came a fence, at which novel sight Chino stepped out with more enthusiasm. The stream was almost dry, but under the bank I found a little trickle of water, and we took an hour for lunch and rest.

A mile beyond the river I saw a ranch-house in the distance, and knew by a flutter of linen that it was

inhabited. A young woman answered my hail by opening a window six inches. To my inquiry whether I was on the road to Jolon, she replied curtly, "Yes." "And the distance?" "A mile." With that the window was slammed down and she vanished. This was somewhat chilling demeanor from the first human being I had seen for nearly a fortnight; but the news of my whereabouts was welcome enough. We were soon on the main road, and by evening entered the village and put up at a rustic inn, where Chino tasted once again the comforts of a stable and I of feminine cookery and housekeeping.

Jolon is a primitive place, though not an old one. It lies twenty miles from the railway, but on a road which has a fair amount of travel. A dozen times a day an automobile charges through, with passengers goggling through clouds of dust to catch those flying glimpses which seem to satisfy the people who like that way of seeing the country. The village consists of two store-and-hotel combinations, a church seldom used, a school, three saloons, and about as many small residences.

A sound of strumming came continually from one or other of the saloons, where two stolid Indian youths with violin and mandolin sat playing *sans* intermission the simple and rather joyless airs to which generations of their people have danced or shuffled. They played in an oddly mechanical fashion, giving no least token of pleasure in their occupation, but sawing and picking away in a poor,

dull way that seemed pathetically to illustrate their racial attitude toward life. A little creek, a branch of the San Antonio, runs through the village, and is vocal all day with plovers; while trios and quartettes of coyotes, wise beyond the range of poison or rifle, perform in the dusk of dawn and evening.

Jolon promptly adjudged me to be a prospector, and the classification held good until the following noon, when my landlord approached me with a sample of rock and requested a diagnosis. I saw that he disbelieved me when I said that I could not tell quartz from quicksand, but was convinced when I declared his specimen to be volcanic putty, which it certainly resembled. On the score of my McClellan saddle I was next placed in the Forestry Service, and as no occasion arose for disturbing that idea I suppose it remained. For the rest, I noted that the dialect of Jolon is rather above than below the Western standard in amount and quality of profanity; and that days when the thermometer registers a hundred and odd degrees are pronounced by Jolonians to be agreeable.

CHAPTER XIV

Farewell, Chino; enter Anton — Camp at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua: crows, ants, swallows, and coyotes — Spanish hospitality and family affection — Dog *versus* skunk — Digger-pines — Recrossing the crest — Santa Lucia Peak — Los Burros mining settlement — A voluble box-lid — Delightful trail — Entering the redwoods — The coast again — Bold scenery — Pacific Valley: a lonely ranch: "Striking it rich" — The weekly mail.

My only regret in leaving Jolon was that there I said farewell to my good Chino. The roughness and heat of the journey over from the San Carpóforo had resulted in inflaming his withers again, and so badly that it would be at least two weeks before he could be fit for the troublesome piece of country that lay ahead. I had noticed in the hotel stable a well-built saddle-horse, a little heavier than Chino, of a color between buckskin and sorrel, and showing that dark stripe along the back which is recognized by experts in horseflesh as a mark of superior toughness. From the fact that he had last belonged to a forest-ranger, and also from the remarkable variety of brands he carried, I judged that he must be used to roughing it; and when, on a trial canter, he proved to be free and lively without undue nervousness, I decided on the change.

It went much against the grain to part with the

loyal companion of several expeditions by California shore, desert, and mountain. But the summer was getting late and I was only about halfway to my goal, so that I must not lose more time if I was to finish the trip before the rainy season set in. A "trade" was arranged. I filled my pockets with Chino's preferred dainties, paid him a final visit, and left him munching my valedictory apples with so much indifference that poignant regret on my own side seemed superfluous.

It was mid-afternoon when I started with my new acquisition (whom I named Anton, by way of reference to the San Antonio Valley, in which Jolon is situated) for the Mission of San Antonio. The road lay up a pleasant valley of oaks. A somnolent haze overhung the landscape and deepened the tone of the distant mountains to densest purple. The nearer hills rose in restful shapes, dotted with brush and crested with phantasmal digger-pines. These trees have almost the air of a mirage, so thin and unsubstantial do they appear.

At the north end of the valley, where the hills closed together, I came to the Mission. It stands, ruined and solitary, on the east bank of the river, and looking down the sunny, oak-filled valley. In situation it was, perhaps, the happiest of all the Missions; but, like nearly all the others, it has suffered from both spoliation and neglect, and the beauty of its setting seems only to accent the desolation of its decay.

The remains show the total enclosure to have been of great extent, and history gives it as one of the most prosperous and important of all the chain. The church, which has lately been partly repaired, is a lofty, barnlike structure, with no remaining traces of interior decoration or furnishing, and the walls are horribly defaced by the name-scratching insanity of sightseers. The façade, built of the durable Mission tiles, is still beautiful in its tasteful simplicity, and a few skeleton arches of the quadrangle are standing; but the bells have long since disappeared. Instead of vesper chime, the air was raked by the strident voices of many crows, disputing, after their wont, over the choice roosts in the cottonwoods. It needed a more violent effort of fancy than I was capable of to hear in the shouts of these pirates the song of praise which poets think they detect. In pleasant contrast, St. Anthony's swallows, happiest dispositioned of birds, were thrilling with evening joy, and seemed to weave a charm of communal friendliness and content about the old crumbling building.

Hard by the church stand a few indomitable pear and olive trees, as thrifty as though not a year had passed since the last of the padres of San Antonio forsook his hopeless charge. A broken rank of pomegranates marks the boundary of the old garden, their uncompromising green and scarlet quite out of harmony with every other element of the scene. A small building of adobe, a hundred yards away, was inter-

esting as showing the early California method of roofing. The heavy rafters and ceiling beams were still held in place by rawhide lashings. Layers of tules were placed on the rafters, and on these rested the heavy red tiles. I learned later that the building had been the Mission jail.

I made camp by a brook that ran in a hollow behind the church, but had a fancy for sleeping among the olives, — a fancy for which I paid tribute to a spiteful colony of ants. Coyotes sympathetically shared my vigil. I slept uneasily, and was awake in ample time to receive their adieus as they stole away to cover at dawn. These animals are very numerous in this locality, and as I rode away in the afternoon I noticed the carcasses of several of them hung to the limbs of the trees for example to the rest.

Some of my Spanish friends in the south had recommended me to relatives of theirs who lived near Jolon. I found them living a few miles from the Mission, and was received in the kindest manner and made welcome to stay at the house. It was a good example of the ranch-house of earlier days, a substantial adobe, broad of verandas, and shady with locusts, almonds, and clustering roses. There was an orchard of fine old trees, and a well of specially soft water to which the young beauties of the neighborhood were wont to resort on Sundays, a dozen in a bevy, to wash their dusky tresses. It would make a pretty sight, the row of girls with locks dishevelled, sitting in the sun beside the tamarisk

hedge, laughing over the gallantries of young Arturos and Robertos, and laying trains of harmless malice for firing at the next fandango. Here again it was most pleasant to see the family affection to which I have referred in previous pages as a noticeable feature of Spanish and Mexican life. Little Julio, and Adriano, and Engracia came clambering about their genial giant of a father, calling him by his pet name of Tito: and the señora might have sat as model for the picture of a happy wife.

A brother of my entertainer happening in, I was carried off to spend a day or two at his house ten miles up country. We rode the whole distance through unbroken oak forest, and the house, set at the foot of a wooded hill and on the bank of the San Antonio River, occupies a position that might be coveted by millionaires. Deer and quail are plentiful; the river abounds with trout; and even salmon-spearing is no rarity. The veranda was a sort of epitome of California sport; Doña Petronela was bound that I should taste all the delicious Spanish dishes at their best; both husband and wife were full of interesting conversation on matters and manners now passed away; and altogether, one of the most agreeable episodes of the whole journey was the two days I passed in that tasteful home.

From here I was to cross the mountains again to the coast. My host accompanied me a mile or two to put me on the trail. A couple of the dogs came with us, in hope of some interesting incident, which came

when my companion spied a skunk, which he shot from the saddle. The dogs rushed off joyfully to do their part, and received a full volley of the peculiar skunk artillery at close range. It was intensely comic to see their frantic disgust, and the vain attempts they made to rub, scrub, scratch, drown, or outrun the vile legacy bequeathed them by innocent little *Mephitis americana*.

At the place where the coast trail crosses the river my friend said good-bye and turned back, while I struck up the mountain. Digger-pines were numerous, and came as near to forming a forest as this singular species ever attains. It is the most shadeless of trees. There may seem to be a fair density of foliage, but the sun somehow gets through the airy tassels with hardly any loss of power, and the ground below shows only the faintest tone of gray. This peculiarity was again impressed upon me as I led my horse up the steep mountain-side under a sun of semi-desert heat, and it was with relief that, on reaching the first high ridge, I saw, a few miles to the west, the blue of substantial forest, and, beyond, the familiar white band of fog overhanging the Pacific.

Reaching at length an altitude where the finer yellow-pines began, we halted for rest. Far to the north I could distinguish Santa Lucia Peak, the culminating point of the range, cut in a band of solid purple on the fainter blue of the sky. As we crossed the next divide there opened suddenly a full view

to the west. A huge cañon fell away abruptly from where I stood, the northward-facing slope draped darkly in forest, the southward in lighter brown of "chamise," and the seaward opening filled with a gleaming barrier of fog, that broke here and there into curling waves of vapor. A cool wind blew from the ocean, and I hailed with pleasure the return to coast conditions of climate.

Now came a long descent through fragrant forest of pine, spruce, and madroño. It was evening when we came to a point where a side trail led down to the mining settlement of Los Burros. A mile brought us to the village, where we found accommodation at a quaint little hutch of a place, kept by a German whose quiver was not only full, but bursting, with tow-headed, chattering children. The mines are not of great importance, but at least they have disproved the belief that was for a long time prevalent, that this part of California was barren of gold.

It was a strange sight that I saw next morning when we had climbed out of the hollow in which Los Burros lies, and I looked out to the west. The fog was not far below me, and I seemed to stand between two firmaments, the blue of the upper and the gray of the lower sky. Around me was spread a stratum of landscape in brilliant sunlight, with Santa Lucia Peak glowing like an opal in its setting of sumptuous pine foliage.

At a little cabin beside the trail I paused to read a notice that had been inscribed on a box-lid, ap-

parently with a red-hot nail. In fervor of composition it suggested the "agony column," with a touch of Flora Casby, in "Little Dorrit," thrown in. This is how it read: —

> Notice the bond will be Taken up, this is Gold ridge and dont you forget it sir Mines to bond all on the Famous Mother lode Free Milling quartz Cyaniding ore and Placer ground on the Famous Spruce creek Bigest bar Famous Nugget lode at head of Spruce Creek above it terms reasonble inquire Right here.

The house appeared to be vacant, but I did not care to risk meeting the voluble dealer in "prospects," and hurried away.

That morning's trail was the most delightful I had experienced on the trip, winding down the forested mountain-side among yellow-pines, oaks, and madroños. The ground was all ashy rose with the fallen leaves of the last-named tree, and was like one of those wonderful old Persian rugs. Across the cañon the mountains rose in steep slopes of faded gold, laced here and there with dark files of timber; and beyond, the distant back ranges receded in varying tones of blue. The fog was slowly drawing out to sea, and suddenly, as if a curtain were partly lifted, I could look beneath the sheet of dazzling cloud and see the crinkled water a thousand feet below, leaden in the shadow of the dense vapor. A short distance up the coast Cape San Martin stood sharply out, a line of surf marking where the great shoulder of mountain plunged into the ocean.

At a bend of the trail I noticed a cluster of slender

pyramids, rising among the pines, dressed with close, feathery plumes. They were redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*), no less beautiful and hardly less wonderful than their cousins, the Giant Trees of the Sierra Nevada. I was now entering upon the territory of this exclusive tree, which grows nowhere but in the fog-belt of the coast from here to the northern limit of the State. I greeted it with enthusiasm, forecasting the many delightful days during which I should be in its companionship. If there had been pasturage available I would have celebrated the meeting with a night and a camp-fire, but the best I could do was to decorate my sombrero and Anton's bridle with sprigs of the handsome foliage. The trees had been cut a few years before, and I noted the vigorous growth of saplings that encircled each great stump. One may often see a number of the trees growing thus in a complete ring, marking the circumference of some vanished monster. No tree yields better returns to intelligent methods of forestry than this one, as valuable for its uses as it is splendid in its growth.

The trail descended for mile after mile through this charming woodland, issuing at last on the shore at the mouth of Willow Creek. Here the fog again enveloped us in its cool embrace. I gathered that this was Anton's first introduction to the sea, for he halted and gazed at it with deep attention, head cocked slightly sideways, as I found to be his habit on encountering a novelty.

Close by the place where Willow Creek flows out is the prominent headland generally known as Point Gorda. There being two other capes of the name in California, this one has been officially named Cape San Martin. The Point forms the southern arm of a rocky bay, on which the westering sun now shone palely, half veiled by the vapor that was again beginning to creep inland. The fog movement on this coast during summer is almost as regular as the swing of the tides, and the long cañons running east and west act like funnels for the constant interchange of air between sea and land.

The shore here, as all along this mountain-walled coast, is bold and scenic, fringed everywhere with islets about which the water coils and lurches in unceasing turmoil. I cannot imagine a more alluring yachting ground than this hundred-mile reach of lonely water, with its barrier of summer gold or winter emerald; and in the coming era of air travel one of the inducements held out to tourists by the Pacific Coast Aërial Transportation Company will certainly be "the unrivalled panorama of the Santa Lucia chain of mountains, rearing its glowing rampart from the isle-gemmed empire of the sea to the azure vault of the empyrean —" etc., etc.

We now climbed a steep trail cut in the face of the cliff. The flash and thunder of the surf below were so trying to Anton's nerves that the expedition narrowly escaped a tragic *finale* on the rocks beneath. Coming to the top, I saw a narrow bench of land ex-

tending a mile or two to the north; the only stretch of level land along the Santa Lucia coast, and dignified with the name of Pacific Valley (though there is really nothing at all valley-like about it). In the distance were the weather-beaten buildings of a ranch, where in due course we arrived, and found entertainment with hearty, simple people.

The place was picturesque with a frontier-like litter of odds and ends. On the pickets of the fence I counted eight sets of deer antlers, and the walls of the outhouses bore a notable array of pelts of sheep, deer, oxen, wild-cats, seals, and smaller animals. Miners' pans and mortars, mineral specimens, fishing-gear, and rifles marked the varied interests of the family life. I looked with curiosity (not impertinent, I hope) at the weary-looking, elderly housewife, for I had heard that a few months previously the family had "struck it rich." A landslide had uncovered a ledge of very valuable gold-bearing quartz on their property, and had promoted them at a step from the frugal comfort of farmers to a reasonable certainty of easy wealth. I could not but wonder what would be the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual results.

The father, now dead, had carried the weekly mails for fifteen years by pack-horse from Jolon over the trail I had just travelled. Jim, his old departmental mule, retired from service, roams about the ranch, respected by horse and man alike. The day that I arrived chanced to be mail-day, so I had the

opportunity of seeing the excitement when, long after dark, a clatter of hoofs announced the event of the week, and young Benito, whose acquaintance I had made at Jolon, went jingling past on his way to the post-office at Gorda, a mile farther up the trail. I was glad to find, by the example of this pleasant family, that it is yet possible to live where mail comes once a week, and telegraph or telephone messages are impossible, and still be comfortable and contented.

CHAPTER XV

Camp at Mill Creek — "Tools and the man" — A serpentine trail — Lucia, a postal frontier — A lost school-house — The tan-bark oak — A Coast Range sunset — Gamboa's Ranch: a rare situation — Sudden changes of scenery — The trail lost again: rough scrambling — Little's Springs: a bath in mid-air — Unseen choristers — Two hundred feet of magazines — Camp among the redwoods — Superb trees — Castro's Ranch.

It was a Saturday afternoon when I left Pacific Valley. A few miles up coast the view was closed by the promontory of Lopez Point, on the hither side of which is a stream called Mill Creek, where I proposed camping for Sunday. The afternoon was bright, for a change, and I travelled slowly, revelling in the romping wind and the splendid color-play of the sea. The mountains again rose abruptly from the shore in folds of faded gold that were swept by flying cloud-shadows and chequered with clear-blocked masses of timber in cañon and on crest. Again I longed to be a painter, — a *great* painter, one to whom the subjectiveness, the spirituality, of color should be known, and who might transcribe this fine fragment of Nature in all its material and immaterial beauty. There is a largeness and freedom about this little-visited coast that puts the mind under stimulus, and almost rids one of that deadly incubus of experience which so sadly dulls the edge of our impressions.

At Mill Creek I found one of the "landings" which take the place of harbors on this rocky coast, — a crane, cable, and windlass by which freight is sent up or down between cliff and water. I found my friends from the ranch at work at a pile of redwood timbers which they were about to raft down to their own landing. There is no lack of variety in the occupations of the settlers on the coast of the Santa Lucia. "Tools and the man" will be the text of the Virgil of this region. I made camp beside the creek, but the pasturage was so scanty that it was necessary to take Anton a mile farther, to where a Mexican lived from whom I might buy hay. Here Anton was accommodated in the stable, and when, after a pleasant chat, I returned to camp, I carried back a sizable venison steak, pressed upon me by the good people.

The fog was unusually dense at night, and by morning my blankets were soaking. I kept up a roaring fire for comfort till noon, when the weather cleared, and the rest of the day was spent in seeking shady places for relief from the sun. The creek was full of trout, and two hours of the evening sufficed to catch my breakfast and enough to make a fair return for my venison.

The trail next day continued to wind along the cliff, diving every half-mile or so into a wooded cañon and giving a charming alternation of land- and sea-scape. If the course of this trail were drawn in bird's-eye fashion it would show a surprising ser-

pentine, and the ratio of air-line distance to actual travelling would be a remarkable one if it were calculated.

In one of the cañons I found the home of an old settler. It made an inviting appearance, with its garden of herbs and flowers and its half-acre of fruits and vegetables. A boy was cleaning a rifle by the gate, and through the open door I could see the owner of the place; a man of so little curiosity that, although I may easily have been the first passer-by for a week, he neither asked nor cared to see who the traveller might be. Usually, the arrival of a stranger would bring out all hands and a host of questions.

In another and deeper cañon, known as Lime Kiln Cañon, I came upon the remains of a considerable building filled with machinery, all now fallen into wreck. The place was a wilderness of ferns, flowers, and noble redwoods, and I had to resist a strong inclination to camp there, backed by Anton on the score of a scanty cropping of green fodder. The climb out was long and strenuous, but Anton did himself credit, and, indeed, I had constant reason to congratulate myself on the exchange I had made.

After some miles of steady travelling my next landmark came in sight far ahead, a farmhouse set high up on the hillside. It was always a relief to find that I was on the right track, for besides being little travelled the trails are much complicated with cattle-trails. The house proved to be also the post-

office of Lucia, the farthest outpost of the postal service in this direction. Here (on Monday) I mailed letters which, after lying here until Saturday, would be taken to Gorda, where they would wait until the following Saturday before starting for Jolon and the inhabited world.

Now began another stiff climb, compensated by fine expansive views to seaward. I was astonished to find a school up here on this lonely mountain-side. The scholars had just been dismissed and were playing round the neat little building. Of the ten or twelve I saw while I stopped to chat with them, all but two were Mexican, — a fact which helped to explain there being so many children within range, for Mexican families are apt to be a good deal larger than American, and three little homes might easily contribute a dozen or more youngsters of school age.

A couple of miles farther on I came on one such home, — a picturesque, weather-beaten house shaded by fruit trees whose size showed a probable age of some forty years. A tall, white-haired old man who was sitting in the porch came forward and greeted me in Spanish as I reined up, inquiring whether I would not dismount. I was glad to do so, and passed a pleasant half-hour with him and his eldest son. Again I found that the mere mention of having friendly acquaintance with a compatriot was enough to ensure the kindest reception.

It was late afternoon when I got my directions for the next ranch, where I intended to stay for the

night. Crossing the deep cañon of Vicente Creek, the trail bore steadily up the mountain-side until it must have reached a height of well over two thousand feet. In the cañons hereabouts the tan-bark oak (*Quercus densiflora*), that curious link between oak and chestnut, grows freely, and the gathering and shipping of the bark formerly made a considerable industry here, as it still does along the coast farther north. At one spot, known as Tan-Bark Camp, I noticed the remains of a large abandoned encampment.

Higher still, and near the crest, I came into a region of magnificent yellow-pines and redwoods. It was sundown, and the view was a remarkable one. The sun shone level, and with a strange bronze hue, through a translucent veil of fog. Below the fog the surface of the ocean was clear, and was flooded with gorgeous purple by the sunset. On the high crest where I stood, a clear, warm glory bathed the golden slopes of grass and lighted the noble trees as if for some great pageant. There was a solemnity in the splendor, an unearthly quality in the whole scene, that kept me spellbound and bareheaded until, fatefully, imperceptibly, the sun had set.

The situation of Gamboa's Ranch is superb, the very finest I know. The house, an old and picturesque one, hangs like an eyrie on the mountain-side, which here is so high and steep that one looks down upon the vast expanse of ocean as if from a two or three thousand foot cliff. Downs of rich

IN THE HEART OF THE COAST RANGE

grass-land fill the view to north, south, and east, with great pines clothing every ridge and hollow. The fog seldom reaches to this height; yet its coolness tempers the summer, and the climate forms a perfect combination of the sea, mountain, and forest elements.

The "boys" were away driving cattle across the mountains, but the wife, a pretty Mexican woman, made me welcome, and after a supper of venison with frijoles and tortillas, entertained the hired man and me with a phonograph medley of favorite Spanish airs. It was something of a shock to find that even these farthest recesses of the mountains had not escaped the terrible machine, which I suppose by now is rousing the echoes of Nova Zembla and the Mountains of the Moon. I slept under an apple tree in the orchard, which was festooned throughout with ropes of venison "jerky." During the deer season, venison is as much a staple of these mountaineers as potatoes are all the year to dwellers in town.

A mile or two beyond Gamboa's is the Arroyo Grande, one of the deepest cañons of the range. I had been but little on horseback since we entered this rougher country, wishing to spare Anton as much as possible: a point of necessity, indeed, for the trail was almost always either steep in grade or lay along slopes sharp enough to make the consequences of a stumble something more than annoying. I now led Anton carefully down the stair-like de-

scent, which took us from open grassy slopes, through a region of flowery brush, into a shadowy cañon of redwoods with a lively stream. Here again it was a trial that the total absence of forage forbade camping, for otherwise the place was superlative for the purpose. Half a mile farther on we crossed the north fork of the same stream, where I had to endure a similar tantalization. Then came a long, hard climb out, with alternate blaze of open hillside and slumberous shade of cañon.

These changes are startlingly sudden throughout this region. From steep-walled clefts filled with silent companies of straight-stemmed trees and roofed with a green firmament of foliage, one passes without warning to breezy hillsides of sun-scorched grass or brittle gray sage and buckwheat, where, far below, the greatest of oceans stretches from the line of the cliff, out, and away, to infinitude and China.

The country hereabouts was marked everywhere with an unconscionable tangle of cattle-paths, among which it was quite impossible to keep the trail. I knew that I needed to keep well up on the mountain, but with a mile of steep slant to guess on I was soon hopelessly at fault. Moreover, the slope was cut vertically by rocky, brush-filled gullies which bothered Anton greatly. Several times I had to build or cut a way for him. He was behaving so bravely and sagaciously that when, at one place, after I had spent half an hour in building trail, he pointedly refused to trust himself to it, I thought it best to defer

to his instinct and waive the point, though to round the head of the gully meant another hard climb. As it was, he received some cuts about the knees, hocks, and feet, and I looked at him with compunction when, at last, we picked up a more likely trail, and rested for ten minutes to recuperate and repair damages.

Far ahead, and nearly at shore level, I could see a tumble-down mess of corrals and cabins which I knew must mark an abandoned ranch called Dolan's. I had been advised to camp there, on account of there being water and a little pasturage; but when we reached the place it looked so woe-begone and generally uninviting that, fagged as we both were, I resolved to push on to some more desirable spot. So on we marched for weary miles, now, fortunately, over a better trail, and at last, rounding the head of another deep cañon, came to Little's Springs, otherwise known as Slate's.

Here I found a comfortable, old-fashioned house where I could put up for the night. In fact, the place makes some claim to rank as a resort, by virtue of its medicinal springs, though no guests were in evidence, nor any token of either expectation or accommodation for them. A quarter of a mile from the house I found a couple of tents pitched on a ledge of rock halfway down the hundred-foot bluff. In them were bath-tubs to which hot sulphur water was led from springs that break out all along the cliff. Tents and tubs had been hauled up with windlass and cable

from the vessel that brought them down from San Francisco, and then had been lowered over the cliff on to the ledge near the springs. It was an enjoyable experience to bathe thus, as it were, in mid-air, with gulls screaming all around and breakers roaring fifty feet below.

Fog again enveloped us when we started next morning. I was told that the trail from this place was an official one, being kept up by the county, and I communicated the news to Anton for his consolation. It kept close along the cliff, as I could tell by the sound of the surf and the cries of sea-birds far below. It was very interesting to travel thus, as was often the case, in company with unseen comrades, beauties, or dangers. Once I heard a company of land-birds singing away merrily in some bush in the fog below me. It had a charming sound, reminding one of

> ". . . magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn."

I often wished I were some small fraction of a Keats myself, to put the beauty of such little incidents into felicitous phrase.

Now and then a rift in the vapor showed for a moment the dull gray gleam of the combers as they plunged shoreward, or the dark fringe of rocks, forever pushing back the wash of the sea. In the cañons the fog made a strange white gloom, dense but luminous, through which great stems of trees stood

up like pillars in some Dantean temple of shades. Sometimes a group of wind-twisted trees showed weirdly through the mist, as if peering up from under their matted thatches of foliage in dread of some portentous stroke. Every cañon had its stream, filling the air with a monotone that would have been ghostly but for the cheerful notes of the ouzels. The presence of that gay little water-sprite is as genial as August sunshine.

About midday the fog broke away, revealing, far up the coast, a prominent headland which I set down as Point Sur. It revealed also my trail, stretching like a pleated ribbon along the mountain, high above the sea, on and on to vanishing point. At the head of one of the cañons I found a snug little place kept by two old bachelors who have carved out a narrow strip of ground on the roof-like slope above the creek. I stopped for a rest and a chat, and gained a little sidelight on the conditions of life along this coast from the three piles of magazines, each reaching from floor to ceiling of their living-room, or about two hundred feet, board measure, of compressed literature, which they keep for reading-matter in winter, when for weeks together the trails may be impassable. At the mouth of this cañon the creek makes a spectacular drop direct into the ocean, like some Norwegian stream falling into a fiord.

In the next large cañon there was a huddle of decayed buildings with the remains of an orchard. As there was fair pasturage I resolved to camp, a special

attraction being the fine redwoods that grew along the creek. I had never until then found an opportunity of making camp among these trees, though at one time or another I have hobnobbed with almost all the other members of the California conifers, from tide-water to timber-line. I unsaddled at the foot of a genial-looking monster, picketed Anton in knee-high wild oats, and ate my supper under the eyes of a covey of quail that perched on an old rail fence near by and discussed me in almost human tones. The occasion justified a camp-fire of the best, and I passed a long evening cheerful with reminiscences of bygone nights among the forests of the greater California Sierra.

The squirrels and jays were aroused at first daylight by the smoke of my breakfast-fire; but when we were ready to start, it seemed to me that I had hardly done due honor to my first redwood camp, so I took off Anton's saddle and smoked a couple more leisurely pipes. Then in peaceful mood we set out. The ocean lay under the usual shroud of fog, but on our high path the sun shone warm and bright, and the morning was gay with birds and butterflies. A rattlesnake that was out for an early breakfast, and crossed the trail in front of us, left his body to the buzzards as a sarcastic commentary on the adage of the bird and the worm. Tracks of deer were numerous about every creek and spring, and once, when we had just crossed the trail of a mountain-lion, Anton became so excited that I had

no doubt he scented the animal somewhere close at hand.

The redwoods in the cañons were finer than any I had yet seen, some of them quite wonderful in their straight, stately symmetry. The older branches of the largest trees were recurved, and hung for thirty or forty feet close about the stem. In places the sun's rays could hardly pass through the high roof of foliage, and I moved among the gray and purple pillars subdued to "a green thought in a green shade," as some one has put it. Anton's sensations apparently took the same hue. His pasturage the past night had not been over-luxurious, and he neglected no mouthful of verdure that came in his way. I wished I could introduce him to one of those mountain meadows where in former years I had often seen my animals half smothered in juicy grasses.

Late afternoon found us at Castro's Ranch, a comfortable, old-fashioned place, the terminus of wagon travel at the northern end of the Santa Lucias, as San Símeon is at the southern. The distance between them is about sixty miles in an air-line, but must be two or three times as much in actual travelling distance by the trails. I received a genial welcome from these excellent people, and made up Anton's arrears of hay and grain.

Dogs, cats, and geese made the place lively with companionable sounds, and an orchard of peaches and apples formed an acceptable incident. I was lodged in a tiny, white-curtained room opening on a flowery

jungle of garden, and at supper was plied with venison, frijoles, and tortillas, with vegetable adjuncts, to which I had long been a stranger, in notable array.

CHAPTER XVI

From trail to road — The Big Sur River — Cañon of the Little Sur — Point Sur lighthouse — A Robinson Crusoe and a great discovery in mineralogy — Portuguese friendliness once more — The perfection of coast scenery — Point Lobos — Cypresses and pines — The Mission of San Carlos, Carmel: beauty of its situation: the resting-place of Serra — Carmel-by-the-Sea — More delightful coast — Wonderful cypresses — Monterey, the old capital of California: as Dana saw it: historic objects: the Stevenson house: whaling days: the old church.

THE change from sidehill trail to graded road, agreeable enough to Anton, gave me some regrets as implying a tamer country. For the first time for some days I got into the saddle and rode. The morning and the road were both delicious. A cool air came from the sea, which we now left out of sight, and the scents from bay, redwood, and underbrush were spicy and stimulating. The road wound downward between the wooded ridge that shut the ocean from sight and high, steep hills of yellowed grass, slashed, as ever, with timbered cañons. Unwelcome signs of what, I suppose, we must call civilization, began to occur in the guise of warnings against "hunting, fishing, or camping on this ranch."

From time to time I caught the sound of a large stream running in the cañon below, and before long we dropped into the valley of the Big Sur River and came upon a little Noah's Ark affair, with "Post-

Office" painted upon it. This place has long been known as "Post's," after an early settler, but lately some person with a craving for change has persuaded the authorities to rename it "Arbolado," a monstrosity of mongrel Spanish of which the department should not have been guilty. From here a stage runs on alternate days to and from Monterey, twenty-five miles to the northward.

For five charming miles the road accompanied the stream under grateful shade of redwoods mottled with golden green of filtered sunlight. Then, climbing in long curves, it opened a fine view of the valley of the Sur, lying open, as on a map, the stream itself hidden in deep forest almost to where a bar of surf marked its meeting with the ocean. A strong wind was blowing from the water, and as the fog broke away from time to time the warring white-clawed waves could be seen far out at sea. Near by, and on my left, stood the lonely rock of Point Sur, its summit hidden in mists; and on the other side rose a striking white mountain called Pico Blanco, the second highest point of the range. It looked strangely white, almost as though it were snow-covered, against the blue of the eastern sky. From north and west, masses of gray sea-wrack came driving every moment in imposing volume, and, encountering some opposing air current, maintained a sullen battle among the hills.

Descending the steep grade we entered the beautiful cañon of the Little Sur, where, to my surprise, I

found a mountain hotel and a "resort" of tents on the bank of the river. The place was deserted by the summer visitors, for September had now begun; but hay was there, and I judged it best to stay for the night, for fodder was now the matter of first importance in my calculations.

I devoted the rest of the day to a visit to the lighthouse at the Point, five miles away. The afternoon was delightful, with a clear sun and a Kiplingesque sort of wind; and Anton, relieved for once of impediments, bethought himself of his Arizona youth, and was bent upon rounding up all the cattle he saw on the hillsides. The ocean was of a splendid, windy purple, though far to seaward the fog lay furled along the horizon in a band of pearly gray. Quail whistled in the brushy gullies, and overhead the gulls strained and screamed against the wind.

A little black steamer was shouldering her way doggedly up coast, the white water churning by her sides and the smoke tearing away from her funnels as she fought her way along. I suppose that Ruskin, in his quaint dogmatism, would not have included the smoky little bull-dog in his eulogy of the Sea-Boat, but it seemed to me to show all the dutiful hardihood that roused his admiration, "baring its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean; the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on endlessly, . . . still striking them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and winning its

way against them, and keeping its charge of life from them."

The Point is an abrupt rock connected with the shore by an isthmus of sand. A narrow path cut in the rock leads up to the lighthouse buildings. Anton was excited when he saw the surf crashing below him, and gazed from it to me with an "I say, you know!" kind of expression that was comically human. I was kindly received by the lighthouse folk, and shown over their spick-and-span domain. The light, which is a powerful one of the "first order," stands two hundred and forty feet above the water, —rather too high, I was told, since at that height the fog is more frequent and dense than nearer the surface.

In the course of a walk up the stream next morning, I came upon an original who for many years has lived a Robinson Crusoe life in a coign high up on the cañon wall. His ramshackle dwelling was more shed than house, and I found the ancient himself seated beside it, in a rather alarming state of undress, under the shelter of an umbrella which he had hung obliquely from the roof to intercept the morning sun. With his bright blue eyes, skin originally ruddy but now tanned to Indian hue, and shock of long white hair, he made a most odd appearance.

He was talking to himself as I approached, but hailed me hospitably to come in and sit down for a chat. The chatting was a passive affair on my side, for he himself did not cease talking for a moment,

and after one or two vain attempts to stop him, I only sat and listened. His great topic was minerals, concerning which he had a theory, new to me, that every metal has a father and a mother. This great discovery had been revealed to him by an old Indian woman, once of these parts, who had bequeathed him a "map," by which, he declared, he was able to make his theory effective. To discount the palpable discrepancy between his apparently poor circumstances and his potential wealth, he explained that he cared nothing for actual money, being content with knowing that he could at any time procure it: a philosophy which, as he appeared to hold it sincerely, was an admirable one, and worthy to be recommended to our captains of finance.

The wind blew more strongly after sundown, and tassels of foliage from the redwoods overhead came thumping all night on the tent in which I slept. It was blowing half a gale when in the morning we took the road, which, after crossing the Little Sur River, climbed a long rise that brought us again into company with the sea.

The birds had collected in the sheltered cañons, and their unusual numbers made those parts of the way specially attractive. So steep were the sides of some of the cañons that where the road ran high up on the wall, I could look down upon the tops of the redwoods close below me as if I were an aviator; and the scent that came up from the forest was such as (to speak it humbly) I hope to find in heaven.

In one cañon I found a school-house, the first I had passed for a week, and a post-office named Sur. The latter gave no token of its use, for mail-boxes and sign-board had gone out to sea together during the winter rains. When I learned that the stream was Mill Creek, I wondered how many more of that name I was to meet. I think Mill Creeks in California could be numbered by the score.

All day the road wound along a rocky shore, beside a bright sea broken by surf-ringed islets and the glistening fringe of kelp that lies for league on league unbroken along this coast. To landward still rose the monotonous drab hills sprinkled with gray sage-bushes or grayer outcroppings of rock. At long intervals, stark-looking ranch-houses appeared, but there was little travel on the road, and the human voice was still a rarity to the ear. Wreaths of fog came drifting in now and then from the sea, and the faint coughing of the syren at Point Sur, miles in the rear, seemed to add to the loneliness of the scene.

On rounding a bend I saw the hills before me crested darkly with pines. Even at three miles' distance their vigorous manner of growth marked them as of the *radiata* species, and I knew by that token that we were coming to the neighborhood of Monterey, where, almost alone, the tree is native.

It was nearing sundown, and I should have been glad to camp among them, but again the necessity of fodder forbade, and I turned in at the next ranch

to inquire the prospects for a night's lodging. The Portuguese woman received me kindly and found me a bed in a little outhouse. The husband was away, but five jolly children took possession of me with such enthusiasm that it was evident that a visitor was regarded as a prize of the first degree. In five minutes Avelino was on my back, Ernesto and Braulio were punching me jovially, Angeles of the soft brown eyes was filling my hands with her best-beloved flowers, and fat José was planning a rescue in order to show me a phenomenal farrow of pigs. Supper was an uproarious event, and afterwards the whole battery of phonograph records was ground off for my delight.

I left them next morning while the boys were milking the herd of thirty cows, and dear little Angeles, in enormous sunbonnet and gloves, skirmished about waiting to carry the pails to the milk-house. It was a superlative morning, with neither wind nor fog. The first hint of autumn was abroad in some elusive fashion, though in brilliancy the day was more like May than September. The sea was a splendor of deep Mediterranean blue, and broke in such dazzling freshness of white that one might have thought it had been that day created. How amazing it is, that the ancient ocean, with its age-long stain of cities and traffic, toil and blood, can still be so bright, so uncontaminated, so heavenly pure! It seems an intentional parable of Divinity, knowing and receiving all, evil as well as good, yet through

some deathless principle itself remaining forever right; strong, and pure, the Unchanging Good.

Pines grew here along the cliff, outlining with tawny stem and dark magnificence of foliage the most exquisite of vistas. The coast was broken by little bays full of brown seaweed that rose and fell indolently with the slow breathing of the sea. Islets were scattered along as if they had been dropped like pebbles out of a full hand. I do not think there can be anywhere on our shores a more enchanting piece of coast than this and the next ten miles to the north. It is the acme of what is generally named the romantic in sea scenery, and is calculated, I should think, to throw an artist into a frenzy in which he would paint one final and conscious masterpiece, then close color-box, camp-stool, and umbrella, and hurl them all over the cliff together.

Noon found us at Point Lobos. It is a superb headland overgrown with pines and cypresses that lean in perilous balance over the crashing sea, or stand statuesquely on rocky ledges, ideally pictorial. The cypresses are monarchical fellows, wonderful in size and evident age, and Lear-like in their storm-thrawn attitudes. Like the pines, they are strict natives of this locality, and give a unique charm to this delightful coast. By their manner of growth they reminded me of the monumental yews of English churchyards; and, indeed, there is much of the same solemnity in their gnarled stems, far-reaching, bony arms, and rich but gloomy foliage.

AT POINT LOBOS, NEAR MONTEREY

I was courteously entertained at lunch by the owner of the ranch which includes this enviable piece of coast, and then pursued my way, soon crossing a bridge over the wide, shallow stream called the Carmel. A beautiful valley here opens inland. I had long wished to explore it, as well as to try my flies on the river, which has a good reputation among fishermen. But Anton was badly in need of a blacksmith, now near at hand, and I decided to keep the road towards Monterey.

A turn brought me to the Mission of San Carlos, generally known as Carmel, one of the oldest and most interesting of all the Missions. There is a peculiar beauty in the simple, rather heavy building that I could not easily explain to myself. I think it lies in the perfect balance which has been kept between solidity and ornament. The tower is a model of proportion, and the façade is only broken by one star window of simple but beautiful design. The star is a little out of the symmetrical, as is also the cupola of the tower, but the variation is too slight to be jarring, and, if anything, adds a pleasing and humane touch to the modest building, as a token of the artless sincerity of the poorly skilled workmen.

Situation is another element of its charm. Tranquil hills, clouded here and there with pines, rise on two sides; a peaceful river flows silently by; and at a little distance lies the blue and golden curve of the bay, broken by flash of surf where the tide is leaping on the river-bar. The only houses in sight are a quiet

farm and the little flowery dwelling of the Mexican who acts as caretaker.

In the church the body of Junípero Serra himself lies buried near the altar, with those of three of his comrades. A tablet on the wall above commemorates them thus: —

Hic jacent exuviae
Adm̃. Rev. Patris
Juniperi Serra
O. S. F.
Missionum Californiae fundatoris
ac Praesidis
in pace depositae
die XXVIII mensis augusti
A. D. M.D.CCLXXXIV
atque sociorum ejus
R. R. P. P.
Johannis Crespi
Juliani Lopez
et
Francisci Lasuen
Requiescant in pace.

It seemed to me a pleasant spot to be the resting-place of the weary old priest. Swallows were weaving all about the place, and had built against the painted windows above the grave. Their eager little voices filled the air, and came mingled with the dreamy iteration of the surf. For a moment I was in Assisi, an auditor of St. Francis, "the Jongleur of the Lord," and of his little brother jongleurs.

From here, half an hour brought us to Carmel-by-

the-Sea, where I tasted the luxury of a comfortable hotel, while a livery-stable received my good Anton. The village is pleasantly rural, with its houses scattered through a pine wood that slopes to a beach of whitest sand. It is a notable place of residence for artists and university dons from Stanford and Berkeley, and one is conscious of a mildly Bohemian, or scholastico-artistic air. Carmel certainly has an unusual range of attractions: its own happy situation, the exceptional beauty of the adjacent coast, a soft and equable climate, and facilities for a variety of sports. And over all there hangs a tinge of romance from the neighborhood of Monterey, the capital of the Spanish and Mexican California of no very long time ago.

I might have been in Monterey in an hour from Carmel by crossing the neck of the Monterey peninsula. But I could not bring myself to miss any part of this enchanting coast, so next morning I took the road that follows the shore. This is part of the renowned Seventeen-Mile Drive which figures on the itinerary of California tourists, and its fame is certainly justified. In its fine grouping of the beautiful and striking elements the scenery might really be called classic; and, indeed, I doubt whether it could be surpassed, unless in Greece or Italy.

The shore-line is ideally broken and wonderfully rich in color; the water a play of emerald and sapphire hues breaking momentarily in sudden blaze of surf, or shaded to deeper tones by the brown sea-

banners of the kelp. Promontory and cliff are peopled with fantastic forms of pine and cypress, sumptuous in sombre green or shagged with gray pennons of moss. Once the road ran for a mile or two under a deep cypress arbor, a green and brown tunnel lighted dimly by windows that opened on brilliant seas, and echoing with cadence of surf and scream of roving gull.

Many of the trees lie prone on the brown floor, mere tumbles of mossy green. Others are amorphous monsters with huge rheumatic knees and elbows, gray as the very bones of Time. At Cypress Point, the outer headland of the peninsula, where winds career most wildly, the gaunt wardens of the cliff have been torn, twisted, hunched, wrenched, battered, and hammered to the limit of tree resemblance. They make a Homeric-looking company, and tell a stirring tale of battle with

> ". . . every gust of rugged winds
> That blows from off each beakéd promontory."

Beyond Cypress Point the shore falls to dunes of white sand, splashed with creeping sea-herbage, and trending northeasterly to Point Pinos, at the southern horn of Monterey Bay. Inland the ground rises wooded everywhere with pines; and it was deep pleasure to ride slowly along, hour after hour, in that fine companionship; on one hand the comfortable sigh of forest, on the other the long, solitary surge of the Pacific.

By evening we were entering the pretty seaside town of Pacific Grove. The tolling of a train-bell sounded strangely in my ears, for we had parted company with locomotives at San Luis Obispo, several weeks before. As we passed the Military Reservation the sunset gun boomed from the Presidio, whereat Anton performed first a spectacular jump and then a little *pas seul* which furnished some excitement for the smart soldier boys.

Complicated odors of fish and antiquity met us as we entered Monterey, where the street-cars wrought Anton's nerves to a point of desperation. I piloted him by back ways to a stable, and found myself a lodging at the house of a charming Spanish lady to whom I brought a letter of introduction from my good friends at Lompoc.

Monterey forms almost a compendium of the history of California. It was only half a century after the first voyage of Columbus that Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed into the bay, and the first civilized anchor dropped into its quiet waters. Sixty years later came Sebastian Vizcaino, and claimed the soil for Spain, giving the port the name of his patron, the Count of Monte Rey, then Viceroy of Mexico. That would be in 1602, five years before the Jamestown settlement was made on the other coast; and from that time down to the end of Mexico's ownership, Monterey remained the capital of the province of Alta California.

Dana gives a picture of the town as he saw it in

1835, towards the end of the old *régime:*— "The pretty lawn on which it stands, as green as sun and rain could make it; the pine wood on the south; the small river on the north side; the houses, with their white plastered sides and red tiled roofs, dotted about on the green; the low white presidio with its soiled tri-colored flag flying, and the discordant din of drums and trumpets for the noon parade."

Much of the air of its early days still pervades the place, and makes it in a way the most interesting town in California. The green lawn has gone, but many of the low adobe houses remain, and a good part of the population is Spanish or Mexican still; and my hostess, Doña Carmelita, herself a resident of Monterey from girlhood, has not a few compatriots with whom to talk over the old, gay, easy days that lingered here long after the rest of California had become charged with American energy. Monterey, and not the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, as Bret Harte expected, seems "destined to be 'The Last Sigh' of the native Californian."

Many of the buildings are ticketed with some legend to attract the interest of tourists. Generally a claim to being the first or the last of their kind or purpose in the State is the theme. Here is the first brick house, and here the first one built of lumber. That low shady house was the home of Governor Alvarado, one of the last governors of the Mexican province; and at the bottom of the street that bears his name is the Custom-House, where, on the 7th of

July, 1846, the flag of the United States took the place of that which Dana saw flying. Near by is the first theatre, and on the hill is a large frame building which served as the first State Capitol.

A ramshackle wooden house on a side street hoists the sign, "R. Stevenson House." I was not sorry to find that the authenticity of this particular relic was denied by my hostess, who declared that Stevenson was merely an occasional visitor at the house in question, and that he lived in a house (now pulled down) adjoining the one which professes to have been occupied by the last American Consul, Thomas O. Larkin. As circumstantial evidence, the señora confessed how she and others of the vivacious damsels of Monterey used to watch, from the windows of the opposite house, where she lived, Stevenson, Keith the painter, and other cronies as they smoked and joked on the veranda of the Larkin house.

It must go hard with every lover of the gentle Scot to think of him as inhabiting that other dismal shell, the ugliest house, I think, in all Monterey. I looked in at some of the windows, and saw only bare whitewashed rooms with broken walls and floors. There was a notable *débris* of empty bottles, and in one room it seemed that some conscience-stricken carouser had sought to dispose of his incriminating evidence by stuffing it under the flooring, whence the necks of more bottles protruded in a waggish fashion, as though they were "tipping the wink" to the spectator. At one end of the house an outside stairway

led to the upper floor. At the other was a square of garden ground, in a corner of which a few nasturtiums and stalks of mint grew in a secret and furtive manner. Over all there ruled a quaint, olden odor, rare in this country, which oddly reminded me of English almshouses.

In a walk about the outskirts of the town I came upon the old church, often called the Mission, of San Carlos. Having always been the parish church of Monterey, it escaped the ruin that fell upon its sisters, and is to-day, at the age of nearly a hundred and twenty years, a handsome, solid building. I was struck by the strange appearance of the pavement of the courtyard, which was laid with circular blocks of some whitish material that was like, and yet unlike, stone. They proved to be the vertebræ of whales, and reminded me that Monterey had once a whaling industry of some importance. Near the bay I found a building which was formerly the office of the Monterey Whaling Company. The last of the old whaling-men of Monterey may still be seen haunting the water-front, and in the marine-store you may see a bomb-gun awaiting the purchaser who will never appear. On the bay, the mixture of dories, lateen-sailed fishing-craft, steam-launches, and glass-bottomed observation boats from which tourists may spy out the wonders of Davy Jones's locker, mark the intermingling of the old and the newer interests.

It was evening as I walked again up the long street.

As I passed along, I encountered now a tinkle of mandolins, now an odor of Spanish cookery and roses tangled together, quite unspeakable. Children played in the cypress-shaded gardens, or sat at the doors of the hunchbacked adobes with their fathers and mothers. On a side street a modern wooden church with a painful spire was lighted up, probably for choir practice. Protestant as I am, I turned away and walked again past the old Catholic Mission. The last swallows were wheeling home, and the sparrows in the ivy were sleepily querulous. The fading light lingered on the crumbling cornices, and the tile-capped belfry rose peacefully into the clear dusk of the sky. After all, age is a kind of sacrament.

CHAPTER XVII

A change of scenery — The Salinas River — Castroville — Moss Landing — Trees: and whitewash — A jocund cavalier — Watsonville, metropolis of apples — Aptos: why Aptos? — The city of Santa Cruz — Another inland divergence — Ox-teams — The Santa Cruz redwoods, "dedicated" to triviality — Ben Lomond: a catechism — The California Redwood Park: redwoods compared with the Big Trees — A forest trail — Again at the coast — Pigeon Point — Pescadero: a bibulous banker.

To strike the direct road to the north on leaving Monterey, I took a short cut through the grounds of the Hotel del Monte, where my dress and equipment, now showing the wear and stains of four months' travel, seemed to arouse the amazement, and perhaps the indignation, of the "idle rich." Then, after passing the embryo city of Seaside, where Avenues and Broadways had been laid off in readiness for a handsome population, we took the "sand-hills" road near the coast. Instead of the cliffs and cañons of the Coast Range, a low expanse of brush-land now lay to the east. On my left was the wide bay of Monterey, blue as the word can mean, backed by faint purple mountains where it curved round to the north.

The day was hot and the road tedious, and so heavy that I dismounted and led Anton, to save him my weight. The sea was soon barred from sight

by dunes of sand, but hour after hour its soft thunder accompanied us as we toiled along a road deep in sand and through a dry and almost uninhabited country. At noon we stopped for an hour by a pool of brackish water, with a fringe of long grass which was a bonanza to Anton, for he had long been a stranger to that kind of forage.

About mid-afternoon I guessed by the increasing roar that we were approaching the mouth of the Salinas River, and in due time we crossed the bridge over the wide green stream a mile or so above the bar, on which a great surf was breaking. Just ahead lay the little town of Castroville, planted handily in the neck of the Salinas Valley. From this vantage-point I had a fine view all up the long, straight valley which lies between the range of the Santa Lucia, bordering the coast, and the inner Coast Range which divides the valley of the Salinas from the San Joaquin, the great central valley of California.

Here I was again in a land of farms. The country had a rich appearance; cars of beets stood on the railway tracks, destined to a sugar factory a few miles distant, and the threshers were busy with the late barley.

The inland heat was rather trying, and I determined to make for Moss Landing, on the coast, a few miles away. Following the directions of an old man whose confident manner imposed on me, I left Castroville on the right, and turned into a road that seemed to lead directly there. After following it for

a couple of miles, Anton pretty tired and eyeing every barn and gateway with anxiety, the road came to an end, and a wide slough, quite impassable, barred the way. With hearty blessings on that old gentleman we returned to Castroville, and took the main road, arriving at the village of Moss Landing long after dark. It took my utmost arguments to persuade the hotel-keeper to get me supper of bread, beef, and tepid coffee. The place had just been thrown into excitement by the arrival of a harvester crew of eighteen or twenty men, who kept up a sort of stage procession as they circulated through the saloon. Fraternal squads passed in hurriedly, to emerge in two or three minutes with impressive wiping of lips. A few moments sufficed to change the composition of the groups, and they lurched in again with a fresh access of thirst.

Morning showed that Moss Landing possesses wharves and other facilities of commerce, and I found that a good deal of grain and other farm produce is shipped from this little place. For the rest, I gather that in winter it is a main resort of duck hunters. The landlord told me that he often shot ducks from his back door, which there was no reason to doubt, since a family of them were peacefully quacking fifteen feet away from the table at which I was eating breakfast.

It was a fine morning, sunny but cool. The road led among placid lagoons, where platoons of seafowl were manœuvring, and old boats lay moored

at oozy landing-stages. Groves of eucalyptus gave off their finest scents after the dewy night; and the mountains to the north were now near enough to show the timber on their crest, — that sight always so refreshing and delightful. Trees in park or garden are good, for trees are always good: trees on open plain are better: but trees on a mountain sky-line seem to me to make the acme of charm in natural scenery.

The people of this region are strong on that excellent thing, whitewash. The farmhouses gleamed like patches of snow against the brown hills, and the roadside cottages were whitened to ultra-whiteness, and made the prettiest of pictures with their gardens of blazing nasturtiums and geraniums, — always a charming combination in connection with whitewash, suggesting contentment, pinafores, bread and milk, and such wholesome, childlike things.

At a rise of the ground I came in sight of a brother horseman who was riding toward me. He was singing, and loudly, too, but ceased when he saw me. Now, why must he do that? How delightful it would be if only this confounded mock-modesty could be got rid of! — if he and I, for instance, could have met unabashed, each trolling out our "Hey nonny, nonny," or whatever it might be, with no silly thought of looking silly, but, instead, just some courteous gesture of appreciation or word of applause. But no; we must only pass our dull "Good-morning, sir," and "How do you do, sir?" and go

on our ways. I heard him break out again, though, as soon as he knew my back was turned.

Some hours of easy riding (in the course of which I crossed into the next county, Santa Cruz) brought me to the valley of the Pájaro, here a slow-winding, reedy stream. By noon we were at Watsonville, the California metropolis of apples. Certain peculiarities of soil and climate in this valley combine to favor this particular crop, but much is due also to an element of European thoroughness. The careful, old-fashioned methods of a colony of Dalmatians who settled here many years ago have brought the industry to such success that, in California, to hear of apples is to think of Watsonville. I was told that the bulk, and the best, of the orchards lay along the foothills to the north; but I rode through mile on mile of prosperous groves, where harvest was just beginning; and wagons in long procession passed me loaded with fragrant boxes bound for the railway.

After passing a small village formerly known as "Whiskey Hill," but now decorously named "Freedom," the road began to enter the hills, and soon redwoods and spruces appeared. Pretty mountain orchards clung to the hillsides, the thrifty vines and fruit trees running up to meet the timber and mountain brush. Bracken grew along the roadside, mingled with wild oats and yellow autumn flowers; and my spirits rose automatically, as they always do, at the prospect of mountains and forests. The long, steep road was not too long for me, though

Anton's pace was jaded, and dark had fallen before we reached our quarters for the night at Aptos.

Usually it is not difficult to trace the origin of the names of Western towns, for their histories are seldom long. But I asked in vain for the derivation of this Greek-sounding word. Who, or what, was Aptos? I applied to my landlord, but he could only answer my question with another, — "Aptos, Aptos; well, Aptos is a good name, ain't it?" A quartette of Aptosians arrived after supper, to dangle for an hour about the porch and cultivate the social side by one of those friendly contests of mingled grossness and profanity which pass so often for wit in the rural life of the West. From this hideous atmosphere I escaped to wander for an hour among the redwoods, and listen to the mutter of the sea as it broke against the cliffs half a mile away.

An easy ride next morning through quiet rural roads, and a village or two where loafers on sugar-barrels were dallying with watermelons, brought us to the city of Santa Cruz, lying at the north bend of Monterey Bay. It has a population of some twelve thousand, and seemed to me a staid, ordinary kind of place, though it is much in request as a rendezvous for conventions, and is certainly endowed with an unusually fine bathing-beach. Here once stood another of the Franciscan Missions, but no trace of it remains.

The mountain belt that rises to the north of Santa Cruz carries a particularly fine forest of redwoods.

I could not think of missing these noble giants, so once more I abandoned the coast for a few days and struck directly into the mountains. The road followed the course of the beautiful San Lorenzo River, and I was soon again in the companionship of the trees, — a mingling of sequoia, spruce, alder, bay, box-elder, and maple. The cañon is a deep one, and the narrow road is cut into its western side, giving fine views up and down the wooded gorge.

Automobiles were unusually numerous and irresponsible, charging down on us round the sharpest curves with no formalities of horn-blowing. After Anton had passed through various stages of indignation and alarm, he could see nothing for it but to turn and bolt from every car we met, and I had some exciting moments while we pirouetted about on the edge of the five-hundred-foot chasm.

As I was eating my lunch by a spring beside the road, a sound of shouting began to come up out of the cañon. It was in a peculiar sing-song drawl, and came nearer and nearer until, when it arrived close to where I sat, I stood up to see what phenomenon was about to appear. There was a creaking and cracking of underbrush, and then the heads of a yoke of oxen rose above the level of the road, and so remained while two pairs of solemn eyes took stock of me and my companion. Gradually six yoke emerged, followed by a man with a goad, who was the author of the melancholy music, and then by a wagon and trailer on which was a single huge log of

redwood. They went quartering about from side to side of the road, and when four similar processions had followed them, and they had all come to anchor, the hubbub ceased, half the oxen lay down, and the drivers gathered at the spring for the noon meal. They were swarthy, bullet-headed fellows, and proved all to be Portuguese, speaking no English, so that our conversation was limited. However, it was full of good-will, expressed in a friendly interchange of wine and tobacco.

Just beyond, a side road led off to a grove of exceptionally fine sequoias. I found the spot given up to picnic arrangements, and the trees themselves bespattered with business cards and unsightly scrawlings. One or two of the largest bore inscriptions, — "Dedicated to the Los Angeles Produce Exchange by the San Francisco Dairy and Fruit Exchange"; and "Dedicated to Reading Commandery No. 42 Knights Templars of Pennsylvania." I pondered these inexplicable labels for some time, and could only conclude that they were examples of the same pitiful ambition that Hamlet observed in a certain kind of players.

The great trees themselves, if one could get them free of these trivialities, are wonderful and stately enough, the tall, tapering shafts rising in superb grace and power, flecked with purple and gold along their fluted channellings. A forest of their kind surrounds them, mingled with a few other species, and the clear, bright river ripples or steals along as seductively

as river can do. But I can never enjoy these spots "dedicated" to beer and sandwiches, or even to Masons and butter-men, and I was soon glad to turn away.

A long mountain ridge rose on my left, named Ben Lomond, and this hot day I sighed for a little of the authentic Ben Lomond atmosphere of rain or mist. The locality abounds in handsome country-houses, all with Scottish names, such as "Bonnie Doon," "Strathspey," "Bracken Brae," and "Rowardennen." I put up for the night at the pretty little village of Ben Lomond, where the arrival of a traveller of my order is so rare an event that the children playing in the oak-shaded street sent a deputation to interview me, and ask a few explicit questions, — "Who *are* you?" "What do you *do?*" "Where have you come from?" and "Where are you going?" I explained with equal straightforwardness that I was Alexander Selkirk, an Anthropophagus by profession, residing regularly in Kamchatka, but at present on my way to visit the Cham of Tartary; and was pleased to see that the frankness of my replies afforded general satisfaction.

Our road next day continued for a few miles along the cañon of the San Lorenzo as far as a small town called Boulder Creek, chiefly remarkable for supporting an equipment of twenty-one saloons. From here I turned more westerly, following the course of the pretty stream from which the town is named, in order to visit the California Redwood Park, a tract

of specially fine timber which has been rescued by the State from destruction and set aside as a public pleasure-ground. Again automobiles were trying (for we were getting within range of the San Francisco pleasure travel), and Anton and I often condoled over our wrongs. At the first opportunity I turned into a side road, rough enough to discourage the hardiest chauffeur, and soon found a trail which led through magnificent forest to the Park.

The summer crop of tourists had departed, and I found that the warden, whose duty it is to assign camping-places to visitors, had gone huckleberrying, like a wise official. This suited me well, and I made haste to pitch camp under a stately redwood, despite the warnings of a quarrelsome colony of squirrels. Here I spent a delightful Sunday, wandering beside brown creeks under superb sequoias and scarcely inferior spruces, and enjoying a veritable feast of huckleberries. It was my first introduction to the plant, and I found a double zest in the fruit when I saw what a sprightly and beautiful shrub supplied it.

I found the impressiveness of these splendid redwoods to be quite unlike that of their relatives, the Giant Trees of the Sierra Nevada. Many of the trees in this belt of forest reach a diameter of over fifteen feet and a height of three hundred, the age of such patriarchs being known to exceed ten centuries. But they seemed to me to lack that individual majesty of bearing which the others express, and to gain their distinction rather from the cumulative

effect of their statuesque beauty than from the solemnity of ponderous size and of primogeniture among living things.

I now turned again coastwards over a trail that traversed another noble tract of timber, known as the Big Basin. The shade was almost unbroken, and the trail carpeted deeply with fallen leaves of madroño and tan-bark oak. For hours the silence was unbroken but for Anton's muffled footfalls, and a curious distant sound, which greatly interested him, and which I guessed to be the moan of the syren at Pigeon Point, seven miles away. Now and then an acorn dropped sharply, or at a push of wind a few leaves came whispering down. The great stems of the redwoods were powdered with the gray rime of age, and the foliage showed the rich tinge of russet peculiar to this evergreen, the dead leaves of which long remain attached to the tree.

My admiration was constantly divided between the exquisite symmetry of the redwoods, the rugged magnificence of the spruces, and the rich red gleam of the madroño stems. The forest flowers were long past, but there was no lack for them; for here was a touch of scarlet or crimson from frost-stained poison-oak, there a yellowing leaf-spray of tan-bark oak. All was gold, green, purple, and the sensitive warm or wan tones of autumn.

So we lounged along, a mile an hour. Anton was always curious about my note-book. Usually I did my scribbling in the saddle, but when I was leading

A FOREST ROAD IN SANTA CRUZ COUNTY

him and stopped to write, he would watch me with his head a little cocked and a puzzled air that plainly asked, "What on earth are you always up to with that bit of stick?" After some miles we crossed the west fork of Waddell Creek at a lovely place of dim pools, mossed rocks, and waving ferns. Reaching the next crest, on a sudden we were among arid brush and digger-pines, with a blaze of sunlight reflected from a white, shaly soil. After the hours of greenness and "dim religious light" the change was startling.

At the next rise I looked out upon the familiar sight of a deep seaward cañon up which the fog was creeping. Its waves were just rosied by the evening sun, and timbered shoulders of mountain stood up, darkly purple, through the fleecy sea. Down this cañon we pursued our way in thoughtful mood attuned to the gathering shadows, and came by dusk to a lonely ranch where I made application for our lodging. The good people made us welcome, and I enjoyed the unwonted luxury of a table piled with magazines beside the social hearth of a cultivated family.

A few miles of travel next day down the cañon of Whitehouse Creek brought me to the coast at Franklin Point. A thin mist overhung sea and shore, and through it I could dimly see in the south Point Año Nuevo, with a lighthouse on the adjacent little island. The coast here, though not high, is picturesque with scattered rocks and a sea vexed into continual turmoil.

Five miles to the north is the hamlet of Pigeon

Point. A handsome lighthouse stands on the cliff. I like to pay my respects to these beneficent sentinels, so I called there, and was courteously shown over the building by one of the officers, who explained to me the latest triumphs of invention in lighthouse equipment.

From Pigeon Point the road passed for mile on mile through a gray land, inordinately dusty, and palliated only by occasional boons in the shape of thickets of goldenrod or a sprinkling of lavender asters. A dull sea with an uneasy voice kept us close company, and about once an hour we met a team or passed a lichened farmhouse. After crossing a lagoon which lies at the mouth of the Arroyo de los Frijoles, — thus does the Spanish aggrandize even humble Bean Creek, — the road lay along the cliff beside Pebble Beach, locally famous for agates and moonstones. A hotel stood on the bluff, with no other house in sight and no appearance of having so much as a solitary guest to entertain. Its windy desolation was so discouraging that I could not bring myself to try their entertainment, though it was time to think of stopping. Before long I found a road leading inland, and turning into it came to a broad green cañon with a winding creek. A couple of miles away I saw the little town of Pescadero, standing prettily backed by wooded ridges, its white houses shining in the evening sun. In due course we marched into town, where I was just in time for supper at the comfortable inn.

The experience of Moss Landing was repeated. A party of bibulous sportsmen arrived during the evening and pervaded the place with noise and profanity. When I learned that the noisiest, thirstiest, and most obscene of the group was a banker of San Francisco, I congratulated myself that no funds of mine were in his keeping, and hoped that warning visions might be vouchsafed to his clients in their dreams.

CHAPTER XVIII

Dust and wild flowers — Half Moon Bay — "Gilt-edged" real-estate — The Montara Mountain coast — First view of San Francisco Bay — Colma: an Italian lodging-house — San Francisco: as in 1906, and now: Bohemia: Stevenson: the Mission Dolores — Ferry to Sausalito — Mill Valley — Mount Tamalpais: a famous view — The Muir Woods: more splendid redwoods — Willow Camp — First rain — Bolinas Lagoon — Lonely country and a lonely ranch — A pleasant meeting — Drake's Bay: the Golden Hind: the first Protestant service on Pacific shores: Drake's monument, and "Drake's Drum."

IN the last day's travel we had crossed from Santa Cruz into San Mateo County. Now ensued twenty miles of dreadful dust, but compensated by a grateful scarcity of automobiles, though we were now nearing San Francisco and were almost in the latitude of the southern end of the bay. The coast road is continuously hilly, and the great bulk of travel follows the level inland road by way of Palo Alto and San José. Brown, monotonous hills rolled along on the east, treeless but for occasional clumps of eucalyptus that marked the rare farmhouses. Now and then the road came out upon high whitish cliffs fringed with a broad band of surf, the growl of which was a matter of never-failing interest to Anton.

Fog obscured the ocean at a mile or two from shore. The roadside bushes were drab with five months of drought, but a few asters and late wild

roses still kept their cheerful smiles, and their petals were as pure and bright as though newly washed by the rains of spring, — a miracle which I never cease to admire in wild flowers in general, and those of our dry California summers especially.

At the village of San Gregorio I noted one reason for the small amount of travel on the road when I saw the collection of wagons that were drawn up awaiting their drivers, who were circulating industriously from saloon to saloon. Nearing Tunitas Creek, we were greeted by the screech of a locomotive, and I found that we were at the temporary terminus of the Ocean Shore Railroad, which comes down the coast thus far from San Francisco.

Then we passed a straggling settlement named Purísima, the capital, so to speak, of a grant of land enjoying the lengthy title of Cañada Verde y Arroyo de la Purísima; and soon arrived at the town of Half Moon Bay, lying a mile inland from the shore of the bay itself, which I could see curving round to the northwest, where it terminated in the promontory of Pillar Point. It was still fairly early, but I felt really unable to face any more dust for one day. So we sought our respective quarters, and I, for my part, subsided without delay into a bath.

Next day was the equinox, and the morning was dull, threatening (or, a better way of putting it, promising) rain. We were early on the road, which rounded the head of the bay, passing through a number of new-born "cities" whose existence was to be

known mainly by pitiful little cement sidewalks, already bulging and broken. Each place in succession adjured me by stentorian sign-boards not to miss the wealth that awaited investors in its "gilt-edged" lots. It was a boon to exchange the songs of these financial syrens for the charms of a sea and sky alike of wistful gray, lighted ever and anon by gleams of gold that bore no hint of real estate.

The road came again to the shore at Montara Point, where there is a small lighthouse. A mile ahead a fine mountain came sharply to the sea, and I could trace a road graded steeply over it. I had not expected another taste of the mountains so near as I now was to San Francisco, and I rejoiced at the sight. We soon began the climb, which brought magnificent views of cliff and sea, often several hundred feet almost sheer below.

The mist lay thickly over the water at a little distance from shore, and I had to leave to the mind's eye the view I had anticipated, of the sails or smoke of many vessels making to the Golden Gate. From the summit of the grade I looked out to the north upon the green valley of San Pedro and the long line of cliff shore that runs to the entrance of the great bay. Below, the fine headland of San Pedro Point stood out to the west, ending in a picturesque little island pinnacled like an iceberg; and farther to the north I could just discern the outline of the high, bold coast of Marin.

A steep descent followed by a few miles of mo-

notonous road brought us to Laguna Salada, where I found an ambitious hotel and another array of empty streets and avenues. Then came a winding road, which at length turned inland and climbed a long ascent. At the top I turned in my saddle to take, as I thought, a backward view of the country I had been travelling. To my surprise I saw nothing that I could recognize, but, instead, a coast-line entirely strange to me. After a puzzled moment it dawned upon me that I was looking down upon the Bay of San Francisco, and we took a few minutes' rest while I digested the fact and congratulated myself on having reached this salient point of the expedition.

Opposite rose the long brown ridge of San Bruno Mountain, with the small town of Colma at its foot. I turned Anton towards it, and after interminable miles of vegetable gardens arrived in the town by evening, to find that there was neither hotel nor livery-stable in the place. San Francisco was still several miles away, and Anton was tired, so I was averse to going any farther. With some difficulty I got Anton accommodated at a private stable, and found a bed for myself at an Italian lodging-house which was also a saloon.

Here I dined on soup, macaroni, and the thinnest of wine with the proprietor (who bore an astonishing likeness to the Emperor Nero), his jolly wife and baby, and eleven other sons of Italy. During the evening the landlord entertained the company with

operatic airs on his accordion, a complicated instrument which he played with remarkable skill; while the wife, with the greatest good humor, performed peasant dances for us amid our cheers, and the fat baby tumbled happily about on the pool-table in the delicate olive costume in which she was born.

The population of Colma is almost entirely Italian, and I could better imagine myself in Naples than on the edge of San Francisco; none the less so while I tossed about all night on a straw mattress, tortured by fleas and mosquitoes of truly Neapolitan ferocity.

Next morning, with the one eye which the mosquitoes had left in condition, I piloted Anton among unlimited electric cars and automobiles into San Francisco, and left him at a stable on Mission Street. Matters of tailoring, bootmaking, and other small affairs detained me in the city for a few days, during which time I enlarged the acquaintance with new San Francisco which I had begun on my last visit, soon after the historic disaster of 1906. My recollections of that time were of a Sahara of choking gray dust, through which loomed the ruins, apparently, of some city of antiquity, just discovered and in process of being excavated. As I climbed then along the hummocky streets I had looked down into gaping chasms hideous with *débris*, among which sat files of gritty goblins, chip, chip, chipping away eternally at mountains of old bricks. The air rang with the sound of their trowels. Huge girders and

shafts of smoke-blackened masonry rose spectrally here and there, and from the sides of the pits twisted pipes projected with a ghastly resemblance to severed arteries.

I found now a splendid city of steel and marble, with monster hotels, palatial banks, and sky-scraping office buildings. Here and there a vacant lot still gaped like a missing tooth, and hinted the grim words, Fire, and Earthquake. But wonderful as the resurrection has been, I found, as usual, that the features of the place attracted me in inverse ratio to their newness. It was less of pleasure to feast at the St. Francis than at the Café de la Tour Eiffel, where one walks on sanded floors, sits at old tables "larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners," and dines off cabbage soup, boiled beef, and wine decidedly *ordinaire:* where the company is perhaps as much Alsatian as Bohemian, and probably as well worth noticing as that which one would meet at the famous Club. M. Defarge had, moreover, legends of Stevenson to relate, and directed me to Portsmouth Square, near by, where I found the monument to his memory, fortunately spared by the earthquake.

While I stood before it, up came first a natty Japanese and then a dusty Italian laborer, to drink at the fountain. Seeing me reading the inscription, they inquired whom and what it was about. I read them the well-known sentences, "To be honest, to be kind," and so on, and did my best at a brief exposition of the general meaning, thinking how the inci-

dent would have pleased the cosmopolitan R. L. S. himself.

I paid my visit also to the Mission of San Francisco de Asis, the "Mission Dolores" of Bret Harte's sketch. It never can have been a very attractive building, but it has its interest as the church of the old town of Yerba Buena, the germ of the present capital of the Western United States. The Mission, which Bret Harte "gave but a few years longer to sit by the highway and ask alms in the name of the blessed saints," has survived his prophecy much longer already than he thought, and has been renovated to a better condition than the "ragged senility" in which he saw it. But the churchyard is to-day much as he described it, and I take the willow tree growing beside the deep brown wall to be the same that he noted. The place is rank with vegetation, yet not untidy; and even with its modern surroundings there is a gentle quietude about it that seemed to me more pleasing and humane than the spick-and-span elegance of shaven lawns and parterres of formal flowers.

I climbed "the rocky fastnesses of Telegraph Hill," prowled among the incongruities of the foreign quarter and the chromatic heathendom of Chinatown, ferried over to Oakland and mingled with the collegians on the campus of the University of Berkeley, and finally wandered for an afternoon in Golden Gate Park, where I saw bands of quail running fearlessly among the shrubbery, — a charming sight

from which I argue that, notwithstanding the general belief, San Franciscans cannot after all be wholly bad.

It was two days before the end of September when at early morning I guided Anton down to the ferry. We were objects of much interest to passers-by in cars and on sidewalks; no doubt of envy also to not a few. Motormen took delight in springing a sudden salute of bells at us as they sped by, and newsboys varied their chant of "Chronicle! Call! Zaminer!" with joyous yells of "Whoop! See the cowboy!" Anton took his surroundings more calmly than might have been expected, considering the contrast with his native sage-plains; though he glanced anxiously up each side street for a way of escape. And when after three miles of constant tension he felt the tremor of the boat, he gazed at me with a startled expression that seemed to say, "Look here, this thing must be hollow. How do you know it won't fall to pieces?"

We disembarked at Sausalito, on the southeast point of the Marin Peninsula, ready for the northern and last division of the trip. Sausalito is a pretty little town built on hills that overlook the bay. Here I got my delayed breakfast, and then leisurely took the road along the placid bay shore. Ahead rose the striking shape of Mount Tamalpais, with the village of Mill Valley on its forest-clouded foot. To the west rose low hills, at first brown and thinly timbered, but gradually taking a sprinkling of redwoods

amid which were dotted the houses of fortunate suburbanites.

I put up at the village for the night, and next morning climbed the mountain to secure that renowned view with which all California tourists are familiar. Before I reached the top, I was ready to wish I had patronized the railway which runs to the summit by a series of spectacular curves and loopings. The day was hot, the way shadeless, and for half the distance the trail is over loose sliding stones and at an excessive slope. I had a dark suspicion that the directors of the railway might have had these thousands of tons of broken rock dumped here, with the idea of discouraging pedestrians.

After all, when I gained the top I found many of the notable features of the landscape obscured by the mists of late summer; and over the region I most wished to see, namely, the panorama of Drake's Bay and Point Reyes, there hung a curtain of haze as thick as if all the accumulated dust of San Francisco had gathered there. Still, I was able to recognize the twin peaks of Mount Diablo, thirty-five miles to the east, and Mount St. Helena, fifteen miles farther away in the north. Nearer by to the northeast lay the town of San Rafael, the site of the most northerly and last in order of foundation, but one, of the Franciscan Missions, but of which, after the lapse of less than a century, no trace remains.

On leaving Mill Valley I turned westward toward the coast. It was a cloudy day, with a promise of

rain, and the road was delightfully rural. Within half an hour I noticed deer-tracks by the roadside, and everywhere the finger of autumn had touched the foliage with the rich and tender beauty of decay.

Two or three miles brought us to the Muir Woods, a splendid tract of woodland that was presented to the nation a few years ago by a prominent Californian, to be held as a perpetual monument to the premier of Western naturalist-writers. The woods are the most beautiful of any preserved enclosure that I have ever seen, and the soft gray day gave them their finest aspect. The special glory of the place is in the redwoods. The great shafts rise in natural majesty from a handsomely varied undergrowth, and here and there stand individual groups, like the side chapels of a cathedral, with high rose-windows opening to the sky, rich with tracery of twig, and branch, and plumy spray. A brown creek threads its way along, mingling its childlike narrative with fluting of bird, chatter of squirrel, and solemn monotone of forest wind.

I rode for an hour or two about this choice spot, letting Anton take me where he would, since all alike was charming: then took the trail directly for the coast. It passed over a high, windy moorland, varied with broken forest of oak, spruce, and redwood. The view seaward, though somewhat obscured by haze, showed the narrow tongue of Point Bonita, and in faint outline the northern part of the San Francisco peninsula, with a few vessels inward or

outward bound through the Golden Gate. To the west lay the long silver reach of the Bolinas Lagoon, and at the nearer end the scattering village of Willow Camp. Here I arrived at sundown, and found quarters at a sort of nondescript inn, well known to the sportsmen of the Bay cities, who resort here in winter to make war upon the ducks of the lagoon.

Except for the inn itself the place is new, and consists only of the country cottages of a few San Franciscans. Its situation and surroundings are very attractive. The curving beach opens southward upon a breezy tract of sea dotted with the shipping of the greatest port of the Pacific. Steep hills rise close behind it to two thousand feet of altitude, the edge of a broad belt of finely broken country. The hollows and cañons are dark with timber, mostly picturesque thickets of wind-shorn laurel. Far away on the horizon lie the desolate islands of the Farallones with their lonely lighthouse and year-long clamor of gulls.

I was awakened at night by the sound of heavy rain on the tent in which I slept. It was the first rain I had experienced, except for a slight sprinkle or two, since I left Los Angeles in the middle of May. Now it was the first of October, and I took the change as a hint that I had better complete my expedition quickly.

The next day, which was Sunday, brought a few more showers and a magnificent entertainment of

cloud-forms that piled in slumbering thunder on the seaward horizon and dragged in Ossian-like gloom along the heights that back the village. But the day closed in a Sabbath serenity, and the next morning came clear, with a cheerful wind from the north that forecast a continuance of fair weather.

We took our way westward, following the northern margin of the lagoon. Choirs of blackbirds in the reeds sang their loudest in praise of the day, and I was fain to join the chorus. Anton, too, was in his best humor, and strode along with a free gait, though not without an eye to the scraps of green that fringed the road, mixed among thickets of wild rose, asters, and sultry goldenrod. A few pleasure-boats were cruising about, and files of waterfowl manœuvred on the placid water. It was much too pretty a morning for one to be in a hurry, and noon had come before we reached the village of Bolinas, which lies at the western point of the lagoon. Thence the road continued westward at a little distance from the sea, through a quiet, treeless land with an occasional dairy-farm staring from the brown hillsides.

For hours we kept this lonely road, meeting only one team during the whole afternoon. Towards evening we began to enter a rougher country, with sharply broken hills bearing a scattering growth of spruce. At a solitary farm I stopped to prospect for accommodation, but could find no one about the place. Anton's behavior at such times was always

amusing. He would watch me eagerly as I went to the house, and when, as in this case, no door was opened in response to my knock, his anxiety became quite comic, and he would gaze at me with serious concern and an air of conferring with me as to what was to be done now.

As it had been some miles since we passed the last ranch, I did not want to go farther lest it might be as far on to the next. The necessity, as ever, was for fodder, for long before now the pasturage had been exhausted to a point that would mean starvation for an animal in work.

After passing half an hour in dispute with a contentious sow that seemed to be in charge of the premises, a young woman galloped up on horseback, and a moment later a young man followed in a wagon. I explained my needs, and was invited to put up my horse and to sleep in the house if I chose. They were brother and sister, Italian-Swiss, and speaking little English, so that conversation was somewhat obstructed. But I was glad to share their simple, hearty supper, and slept finely on my clean straw bed, in spite of three glum saints and a scowling cardinal who decorated the walls of the little whitewashed room.

When I came to saddle up next morning, I found that while I slumbered my enemy the sow had overhauled my saddle-bags, with the result that I was "out" my single loaf of bread, two pounds of bacon, the half of a note-book (fortunately unused), and

a few revolver cartridges. I wished there were some means of exploding these last, *in loco*.

The country here was very interesting in appearance. A group of small fresh-water lakes lies near the shore, which rises to a picturesque moorland backed by irregular hills. Seaward, the Farallones showed like icebergs on the sky-line, and the long arm of Point Reyes marked the outline of Drake's Bay. Hours passed without a sign of human life: once or twice a deer appeared in some glade among the brush, and frequent coveys of quail whirred away as we put them up. This is a magnificent game country, and the fact has not been overlooked by the sporting clubs, whose notices hailed me on all sides with threats of Severe Penalties and Utmost Rigors.

While Anton was making the most of a halt by a spring with a few square yards of verdure, I was joined by two officers of the Coast Artillery Corps, who were out from the Military Reservation at Point Bonita for the three-day test ride invented by an ex-President of strenuous memory. It was a pleasant meeting, and seemed a fitting place for Americans and Britons to fraternize, looking out over the historic waters of Drake's Bay. It happened that we met on opposite circuits, but we made an appointment to dine together in the evening at Olema, our common objective for the day.

Coming to a ranch-house a few miles farther on, I stopped for lunch. I always enjoy these chance

meals at all sorts and conditions of places. The people here again were Italian-Swiss, and if the dishes were a shade overdone with garlic the good-will was all that could be desired. Then, taking a southward road down Bear Cañon, I rode for a mile or two beside a pretty stream under a sort of tunnel formed by prodigious bays whose mossy branches joined overhead. The scent, though it is a pleasant one, was almost overpowering. Ferns banked the roadside solidly by the mile; and the light, filtered through triple screens of verdure, was like the soft, clear greenness of a mermaid's grotto.

From where the cañon issued near the shore, I rode a few miles westward to the edge of Drake's Bay. It was a spot I had greatly wished to visit, and I threw myself down on the cliff to enjoy the occasion and the scene. So here lay the little Golden Hind, three hundred and thirty-two years ago, having come thus far on her memorable circumnavigation; and this is the shore where brave Drake landed, and "called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes; the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs, which lie towards the sea, and the other because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called."

The scene was not specially striking in itself, and I thought it all the better that it was not, but just the old simplicity of cliff and sea. A rattling breeze blew from the northwest, and under it the long surges came swinging in and broke with dogged

persistence at the base of the hundred-foot cliff. A few sea-birds battled and screamed against the wind, and a couple of hawks answered them from landward.

It was then, too, that for the first time on the Pacific shores a Protestant service, after the order of the Church of England, was held by Master Fletcher; when "our General with his company went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise the people of the country were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it." And what happened, I wondered, to the monument the Englishmen set up on that occasion, "namely, a plate, nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraved her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness' picture and arms, in a piece of six pence of current English money, under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our General." I suppose it may have long remained there, superstitiously revered by the natives as a token of the prodigy that had happened in the days of their fathers. Then, probably, came some band of Spaniards who, spying the hated names of Drake and Elizabeth, tore or burned it down with cries of execration.

I will mention that before I left the place the spectacle might have been seen of a travel-stained individual on horseback, declaiming, bareheaded, the

lines of Mr. Newbolt's lyric of "Drake's Drum." When I pointed out to him that the sight would be a humorous one to an observer, his reply was, "I can't help that. I am an Englishman: and it must always be hats off for Englishmen at the name of Drake."

CHAPTER XIX

Tomales Bay — Wind, dust, oysters, and chickens — Drab and blue — Camp and coyote concert — Russian River — Fine scenic country, and a sunset — Old Fort Ross: an excerpt from history — A new pine — Camp among weird surroundings — A gale and a fine sea — Stewart's Point, a lumbering settlement — A place of gloom, Gualala.

SEVEN miles northeast of Drake's Bay is the little town of Olema, where I arrived at dusk. At the hotel I found the two officers, with whom I exchanged experiences of the day. Early next morning I took the road that follows the north side of Tomales Bay, a long narrow inlet bordered on the south by a timbered ridge which I would willingly have explored but that I could get no certainty of a ferry at the lower end of the bay. Each person I questioned on the matter contradicted the opinion of the last.

At Point Reyes Station, a settlement at the head of the bay, I met the narrow-gauge railroad that runs for a short distance up the coast at a few miles inland. A disagreeable wind blew from the northwest, and raised quite a respectable sea on the estuary. Near the head I noticed an oyster fishery, where the railroad has a station with the serio-comic name of Bivalve. I suppose that only the need of brevity hindered them from calling it Toothsome, as

well. Two or three other small places line the bayside, and did something, though not much, to break the dreary brown monotony of the country that rolls away northward. One tiny settlement has with unusual modesty named itself Hamlet.

The wind was cold, and neither of us was in very cheerful humor. The very farmhouses seemed to shiver in company with us and the pessimistic cattle that nosed about the withered pastures. I suppose my voice betrayed my feelings to Anton, for such remarks as "It's dogged as does it, boy," or "Faint yet pursuing, eh, old chap?" failed to bring the usual good-humored response. It was a relief when, at mid-afternoon, we reached the small town of Tomales, and exchanged the vague discomforts of the road for the concrete misery of a typical country hotel.

The region we travelled next day was still the eternal brown, so brown as to appear actually rusty. It looked as if it must be dry for ten miles below the surface. The road was deep in dust, and still treeless; but the weather was better, and that repulsive wind had ceased to blow or had gone to blow elsewhere. Apples shone from roadside orchards, and refulgent pumpkins gleamed redder for the first touch of frost. I bought a hatful of apples at a farm, took off Anton's bridle, and we lounged and munched along all the morning, the best of comrades.

At the village of Valley Ford we entered Sonoma County, and at the same time bade adieu once more

to sight and sound of railways for two hundred miles or so. Some distance up the coast I saw a dark ridge of timber which I guessed to mark the commencement of that great tree belt which lines the shores of northern California and merges in the colossal forests of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia.

The country I was now passing through is preëminently the land of chickens. At each farm I saw rows of little structures like English bathing-machines, and the hillsides about these chicken villages were all alive with the cackling and shouting citizens. The white varieties of poultry seem to have all the preference, and they make an interesting show. A few miles to the east is the city of Petaluma, the California metropolis of fowls.

A circuitous hilly road brought us round to the head of Bodega Bay, — a lagoon rather than a bay, and all but landlocked; and in another mile, after crossing a stream called Salmon Creek, we emerged at ocean edge. The coast was of low cliffs with a fringe of seaweed-covered rocks that were crowded with gulls and pelicans, these last in their usual state of profound dyspepsia.

The color-scheme in general had become of late one vast simplicity of drab and blue. The last tinge of verdure had vanished months ago, except in cultivated spots or small damp areas, and barren hills and clear sky shared the universe between them, or admitted the sea into partnership without breaking

the duality of color. It was becoming almost an obsession with me, and I looked forward with zest to the coming in of the forest element.

It was getting late, and there was no prospect of finding a lodging, when a little creek with a faint trickle of water and a trifle of pasturage offered the chance of camping for the night. This was now an unusual boon, and I did not let it escape. I ate my supper by the light of a moon near the full, and with a first-rate coyote concert for entertainment. This was like old times, and seemed almost touching, so long was it since I had heard one. The night was cold, with a very heavy dew, but I found a few stumps of buckeye and made a fair camp-fire. Then, blanketing and picketing Anton, I turned in with my feet to the fire, and peacefully smoked myself to sleep.

We were early on the road next day, for I was eager to reach that timbered ridge that had been slowly coming nearer. I guessed that the Russian River must run on the nearer side, and an hour's travel brought us to a high bank overlooking this fine stream. It was much the largest river that I had met on the way up the coast, and seemed to mark the clear climatic difference between the central and southern regions of the State, and the northern, which may be considered as beginning in this latitude. The scene had an additional interest from its connection with the brief adventure of the Russians on this part of the Pacific seaboard, a century ago.

ON RUSSIAN RIVER

At the mouth of this river, which they called the Slavianka, was a settlement of theirs subsidiary to the principal one at Fort Ross. I sat some time enjoying the fine views up and down the handsome winding stream, whose gleaming surface was broken every moment by the flash of leaping fish.

A mile upstream I found a platform ferry by which we crossed. This was another experience for Anton. He was particularly interested in a row-boat that happened to come near us, thinking, no doubt, that a creature who moved his legs in that extraordinary horizontal fashion must be an unmitigated monster, whom it would be wise to keep an eye upon until we got ashore.

A road along the north bank of the river brought us soon back to the shore. The usual sand-bar blocked the mouth of the stream, and huge tree-trunks lay strewed about the beach or were churning among the sharp rocks that guard the coast. At a microscopic settlement called Jenner, consisting of a small lumber concern and a post-office, the road began to climb a long ascent. Dairy-ranches appeared at long intervals, and at one of these, where I got into conversation with the Italian proprietor, I was invited to share in the midday macaroni. When it appeared that I had stayed with relatives of theirs down the coast, a flask of their best Chianti was produced in my honor.

Fine vistas opened to north and south as we climbed. The coast here is quite similar to that of

the Santa Lucia region. There are the same broad slopes of mountain, marked with isolated blocks of timber; the same broken line of bay and cape, fringed everywhere with islets; the same almost oppressive sense of the ocean, whether seen or unseen, stretching ever in vast uniformity away to the west. Here, however, there was less of fog: for days together the sea lay under a sky of clearest blue, and evening after evening the setting sun drew a sword of blazing brass across the infinite plain of water.

We had a long and tiring climb before we came at length to the timber. Then we stopped and rested long and deeply. The view was almost impossibly perfect. All about were grouped redwoods, oaks, bays, madroños, and spruces of magnificent growth. Between their red and green and purple stems there stretched to east and north a wide extent of hilly country golden with sun-bleached grass or dark with purple areas of forest. To the west I caught glimpses of dazzling sea; and southward I looked down upon the coast I had travelled during that and the previous day, brilliant with blue of deep and green of shoal water, or flashing to sudden blaze of surf on headland, cape, and bay. Before I was ready to move on, the sun had set in an effulgence of noble color, rosying the golden hills, reddening the great shafts of the trees, and for a few wonderful moments deepening the plain of the sea to an imperial splendor of purple. High over all, masses of

flaming crimson, like banners of archangels, floated across the western sky.

In the gathering dusk I rode on through the forest, and came at dark to a comfortable wayside inn at a hamlet called Seaview. Here I stayed the night, and the next morning took the cross-road down to the coast. It was another glorious morning of Indian summer. The ocean lay far below under a cool stratum of fog, while around us shone a powerful sun that called out the forest scents in unusual variety. Golden showers of seed from the spruces drifted down the shafts of sunlight; squirrels, jays, and quail were abroad on pleasure or business; and the world looked as young as if it had been created overnight.

Three miles at a steep descent brought us to the coast at Old Fort Ross. This was the principal settlement made by the Russians on the California sea-board. That brief but interesting passage of history began with the building here, in 1812, of a fortified trading-post by the Russian-American Fur Company. It seems plain, from the strength of the fort, and its furnishing with something like forty cannon, that there was a purpose of holding the region permanently for Russia, against the nominal sovereignty of Spain, whose rule to the north of San Francisco had not at that time become effective by actual settlement. The history of Fort Ross was marked by constant protests from first the Spanish and then the Mexican Government, who were nat-

urally suspicious of the intentions of the Russians. The friction continued long after the Russian Government, by the treaty of 1824, had bound itself against any acquisition of territory on this coast south of the memorable "fifty-four forty"; and at last, in 1841, the adventurers were glad to find in Captain Sutter a purchaser for their troublesome claims, and to retire to their northern possessions in Alaska.

Some reminders of the Russian incident are to be seen. A part of the heavy twelve-foot stockade is still standing, and the old church was in fair condition until the great earthquake of 1906 shook it down. I found the roof, with its quaint cupola and belfry, intact, though fallen and resting on the ground. The great hewn joists and rafters are sound, and the hand-wrought nails that spike them together are still doing duty. The commandant's house (which now serves as a hotel for chance visitors), with a diminutive post-office, a small wharf, and half a dozen miscellaneous dwellings, make up the whole of the place. The population consists of some two or three dozen people, about one-third as many as vacated it seventy years ago when the Russians departed.

A pious Fort Rossian, whose boyhood had been spent here, had undertaken to try to repair the old church, and had called upon the people of the locality to assemble, on the day that I was there, for the purpose of starting the work. The appeal seemed to be in vain, for only two or three had arrived before I left, and those had come, I fear, mainly with an eye

to the dance which had been promised to wind up the event in the evening.

About noon I took the road, which now again closely followed the coast. Picturesque pines of the *muricata* species appeared, standing gaunt and wind-blown on the cliffs or kneeling in odd postures on rocky coigns and headlands. At Timber Cove quantities of railway ties and tan-bark were piled on the bluff awaiting shipment, and in another pretty little bay a steam schooner was loading with lumber for the south. Without warning a cold fog came driving in, bringing a drop of thirty degrees of temperature in a few moments. The sea rose under a strong northwest wind, and through rifts of the fog I could dimly see a turmoil of surf arising beyond the black forms of rock and pine.

The road was over a bracken-covered moorland with a sprinkling of small oaks and madroños, and broken by frequent cañons dark with twisted and tousled redwoods. This tree has a way of throwing out, when stunted, a thatch of foliage so close and matted as to be quite impervious to light. The effect of a company of these freakish individuals, under conditions of storm or half-light, is weird in the extreme.

Towards evening we entered a dense growth of pines, and finding water and a little pasturage I determined to camp. The fog was raw and the wind chilly, but I set up my little shelter tent, made a rousing fire, and spent a delightful evening, with a

symphony of wind and water that was really quite Wagnerian. The effect was heightened by the fantastic appearance of the pines, which showed in blackest silhouette against a sky of murky gray (for the moon was full, though obscured). Their uncanny shapes, together with the boom of surf, the roar of wind, the croaking of frogs, and the dismal predictions of the owls, combined to form a sort of Walpurgis Night, that made a background for the wildest of dreams when at last I turned in and got to sleep.

I broke camp early, meaning to make up to Anton for his rather meagre forage by a good feed at Stewart's Point, a few miles farther on. The morning was foggy, but the wind had changed to south and smelled decidedly like rain. It was not long before we were enveloped in a thick drizzle. The road led along the cliff, and as the sea rose with the increasing wind the scene became constantly more fascinating, and the downpour of rain which soon developed could not damp my admiration, though my poor Anton showed plainly that he found it depressing. The surges came swinging in with sullen magnificence of gray, to burst like bombs against the cliffs, rush wildly up their faces, and fall back in torrents of hail-like spray. The waves came from the northwest, and the wind, now blowing from the opposite quarter, stripped off the crest of each succeeding roller in a wavering veil of spume. Half a mile offshore two little steamers were beating doggedly

southward, their bows plunging every moment into a smother of white water. In spite of the heavy rain I was fain to halt from time to time and rejoice in the uproar, while my companion, with no such inward glows, stood dripping, drooping, and disgusted.

On my right, timbered mountains showed momentarily through the wrack, and were hardly less attractive than the tumult of the sea. How much more interesting this world becomes when for a time it throws off the placidity of age and returns to the passion and stress of its younger nature! Few of us see enough of those episodes, I am sure, though we may think we do. Whenever I meet one I find myself hoping that it may yet be my lot to pass a year or two in some region of almost perpetual storm; where sunshine will be a phenomenon, color will be reduced to the all-satisfying range of the grays, and sound limited to the solemn fugue of wind and sweeping rain.

An unpleasant result of the present rain, however, was that it soon made the road almost impassable. The soil happened to be the stiffest kind of clay, which balled up on Anton's feet, and made the travelling slow, difficult, and annoying. I dismounted, and led him mile after mile, while the rain poured down without cessation, and soaked man, beast, blankets, saddle-bags, and all. It was nearly noon when we reached Stewart's Point, where there is a fair-sized settlement, with store, inn, and cable-

landing. I saw my horse dry and happy with his hay, and then spent an hour revolving and steaming before the bar-room fire.

The industry of this place, as of all the country hereabout, is lumbering. As it was Sunday, no work was going on, and the rain had sent the entire population to the saloon, where three poker games were in progress. Money passed freely, and by no means all I saw was as low as silver. They were a cosmopolitan lot. I could distinguish Mexicans, Indians, Irishmen, Germans, and Swedes, besides Americans. The thirst was general and unremitting, and the language frightful, even for "lumber-jacks." I suppose that most of these poor fellows saw no more harm in the hideous oaths they rapped out every moment than we see in reading the newspaper. Rheumatic twinges sent me early to bed, and I awoke to find a clear sun shining and an Indian squaw looking seriously in at my window.

I left early, but not before a mild game of poker was under way. The wind was still rough, and the sea made a fine spectacle, though now a glory of blue had succeeded to the greater splendor of gray. There were lovely little bays with bright seas thundering in; vistas of headland beyond headland where the white sea-wolves were tearing incessantly at the land; and everywhere the cliffs were ranked with green and singing pines. I passed one or two cottages gay with cosmos and chrysanthemums, these latter not the gorgeous triumphs of the up-to-date

florist, but the old, simple, heart-entangling clusters of yellow, magenta, and golden brown.

Twelve miles, and I came to a handsome stream, deep, slow, wide, and green, the Gualala River. The little town of the same name, on the north bank, was depressed and depressing, most of its buildings closed and decaying. Five years ago the lumber-mill, which was the be-all and end-all of the place, was burned down, and Gualala threw up its hands and sank into despair. The barber-postmaster-shoemaker, with whom I had business in his official capacity, observed as he lathered a gloomy patron that this was the last time: he had "had enough of this derned place," and was going to "light out for some liver burg." When I inquired where he meant to go, he paused a moment with suspended razor to consider: then answered, with sardonic emphasis, that he guessed he would go to Greenland.

CHAPTER XX

Big Bert — Odd names — The lowland fir — Wild flowers — Point Arena: the lot of lumber towns — The Alder Creek dispute — Greenwood — Gray weather — Autumn colors — Navarro, a deserted village — A confidence concerning Albion — Little River: blessings on that little girl! — Mendocino City — Fort Bragg — Rain again — Scotch hospitality — A fine surf — Sunday at Hardy Creek.

IN passing the Gualala I had left Sonoma for Mendocino County. At first I thought I would fish this tempting-looking river, and stay the night in the town, but the gloom of the place was rather terrifying, and I went on to see what the next stopping-place might offer. A mile or two brought me to it, the usual inn-saloon combination, kept by a massive Italian from whom the place had received the name "Big Bert."

He was a hearty fellow, his wife comely and smiling, and the house clean and comfortable. I enjoyed my eggs and macaroni with these good people, and passed a pleasant evening by their fireside under the eyes of the late King Humbert and his consort, whose portraits looked down from the wall. After we had all gone to bed a party of musical Italianos arrived with accordions, and hammered for admission. It was almost daylight before the festivities ended with "O Italia!" and a final catastrophe of glassware.

The same picturesque coast continued next day.

Castellated islets and peninsulas alternated every mile with romantic little bays. Here and there along the cliff tan-bark and railway ties were piled. The map of the coast is thickly marked with names, but most of them relate to lumbering settlements that have vanished with the marketable timber of the immediate locality. Some of these tiny places bore odd names: for instance, during the morning I passed Rough and Ready, and Hard Scratch. Others, less striking but more attractive, were Anchor Bay, Signal Port, Fish Rock, and Schooner Gulch.

It was Election Day, and among the amendments to the State Constitution to be voted on was one to introduce Woman Suffrage. From several electioneering buggies, driven by capable-looking women, that passed me, I guessed that Mendocino County, far as it is out of the general ruck of politics, was not to be left out of account in the Great Sex Revolution.

In the cañons hereabout I began to meet a new coniferous tree, the lowland fir (*Abies grandis*). It resembles so much the white fir of the mountain regions of the State that I mistook it at first for that tree. Like the other members of the family, it suffers much distortion from the winds in these exposed positions, and shows little of that aristocratic trimness which is such a feature of the fir family in general.

In token of the higher latitude and moister climate that I was entering I had lately noticed wild violets growing here and there by the roadside;

whether belated from last season or in advance of the next, I could not tell. To-day I met also a number of our handsome poppies (*Eschscholtzia*), and of another very beautiful flower, new to me, much like the rein-orchis of our mountains.

To-day's march was an easy one of only fifteen miles. About noon I rode into the town of Point Arena, and put up at the only hotel that remains open for business out of some half-dozen whose signs I met as I passed up the street. The place seems to be threatened with the fate of Gualala. A townsman of forty years' standing reported that it now had fewer people than when he had come there. But it is the common lot of lumbering settlements; they are suicides by profession. Point Arena is still the headquarters of a considerable lumber company, but probably they, in turn, are dependent upon the caprices of greater financial interests, and I would not give much for the town's place on the map twenty years hence.

The country here becomes rather more open, with a wider strip of level land running back from the shore. For some distance next day I passed through a region of farms that occupy the low, broad valley of the Garcia River. But before long the high timbered ridges again drew to the coast. A few miles to the northwest of the town is the headland of Point Arena. In the distance I could see the tall white shaft of the lighthouse, recently built to replace the former one, destroyed by the earthquake of 1906.

A place with the ambitious name of Manchester proved to consist of six cottages, a store and post-office, and a picturesque weather-beaten church on a hill. Here I met one of the principal actors in what promised at the time to become a notorious affair. I had read in newspapers, months before, of a feud which had arisen between the settlers on Alder Creek (the next creek to the northward) and a lumber company operating in the region. This man was one of the settlers. I think he at first suspected from my semi-military equipment that I might have some relation to the dispute. At least, he accosted me when we met on the road, and finding that I was only an interested member of the public, he gave, at my request, his own version of the case. It was to this effect: —

In the year 1891 a number of squatters came into the Alder Creek country. The land at that time had not been surveyed, and so was not technically open to settlement. Two years later the tract was declared open, and the men in a body went down to San Francisco to "file" on their respective claims according to law. They were met with the statement that their claims could not be entered, as the land in point was covered by a prior claim. The squatters, suspicious, rightly or wrongly, of the good faith of the statement, and thinking (for such things have happened) that the official might be simply the mouthpiece of some lumber "interests" whose eyes were on this fine tract of timber, brought suit

to clear up the point. That suit, after the lapse of eighteen years, had not been decided.

The men meanwhile lived quietly on their claims, until latterly the lumber company in question had raised a definite claim to the land, and had undertaken to eject the settlers by force. The latter held their ground. The company thereupon hired a score or so of "gun fighters," and brought them upon the disputed territory; and for six weeks (at the time of our conversation) it had been touch-and-go day by day, with prospects of bloodshed on a considerable scale at any moment. Two weeks before, my informant, acting for the squatters, had petitioned the authorities at Washington that a force of deputy marshals be sent to keep the peace, pending a legal settlement of the quarrel; which seemed to me a reasonable request. When I met him he was on his way to Point Arena in hope of hearing that something was to be done.

These were the facts as he gave them. I do not, of course, vouch for them. But what a request to have to make! Here were thirty men or thereabouts at gun's point for six weeks, and the case notorious; yet no step had been taken by any authority, State or Federal, to prevent bloodshed. It does not sound a creditable episode to occur in the United States in the year 1911.

Alder Creek itself, where I forded it close to the mouth, looked peaceful enough, with two fly-fishers and an automobile that had "gone dead" in mid-

stream. The four passengers, up to their knees in water, were working, literally like beavers, to push the heavy machine up the bank. I saw no look of sympathy for them in Anton's expressive eye.

Streams are plentiful all along this timbered coast. At almost every mile we crossed some creek or gulch or river, and the views up these cañons were always delightful. Narrow-gauge railways have been built a few miles up many of them, to bring the lumber down to the coast at one of the numerous landings. Both railways and landings in many cases are disused, and only serve to illustrate the folly of the hasty exploitation which the forests of the country in general have suffered.

At Elk River a mill and railway were in full operation, and the wide stream was blocked with logs that were awaiting their turn under the screaming saws. Two miles farther on, we entered the little town of Greenwood, and finding an inn (conducted, like most of the business of the place, by the lumber company of the locality) we put up for the night. The house was rather dismal, but things were enlivened by the pretty Swedish girl who waited at table. She spoke English with difficulty, and evidently was new to her work, but she took such innocent enjoyment in her own awkwardness that the whole table was put into the best of humor.

The next morning was a specially delightful one, genial, yet pensive, even "soulful": one of those days when, as some one has said, "our very sensations turn

to reverie." The tree armies that crowded the eastern ridge stood in sooty blackness against a sky of thoughtful gray, yellowed with stray shafts from the hidden sun. A gently breathing sea broke in quiet thunder at the base of the cliff, or licked and coiled about the dark rocks and islets with a sort of playful but ponderous inertia. Once or twice a vessel, far out, showed like a phantom through the haze. I find, somehow, like Thoreau, that "my spirits infallibly rise in proportion to the outward dreariness"; and, dark as the day was, my joy rose another point whenever we passed into the denser shade of the cañons. I suppose I was born under some gloomy aspect of planets: at least, if not, I must totally and forever disbelieve in astrology. Now and then we passed a little farm, and men at work in the fields would stop to wonder at the sight of a solitary traveller riding along and scribbling as he went, or reining up to gaze raptly about him or up into the sky. There seemed a peculiar beauty in the sallow, faded herbage, and the wild cry of the flicker, always a favorite sound, came to-day with an added thrill.

It was by now full autumn, and the vegetation had taken on those warm and thoughtful hues that make the season so pleasing. How gracious are these deep and sensitive tones, — the gravity of umber, the dignity of sienna, the mild magnificence of madder, the serenity of gray! One may call spring the lyric, summer the epic, and winter the dirge of

the color year. Autumn is the elegy, the quiet reconsideration, the rich maturity of experience.

After passing a tiny settlement bearing the Dickensian name of Cuffey's Cove, a few miles brought me to the Navarro River and a deserted village of gray and weathered houses. I call it deserted, for I saw no one about the place, nor smoke rising from any chimney in token of human life and comfort or the baking of bread; though a few skirmishing pigs and chickens seemed to imply at least one inhabitant. The situation was beautiful, — a deep valley with a wide, winding river; and the eucalyptus trees and dracæna palms in the gardens showed the owners' expectation of remaining. But lumber and lumber companies had ruled otherwise. Most of the buildings were out of plumb; the church leaned at an alarming angle; and a loon swimming leisurely in the middle of the stream seemed to certify the solitude of the place.

Concerning the next place I came to, I invite the reader to share a little confidence. My map gave its name as Albion, and, Englishman as I am, I felt a particular interest in the place that bore that name. So it was with something like horror that I noted the two or three rickety shacks, the wreck of a wharf, the former store, now a dirty saloon with two profane old men loafing on the porch, and the hangdog "barkeep" playing cards with a couple of boys within. Could this be a parable of my native land? It was quite a shock, and I went on not a little de-

pressed. A mile farther, and I turned a corner; — behold! a fine little town, all buzzing and humming with life, steam whizzing, saws shrieking, locomotive bustling about with cars of lumber, trim schooner at wharf, men wiping perspiring brows, and everything thriving. This was the place, after all: the other was Whitesboro', when it was anything. And down at the river's mouth was a little purple bay, all a-glitter with wind and surf. It was a microcosm of the real Albion, and I rejoiced at the sight, as I hope, friendly American reader, you would have done if the circumstance had happened to you on your travels, meeting some foreign Columbia or Washington.

The piece of coast between Albion and the next place, Little River, seemed to me almost the finest I had seen. Such headlands, black and wooded, such purple seas, such vivid blaze of spray, such fiords and islets, — a painter would be ravished with it. Little River itself is a pretty, straggling village of high gabled houses with quaint dormers and windows, and red roses clambering all about. Apple trees were gleaming with ruddy fruit, and the pines about the school-house were full of chattering children out for recess. One little girl of eleven or twelve, not specially pretty, but childlike and therefore lovely, smiled up at me as I passed, and wished me "Good-morning." Heaven bless that little girl! Such a thing is better than a thousand dollars to a bachelor.

Then Mendocino City came into view, making a brave show with its red and white houses, schools, and churches, ranged on a long promontory above a bay at the mouth of Big River. Here I stopped for an hour to give Anton a rest and a feed at the stable. He had travelled excellently to-day, cantering gaily along without so much as a suggestion from me. His respected predecessor, Chino, never once offered to do such a thing of his own free will, and it was not always easy to persuade him to it.

As I walked about the town, I noticed bills posted with the announcement, "The Albion Lumber-Jacks will give a Masked Ball on Wednesday Evening. Prizes for Best Costumes, Ladies and Gentlemen. Come one, come a Thousand, and have a Bully Good Time. Supper at 12.15." I hoped that the thousand would come and the good time be bullier than their best expectations.

Some four miles farther on, I passed a short distance east of Point Cabrillo, with its small lighthouse. Another mile brought me to Casper River, which I found blocked with great logs, and agile lumbermen with "peavies" extricating them one by one. The river above the little town looked very inviting, flowing slow and wide between high walls of timber. Again I lamented that the difficulty of fodder for my horse made it impossible for me to explore it, or even to camp for the night. Darkness was falling as we passed through the village of Noyo, lying prettily on a neck of land between Hare and

Noyo Creeks. Anton was tired, and I would willingly have stopped if there had been any inn at the place. As it was, I had to urge him on a few miles farther, and it was after nightfall when we came wearily into the thriving little town of Fort Bragg, the advertisements of whose enterprising merchants had appeared on the roadside fences for the last fifty miles.

It was a dull morning, with a southerly wind that threatened rain, when I left Fort Bragg next day. The sea was heavy, and the coast was obscured at a short distance by a haze of flying spray. Before I reached the hamlet of Cleone, a few miles up, it was raining, with no inn in prospect for fifteen miles unless I turned back to Fort Bragg. This I could not bring myself to do, so pushed on in hope of some chance shelter.

The coast north of Fort Bragg runs for several miles in dunes of sand. In places these are fully fifty feet high, and I was told that they are encroaching on the land at the rate of several rods a year. Coming to a ranch lying in the rear of these sandhills, and the rain giving no sign of ceasing, I determined to inquire the prospects for accommodation. The good Scotch people received me as though I had been an expected friend; and as the rain continued, I spent both day and night with them. It was rare and pleasant to hear grace before meat said by the father, and the good fare seemed all the better for the observance.

The morning came fair, and I took the road with

friendly farewells from the kind Scots. A warm sun drew a haze from the wet ground and their finest scents from the grateful vegetation. For some distance the sea was hidden by hills of sand, but the roll of heavy surf reverberated from a mile away. At Ten Mile River a rocky coast again began, the road along the cliff-edge affording a fine spectacle of green combers, black rocks, and creamy smother of spray. Far to the north I caught glimpses of the Humboldt coast as it ran out westward.

Hour after hour the hills on my right rose crested continuously with serried conifers, while to the left sounded ever the rush and mutter of the surge. The surf here was particularly fine, with six or seven long white lines marching always to the attack. Wherever a rock was encountered, the effect was as though, in a battle, a man here and there threw up his hands and fell, while his comrades closed up and pushed on unchecked.

Anton's steady pace and the monotonous roar of water drew me into a kind of dream in which I seemed to see the ships of the great explorers of this coast as they passed in the offing. I imagined captains and men gazing curiously at the lonely coast, speculating upon the inhabitants, noting eagerly every curve of bay and height of forbidding cliff, scanning rock and surf, and wondering at the unbroken forest that ran for league on league along the mountain horizon. The fascination of the explorer's life is an easy thing to understand.

About noon I passed the little settlement of Westport. Huge piles of planks and ties were stacked ready for shipping, and a coasting steamer lay a mile offshore waiting her chance to run in for loading. At the mouth of almost every creek along this coast there is some tiny lumber settlement, and here and there beside the road were piles of ties that had been brought down the rough tracks that I saw leading off into the forest.

A long steep grade at length turned inland. From the summit I looked down through a screen of dwarfed firs and redwoods upon the busy little town of Hardy Creek. It was only mid-afternoon, but the situation and the neat hotel looked so attractive that I determined to put up for the night and the following day, which would be Sunday. The place consists of a score or two of cottages scattered along the bottom of a deep cañon up which runs a little railway. The cañon's mouth, where a small stream flows out, was filled with a triangle of bluest sea. I climbed up the hillside at evening and bathed in a fiery glow of sunset that lighted up the stately trees as if by a conflagration.

Here I passed a quiet Sunday in the ever-satisfying companionship of trees. It was the 15th of October and the day on which the quail-shooting season opens: consequently the male population of the place had betaken themselves early to the hills. Only one or two old fellows haunted the veranda of the hotel and poisoned the sweetness of the day with

a contest of fancy profanity. In the evening I walked down to the mouth of the cañon and came upon the three saloons which compete for the wages of the lumber-jacks of Hardy Creek. Squads of their patrons were lurching and howling from door to door. I think I am no fanatic: yet I believe I could look on quite cheerfully if some retributive disaster would ruin the harpies who suck these poor fellows so unmercifully.

CHAPTER XXI

Forest and foxgloves — Usal — A warm climb — Kenny's: a free-and-easy reception — The autumn woods — Entering Humboldt County — Dry climatic belts — The King's Peak Range — The Mattole Valley — Yews — The village of Petrolia: reminders of earthquake — Cape Mendocino, a salient point: its lighthouse — A sunset — Capetown — The Bear River Range — Cedars — Gentle teamsters — The Sitka spruce — Ferndale — Eel River: an official "hold-up" — Humboldt Bay — Eureka, the capital of northern California: its prospects and history.

THE next morning brought another lovely day of autumn weather. The road now led up the mountain among the timber, of which, although the best had long ago been cut, the second growth was fine enough to be delightful to any tree-lover. It was made up of redwood, spruce, and some lowland fir, with smaller growth of madroño and tan-bark oak, and an underbrush of barberry, huckleberry, and rhododendron, the last, to my regret, long past blooming. Reaching the crest, I looked directly over to the mountains of Humboldt, ridging up in magnificent blue of timber. A lake-like cup of sea lay in middle distance, and in the forested foreground rose huge and rugged stems of redwood.

A long descent led to the abandoned settlement of Rockport. I saw nothing there alive but a few pigs rooting under the old pear and apple trees, and numbers of frisky little trout practising somersaults in

the ripples of the creek. It was a pleasant surprise to find foxgloves growing hereabout, — actual rosy, purple-blotched foxgloves, such as I last saw in the lanes of Surrey and Devon. They were growing, too, in proper company, among a tangle of bronze bracken, green and crimson brambles, hazels, and purple-headed thistles. Such a meeting would warm the heart of any traveller, and it called for all my determination to pass the place without camping.

After ten miles more of very hilly road, varied between cliff and forest, I came down by a long grade to a minute hamlet in a deep ravine, with the Norse-sounding name of Usal. Precipitous hills rose all around, except where Usal Creek twists its way out to the sea. It was mid-afternoon, and we were both tired with the heat and climbing, so I was minded to put up, instead of tackling the long, steep climb that showed ahead. Meeting a man with dog and gun, I inquired the number of miles to the next stopping-place, not over ten, I knew. "Fourteen," he answered. I judged by the odd miles that he was the innkeeper, and resolved to go on rather than take his bluff.

We entered now a wonderful tract of forest, the finest I had seen, and evidently virgin, for there was no mark of either cutting or fire. The heat, however, was so great, with so much humidity, that I had little spirit for observation; and once or twice, as I dragged Anton up the steep grade, I really thought sunstroke was imminent. Anton also felt the ex-

haustion, and reeked with perspiration beyond anything I had seen in the midsummer heat of the valleys farther south. It was an immense relief when evening shades came with delicious temperature, and I rode on leisurely through the grateful gloom, catching glimpses through forest windows of a gorgeous sunset that dulled and died imperceptibly into the clear indigo of nightfall.

It was quite dark before the barking of dogs heralded our approach to an old ranch-house, where I was received with rough hospitality by the successor of the original Kenny whose name the place bears. When I entered the house, a freckled tomboy of five, who was in process of being undressed before the fire and had reached the stage that immediately precedes the nightgown, came charging and butting at me with her tousled head, declaring that she was going to cut off my ears. Such a free-and-easy reception could not fail to put a gentleman at his ease, and did not need her father's admiring apology, "You must n't mind the little omadhaun, surr. She 's a great gurrl, is Soosan, whativerr way you take herr."

The way next morning continued through the same fine forest, varied with occasional but more distant vistas of ocean. Again the day was hot, and we soon fell into a saunter which allowed us to give some attention to side interests, mine mainly botanical, Anton's more of the appetite. Autumn was abroad, with her palette charged with all manner of sober and gorgeous hues. The poison-oak was

especially noticeable, glowing in every fine gradation from palest lemon, through chrome yellow, ashy rose, and crimson, on into dark magnificence of dragon's blood. Madroños spread here and there a spray of brilliant scarlet, and their smooth red-brown stems broke startlingly athwart the purple columns of the redwoods. Huckleberries were plentiful and seductive, and I was only sorry that they were not as congenial to my companion's palate as to my own. Even the foliage of this charming plant is so vigorous and dainty that one would think it might be brewed into some healthful sort of beer. Now and then a group of maples shone from some hollow in pale glory of gold. Acorns pattered and cones came softly thumping down at every push of wind. The forest sounds were always interesting to Anton, who glanced from side to side with evident enjoyment, and seemed to be comparing this country with his native Arizona, to the disadvantage of the latter.

In a clearing I noticed a deserted house that was formerly a wayside inn. The proprietor had some time ago shot one of his guests in a quarrel, and had gone into retirement for a time, owing, probably, to the unfortunate falling-off of business that would follow the incident.

During the afternoon we crossed from Mendocino into Humboldt County, the dividing line being the fortieth parallel of latitude. Although the forty-second parallel was recognized as the northern

boundary of Mexico's territory at the transfer of 1846, the practical disappearance of Spanish names from the map some distance to the south of where I now was, is a mark of the actual limit of Spanish and Mexican settlement.

The country here, for a short distance, showed the marks of a drier climate, and the brush included many plants not found elsewhere so far north. A mountain over which the road passed at this point is called Chamise Mountain, from the common name given to the dry brush growths of the southern part of the State. The moisture-loving redwoods ceased abruptly as we crossed a ridge, while the tracks of deer were unusually plentiful.

By sundown we came to a lonely ranch-house in an amphitheatre of spruce-covered hills. I was surprised to find that this secluded place was until lately a post-office, with the name of Frank. Here I found lodging for self and partner with pleasant people, and in the morning continued on my way by a road paralleling the coast at two or three miles' distance. Shelter Cove, a lumber-shipping point on a pretty bay, lay on a side road to the west. Here again the land lies in a belt of drier climate, and I found a scattering growth of the knob-cone pine, a tree whose liking is all for arid regions. These individuals were unusually full of cones; even little pinelings of two or three feet height had taken thought for the propagation of their race.

Anton was not in good form to-day. I had to keep

up a constant hauling when leading him up or down the steep hills, and a chronic drumming of heels when riding. It was my habit, when the hauling became too arduous, to notify him in so many words that I should mount and ride if he did not do better. If there was no improvement, "All right, Anton: just as you say," I added; then got into the saddle without further argument. Anton quite understood this programme. Often the warning took effect, but in the other case he would look at me with soft reproach, heave a profound sigh, and break into a trot which might last for five minutes.

To-day it was continual climbing, either up or down, and we toiled on hour after hour in rather low spirits. The road had turned inland, crossing the King's Peak Range, which here borders the coast. Early in the afternoon we came out on the summit into an open moorland country dotted with fine white oaks, under one of which I subsided, my last ounce of energy exhausted. A half-hour's rest in the shade prepared us for the long descent into the valley of the Mattole. The road seemed interminable, looping and doubling about as if determined to spin out the miles to the limit of our endurance. My map showed a place named Wilder about halfway down, but I could see no settlement whatever. It proved later that a decrepit shack I had passed, standing in a neglected orchard, was the sum total of the village I had been looking for. A mile or two farther on, I met a man with a wagon toiling up the grade,

the only human being I had seen since leaving my last night's stopping-place.

I fear I was not much alive to the beauty of the sunset-lighted forest through which we passed, though I recalled afterwards that the scenery had been particularly fine. About dusk we came out of the timber into the valley of the Mattole, a wide, handsome stream, which we forded; and half a mile beyond found a comfortable-looking, old-fashioned ranch-house, with children playing hide-and-seek among the bushes of the garden. Fortunately we could be accommodated. The family was friendly, supper was hilarious with skylarking children, and my spirits soon regained their normal level of content. I slept finely in my little white room, and was only awakened by the morning uproar of the pack of dogs which my host kept to protect his property from the coyotes, wild-cats, and bears that infest the region.

The road now followed the valley of the Mattole, parallel with the coast but at six or eight miles' distance, and shut off from it by the hills of the Cooskie Range. On the other hand rose the higher line of the Rainbow Ridge. This valley was one of the prettiest I had seen. I passed a number of comfortable ranch-houses and many prosperous orchards, principally of apples. From what I saw, I believe this locality is destined to be famous for that particular crop.

The river is a very delightful one, clear and wind-

ing, enlivened with ducks and trout, and the sandy margin was everywhere marked with the tracks of deer. It was deplorable to be unable, for lack of fodder, to take advantage of such superlative attractions for camping, but in default we made the best of the pleasures of the way. We sauntered along munching our apples, drank at every stream and spring, and did not fail to remark on the goodness of the draught.

It was interesting to find a few yews among the varied timber on the south bank of the river. I had not before met the tree in this country, and it was a pleasant surprise to recognize the scarlet-cupped berries shining beneath the graceful sprays of foliage. It has an open and airy manner of growth which makes it quite different from the sombre, close-growing tree of English churchyards.

To-day we had no sight of the sea. The coast here trends considerably westward to Point Gorda, whence it runs north a few miles to Cape Mendocino and thence somewhat more easterly to the Oregon line. The road kept a mean northwesterly course, and by evening I was again approaching the coast, and stopped for the night at the village of Petrolia, lying in the open lower valley of the Mattole.

Petrolia, as its name seemed to signify, once had great expectations in oil, but these have not been realized. This failure, and a double disaster, of fire in 1904, and of earthquake two years later (both, curiously, on the same day of the year), might well discourage the modest settlement. The first hotel

had been destroyed by the fire, which nearly obliterated the little place, and the dwelling-house which is now used as an inn was literally broken in half by the earthquake. A landslide had occurred near the summit of a high hill to the east of the village, when the great trees by hundreds were snapped off like matches before the eyes of the terrified Petrolians, roused, or rather, thrown, early from their beds on that fateful morning.

The road now led directly to the coast, passing through an interesting country, alternating between cañons dark with timber and hillsides yellow with parched grass. The firs were here especially fine, and I felt that my old partiality for the family was again justified. An hour's ride brought me to the shore, where I saw, a few miles up the coast, the long profile of Cape Mendocino standing out at sharp angle, with a conical sugar-loaf rock at its point, marking what is the most westerly land of the United States with the exception of Cape Flattery, just on the Canadian border.

Anton was in better fettle to-day, enjoying, like myself, the cool sea wind after several days of heat, and appreciating the level stretches of road, succeeding a long course of hills. He cantered gaily along by the mile, making no account of the two hundred pounds and over of his load. With all respect to Chino, of faithful memory, I must say that if I had had Anton from the start, I should have saved much time, and might have afforded

many days for side expeditions which now I had to forego.

At a little cabin by the roadside and close to the beach, I met with two of the county officers who were stealing away from official cares to spend a few days with the deer, trout, and quail. While we ate our lunch together, one of them, an old Humboldt and Trinity man, tapped the reminiscent vein to lively effect. The days of his youth, forty years ago, were wild ones in these regions, and he himself had more than once been "feathered" (as he put it) by the redskins, as his souvenir scars attested.

By the time I took the road, my old friend the Pacific fog, which during the morning I had seen lying in wait offshore, had crept in and was pouring in chilly wreaths over the crests of the northern hills. A couple of miles took us to Cape Mendocino, a headland of some geographical renown. It was discovered in 1542 by Cabrillo, who named it in honor of "the illustrious señor" Antonio de Mendoza, then Viceroy of Mexico, and its far westerly projection rendered it always a salient point in early navigations along this coast. I did not fail to pay homage to the memory of the brave seaman who, only fifty years after the discovery of the Western continent, was exploring far up this unknown coast for what more might be added to the glory of Spain, beyond the marvels of Mexico and Peru. But that that glory was even then almost at the beginning of its decline, there would hardly have occurred that

strange discrepancy between the civilization of the eastern and western sides of the continent which was only ended by the gold discoveries of 1848.

A cluster of white buildings set high up on the slope of the cape marked the lighthouse. I climbed up to it and found the building to be a small, low one; but its situation four hundred feet above the tide enables it to send its beam far out over the dark night waters. Four miles farther out at sea a lightship is stationed to mark a reef.

It was drawing towards evening when I turned my horse into the road and took my way down to the valley of the Bear River. The fog lay close along the coast, but inland the country was glowing with a sunset of unusual beauty. The Bear River Range rose opposite, veiled in amethystine haze, and below me the middle distance was a mystery of fairy-like hues, only defined here and there by purple masses of fir forest. Behind, for contrast, the ocean showed cold and sullen under gray wreaths of fog, but its voice came from the distance with a wistful tone that blended with the evening reverie of color. An hour's ride took us to the valley, and splashing through the stream in the dusk we came into the village of Capetown, where a neat inn and a comfortable stable respectively awaited us.

The road from here led next day over the Bear River Range. The fog had stayed in, and alleviated the long hard climb up the southward facing slope. Now and then a wash of pale sunlight broke through,

revealing the massed trees on the ridges to the south and east. On nearing the summit we entered the timber, mainly of spruce, but mixed here and there with scattering red cedars (*Thuja plicata*). This was another tree that was new to me, and is the timber of which the long canoes once used by the Indians of this coast were made. I tied Anton, and spent a good deal of time in tramping about among a prodigious tangle of damp brush and ferns, making myself acquainted with the features of the species. It is a tree similar in foliage but quite different in fruit from the incense cedar of the Sierra.

While I was eating lunch beside a brook that crossed the road, two heavy wagons came crawling up and stopped for the midday hour while the teams and teamsters fed and rested. The men had been driving over this road regularly for some time, and had made friends with all the small wild life of the immediate locality. Evidently they were expected. Birds came swooping toward them as soon as they saw that they had arrived, and were fed with bits of bread which they took boldly from their hands. Three chipmunks dined in a litter of hay set out for them close by; and lizards were regaled with flies which had been caught for the purpose during the morning. The men were rough enough in speech and manner, but evidently their quality of heart was recognized by the democracy of the wild.

Now came a descent as long as the rise, but beautified with fine timber. Here appeared yet another

coniferous tree, the Sitka spruce (*Picea sitchensis*), a handsome but somewhat mournful tree with long trailing branchlets that hang like the funeral fringes of undertakers. It is most interesting to the travelling tree-lover to meet thus one after another the particular species of his locality.

A rough and peculiarly broken tract, known as "the Wild-Cat Country," occurs here, and with it a doleful quantity of burned timber. Farms were few and secluded, and I guessed from the appearance of the few people I passed on the road that a large proportion of the farmers are Scandinavians. Coming at length down a long grade, I saw below me the wide valley of the Eel River, and the river itself (at this season at its lowest, but not a contemptible stream) with the town of Ferndale lying prettily on the southern edge of the valley. Looking round to the west I could make out a thin white line of surf, four miles away. Ferndale is a fair-sized town for this thinly populated country, with several stores, a bank, and the unwonted choice of two hotels. The next day being Sunday, I passed here a peaceful gray day, enjoying by contrast walking among the old-fashioned cottage gardens, full of cosmos, autumn roses, and a hawthorn or two with red haws twinkling among the bronze foliage.

Next morning I took the road for Eureka, an authentic city, and what may be called the capital of the northern part of the State, as San Francisco is of the central and Los Angeles of the southern portions.

The morning was overcast, with a thin mist filling the valley and giving a spectral air to the scattered spruces that sprinkled the landscape. At Singley I met the northern division of the Northwestern Pacific Railway, the southern part of which I had left two hundred miles to the south. Here also I crossed the Eel River, paying toll for the use of a bridge which, as I found when I came to the place where it should have been, did not exist. It was an interesting question whether I had paid my "two bits" for the view of the ruins of the old bridge, or as a forced contribution toward the cost of the fine new one which I saw at a little distance upstream, nearly ready for use.

Our road now crossed a flat-topped hill known as Table Bluff. The country here is dairy-land of the richest, and I passed many wagons that were taking their morning tribute of milk to the creamery at Ferndale. A mile or two brought us within sight of Humboldt Bay, marked by the long spit of sand that separates it from the ocean, and almost renders it landlocked. I was soon skirting the eastern shore of the bay, and passed through two or three small waterside places where vessels were loading with lumber. By early afternoon we were once more, and for the last time, among trolley-poles and street-cars, and in due course we entered Eureka and put up for a couple of days.

The city of Eureka looks older than it is. It was in 1850 that the first settlement, of some two dozen

people, was made, only sixty years ago (though even that is a respectable age for the West). But something, probably the dampness of its climate, keeps the paint of its houses subdued to a comfortable dinginess. It is a pushing, thriving city of some twelve thousand people, and, even in advance of the completion of its railway connection with the central and southern parts of the State and with the world in general, the place has shared fully in the great Western trek. With its fine bay, fourteen miles long, and its other commercial attractions, no doubt its citizens have grounds for the exuberance of their forecasts. Apart from practical considerations, it was interesting to recall that Bret Harte here took his first steps toward fame by means of the local newspaper; and to see the remains of Old Fort Humboldt, where General (then Lieutenant) Grant was stationed for a time some years before the great war provided his great opportunity.

It seems probable that but for the narrowness of the entrance to the bay, and the surf which obscures the passage, a Spanish settlement would have been made at this point. The harbor appears to have been overlooked entirely until the year 1806, when Captain Winship, employed on this coast by the Russian-American Fur Company, was informed by one of his Aleuts of the existence of a fine bay beyond the line of surf, and piloted his ship, the Ocean, safely into the quiet waters.

CHAPTER XXII

Arcata — Furze and daisies — Mad River — Stump land — Trinidad Bay, headland, and lighthouse — Lagoons — Norwegian and Indian — The coast hemlock — The village of Orick — Fine game country — Splendid forest — Fog among the redwoods: a weird scene — A strange couple: sentiment yields to fact — Crossing the Klamath River — Requa: the Klamath Indians — The forest again — Crescent City: saloons and a prospective harbor — Doubtful sailing dates — Smith River Corners — The Oregon coast in view — The goal is reached: congratulations — Good-bye to Anton, — and to Oregon.

It was the 25th of October when I left Eureka. Though my time was not limited I had planned when I began the trip that I would finish it by the end of this month, and it looked as though I should just about keep my date. Here we said good-bye finally to cities and railroads, though not entirely to automobiles, a few of which travel the coast road, though the bulk of road traffic takes the inland way through Red Bluff and Shasta. The morning was dull and cold, with a look of rain, which at this season might be expected without much warning. I had to take a circuitous road, in order to avoid the wide stretch of swamp-land that lies to the east of Humboldt Bay, and rode twelve miles before rounding the head of the bay at Arcata, only six miles from Eureka by air-line.

This region is the finest of dairy-land, flat and green, most of it having been originally forested.

The roadside was adorned with many old stumps of redwoods, on the slowly decaying tops of which little gardens of herbage and small shrubby plants were flourishing. The climate offers a continual bonus to vegetation. Even in the rainless summer, growth goes on unchecked by aid of the fogs, and the ground is automatically fertilized by generous deposits of humus.

At Arcata, a clean, small town which once aspired to the leadership of the bay and the county, the road turned again directly north and gradually drew to the coast. Outlying blocks of timber varied the level farming-land, but the main body of the forest lay a mile or two to north and east, a long, dark wall, serried, reticent, beautiful. A faint growl came from the ocean. Bushes of furze appeared here and there beside the road, introduced, I suspect, by some sentimental Briton, and the grass was sprinkled with pink-tipped daisies. Sometimes the road ran between high banks overgrown with herbage and shrubbage, and often past pleasant, old-fashioned cottages, with little semi-wild gardens and careless apple trees thereby. It was altogether a charming scene to any one who prefers the simplicities to the elegancies of life.

Here I crossed another considerable stream, bearing the name of Mad River. Its character did not seem to suit the title, and I learned later that the name referred to a quarrel that had arisen here among a party of the early settlers in the neighbor-

hood. Think of using Nature's bright pages as a memorandum book of some foolish squabble!

A westerly turn of the road brought us down to the shore, a few miles south of Trinidad Bay. A strong wind was blowing, and all up and down the shore a salty mist overhung the meeting of land and water. To the north the coast rose again to cliffs crested with timber, and the dark shape of Trinidad Head stood out in firm outline, with a glint of white marking the lighthouse on the seaward edge.

Interminable zigzag grades now led through miles of stump-land, where blackened torsos of redwood made a dismal mockery of a forest. The melancholy sky and chill wind gave an appropriate setting to the forbidding scene, and occasional dashes of rain added a touch of physical discomfort to round out the impression. I kept Anton moving at a good pace, and by early evening we came to anchor at the little town of Trinidad, This was once a place of more importance than it is at present. The harbor, though small, is a good one, with deep water close inshore and shelter from all winds except the southwesterly. To the Spaniards it was known as Puerto Trinidad, though little enough can have been its use as a port to them. I saw the remains of an old landing-place, but the Trinidad of to-day has settled on its lees, and contents itself with making a feeble appeal to summer visitors. The bay is a pretty one, with rocky and wooded shores; and the presence of a few Indians who live in rattletrap huts

at the foot of the bluff adds an element of the squalidly picturesque.

I paid my visit to the lighthouse, which occupies a striking position on the face of the almost perpendicular headland. It is a "fourth order" station, employing a total force of one man. The present keeper has been in charge for twenty-three years, and, for a wonder, had no desire for a change. The other lighthouse men I had talked with were almost to a man living in hope of being transferred to other posts, which is natural enough, considering the loneliness and monotony of their lives.

Leaving Trinidad the next afternoon, ten miles of delightful road, varied between cliff and forest, brought us to Big Lagoon. This is the first and largest of a chain of three lakes, lying close along the shore. At the southern point of the lagoon I found a wayside stopping-place kept by good Norse people, and here I put up.

A considerable number of Indians are scattered through this region, which is not far from the Hoopa Valley Reservation. While I was chatting at the door, an Indian woman with painted chin, a solemn papoose slung at her back, came up with a present of huckleberries for my hostess. It was pleasant to see the cordiality of their manner to one another. A party of "bucks" were at work a mile or two up the beach, washing out the auriferous sand, which all along the coast in the locality of the Klamath River yields gold in small quantity.

A cloudless morning with a smart touch of frost set us early on our way. Two miles took us to the foot of the lagoon: then the road turned northward, following its eastern shore through a noble forest of redwood, spruce, and hemlock. I here was just entering the territory of this last-named tree (*Tsuga heterophylla*), with whose grace and daintiness I fell at once in love. The leaves are fine, feathery, and of a soft yet brilliant green; the stem a deep brown overshaded with gray; and the cones quaintly small and fairy-like, hanging like beads below the drooping sprays of foliage.

The timber was unusually dense, and the play of light through fathoms of waving foliage was so charming that I was compelled to rein up every moment in admiration. By now Anton was used to my vagaries, and when he saw my note-book come out, applied himself without delay to the herbage. It was always amusing to me to watch his programme when he saw me putting away book and pencil. That was his cue to cram his mouth in the greatest haste and up to the last moment; but he always marched on good-naturedly when I gave the word.

A couple of miles of open country gave opportunity for a gallop to make up some of our lost time, and brought us by noon to Stone Lagoon, the second of the lakes. Stopping at a ranch-house to buy a few apples, I was gratuitously loaded with as many as I could carry away. Here foxgloves appeared again by the roadside, and occasionally a few vio-

lets. Daisies, too, were plentiful, and now and then a late wild rose smiled from a thicket. Once I found even a bush of luscious wild azalea in bloom, three months out of its place in the floral procession.

The third lagoon, called Freshwater, though smaller than the others, is a fine sheet of water, fully a mile long. The road runs high above it, and looking down from my elevation the surface seemed covered almost solidly with waterfowl. A mile beyond it I came to the village of Orick, and, it being now mid-afternoon, I put up at an old-fashioned building, ranch-house and hotel together, kept by hearty Scotch-Irish folks. The guns, rods, and dogs over which I stumbled at every turn seemed to imply a fine game country. The place is very attractive in situation and surroundings, on the banks of a pretty trout stream, only a mile from both sea and lake, and backed by a ridge of primeval forest that rises from the rich land of an ever green valley.

The road next day passed still through the same superb forest. The beauty and majesty of the great trees were deeply impressive, and their thronging numbers quite staggering. The hemlock in particular again charmed me. There is an inexpressible richness in those downward sweeping fans of foliage, dark yet sumptuous, a fragile grace in their drooping spires and branchlets, that makes each tree individually lovable. The spruces, too, were wonderful, the stems extraordinary in girth and perfect in straightness and taper. The cones of this tree are ex-

FOREST AND FOG: IN THE HEART OF THE HUMBOLDT REDWOODS

ceedingly pretty, the scales small and regular, and of a bright light-brown color; and the foliage hangs in rope-like valances from the downward-curving branches.

As for the redwoods, they were more than ever memorable in their columnar steadfastness and symmetry. A marked habit of the species is its manner of growing in twins or triplets of stems from a single base, which in such cases is often of prodigious size. I noted many trunks that were over twenty feet in diameter, and many trees that were fully two hundred and fifty feet in height: though by reason of the colossal size of the whole assembly the dimensions of individuals would hardly be guessed.

A few maples grew along the creeks, upholstered completely in the greenest of moss. Their scanty remaining leaves were glowing with autumn fire, and the gloom of the forest aisles was lighted up by their large ragged stars of purest yellow. On every stump and fallen log, and on every fork and bulge of living tree, little elves' gardens of small plants and fungi were growing, — dainty sprays of vaccinium, red and orange toadstools, barberry, gaultheria: and the roadside banks were set with myriads of ferns, while mosses grew to such size that I sometimes mistook them for a young growth of some stiff, heathery plant.

The day was overcast, and all the morning the clouds crept and wreathed about the higher ridges.

As the day went on, the fog lowered, till a dense white mist enveloped us and our tree companions. The effect in this close forest was strange and beautiful, the straight, dark stems of the trees standing all about me, outlined against a vaporous background of white that strongly accented the perspective while it obscured all detail. Heavy drops fell from the branches dimly seen overhead, and a low and muffled sound came from the surf on the shore a mile away. The place was weird and Dantean in the extreme, and I could have thought myself wandering in the gloomy forest of Dis.

While I was standing on a bank above the road, admiring the novel and mysterious scene, a man and a woman came round the bend of the road and stopped to speculate upon Anton, who was tied close by. As they did not see me I had time for speculating on them myself. They were young and well-dressed. The man was bareheaded, and had a pleasing face, and both had the air of education and good-breeding. They were walking abreast, carrying between them a rifle, at the middle of which a bundle was slung. The woman's face showed a pallor that might imply the early stages of consumption, and I rapidly fitted up a theory that they were a young husband and wife, a kind of forest lovers, who were endeavoring, by a wandering life in the open, to ward off the dread disease. On the strength of this romantic idea I felt quite sympathetic toward them.

After a few moments, during which they discussed Anton and pointed out to each other the items of his equipment, it occurred to me that it would be awkward to be discovered thus with an appearance of "taking stock" of them; so I said, "Good-afternoon," and they turned and saw me. We exchanged a few sentences bearing upon the weather, the forest, and the distances we had to go respectively to our intended destinations for the night, and then they walked slowly on. It was a ludicrous sequel to find later that they were adventurers who had been travelling with horse and wagon, giving stereopticon entertainments at any little place where they could get an audience, and leaving a long and mournful train of creditors in their wake. The stereopticon had been seized somewhere up country, and the horse and wagon had been impounded at Crescent City to satisfy other bills which had been destined for settlement by the "skipping" process. These facts, when I learned them, seemed to throw a new light upon the interest they had shown in my good horse and my other property. One could hardly imagine two people whose appearance was more at variance with such a mode of living, and I have often wondered what were the beginning and the end of their adventures.

Somewhere hereabouts we crossed into Del Norte County, which is the northernmost county of the State, and therefore would be the final one of our expedition. I mentioned this to Anton, but he was de-

pressed by the gloom of the day, and showed no particular interest in the prospect of a speedy release from his duties.

The forest ended abruptly soon after we crossed the county line, and we now came again directly to the coast. The road ran close to the shore, but high up on the cliff, and the sound of a heavy surf roaring below us, unseen for the fog, produced a queer sensation. Occasionally the scream of a sea-bird came up from the gray void with startling effect. Back from the cliff-edge stretched an open hillside of bronzed fern mixed with brush and a scattering of low-growing spruces.

Some miles of this brought us by evening close to the mouth of the Klamath River, where I was fortunate in finding lodging at a comfortable house on the cliff, escaping the dismal alternative of the inn at Requa, on the farther side of the stream. The people were cultivated and friendly, and I passed a most pleasant Sunday, with music, magazines, and a pervading thunder of breakers on the river-bar half a mile away.

On the morning of Monday, the 30th of October, I crossed the Klamath, succeeding, after ten minutes' whooping, in gaining the attention of the Indian who operates the ferry when not too deeply engaged in loafing about the village. The Klamath is a fine stream, fully a quarter of a mile wide here at its mouth. Looking up it from mid-stream I saw a wide, smooth sheet of reddish-colored water sweep-

THE KLAMATH RIVER: REQUA ON THE FARTHER SIDE

ing between high forested walls, — such a river as it has long been my wish to explore from sea to source. But this was not to be the occasion.

I landed at Requa, a village of a dozen or so houses, with a population that is half Indian, and principally employed in the salmon canneries, of which there are two near by. The Indians had an intelligent and prosperous look. At a neat little store kept by one of them, I purchased a few of the baskets for which the tribe is noted. Beside the many uses which the California Indians in general find for their baskets, the squaws of this locality use them as head-coverings, with picturesque effect.

When it is said that this small settlement is the second place in size in the county, it will be seen that the population of Del Norte is not imposing in numbers. It seems strange that this little region of some forty miles square should have been formed into a county at all. But that is their own business; and the Del Norteans do not omit to tell you that their small territory shows a greater assessed valuation per head for its people than any other county of the State.

To-day again was cloudy, and the forest still wore an aspect of gentle gloom. Golden maples shed a glory over the little creeks that crept with soundless flow along every hollow, and here and there a bush of the exquisite vine maple glowed with the life-blood of the dying year. I rode hour after hour through this delightful land, revelling in the com-

panionable quietude and indulging to the full that quickening of mind and sympathy which are the peculiar spiritual boons of a forest. From time to time the deep, wise voice of the ocean came to me in thoughtful undertone. Bird and animal life seemed almost absent, and the automobile element was gratefully rare. Much of the road was "corduroyed," and did not lend itself to the motorist's ideal of speed.

We had started rather late, and had travelled slowly, so that it was dusk before we emerged from the forest and came down to the beach. A cheerful beam came from a lighthouse a few miles to the northwest, marking the point of the bay on which Crescent City is built. The road was bad, but there was a bright moon, and I turned Anton down to the hard sand of the beach and put him into an exhilarating canter. Soon the lights of houses began to twinkle distantly, then gleamed across the water of the bay; and we clattered down the main street of Crescent City just in time to save me my supper at the hotel.

I devoted the next morning to a tour of the "city," which revealed nothing noteworthy beyond a phenomenal number of drinking-places. I think this smallest of California cities, with a population of about twelve hundred, can probably claim the preeminence in proportion of saloons to inhabitants. Nevertheless, the place has, on the whole, an attractive look. The general topic of discussion seemed to be a harbor which it is proposed to make on a neigh-

boring arm of the ocean called Lake Earl. In the West, that is a poor community, indeed, that has not always some harbor or railway in prospect.

Del Norte's principal link with the rest of the world is a small steamer which plies with regular irregularity between Crescent City and San Francisco. This was to be my means of returning to the south. When I inquired the next sailing-date, the reply was not very explicit. "Let's see," said the agent, "this is Tuesday. Well, she ought to sail Thursday, but I guess you had better figure on Friday, anyway." He would not commit himself to anything more definite, and in some disgust I was leaving the office when he called me back, to add, "Say, it might be Saturday, you know." On this shifting foundation I had to lay my plans.

I took the road in the afternoon for the few miles of California that remained. The coast here trends westerly to Point St. George, but the road lay two or three miles inland, to escape the inlet, or lake (Lake Earl) which I have mentioned. The country for some miles was more open, with occasional farms that had been reclaimed from forest, and much stump-land in process of clearing.

Then for a mile or two I rode through a belt of virgin forest as fine as any I had seen. The redwoods are here almost at their northern boundary, for they appear in Oregon only in one or two scattered groves just beyond the line. It seems remarkable that the tree should cease so abruptly, since it

flourishes in undiminished power up to the limit of its range, giving no hint of dissatisfaction with its conditions of soil or climate. California may fairly boast that both species of the greatest of American trees, the famous "big tree" and the redwood, are practically confined to the State.

On emerging from the forest, I found myself approaching Smith River, which runs in a wide green valley opening to the sea. Two miles brought us to the river, which at this season was shallow, though normally it is a very considerable stream. By evening I was at the village of Smith River Corners, a kind of Sleepy Hollow close to the junction of a tributary with the epic-sounding name of Rowdy Creek. Here I put up for the night at the village inn, and next morning pursued my way toward the final goal.

The road passed through a region of prosperous farms, and gradually approached the coast, which here is not high, though backed by broken ground that rises to the dignity of hills. Blocks of dark timber diversified the landscape, and the shore was picturesquely varied with storm-blown spruces and a foam-ringed islet or two. I gazed with particular interest at the northward reaches of the coast, for though there was nothing notable in the view, I realized that at last I was looking up the coast of Oregon.

I put Anton to his best pace. We dashed along a mile of pleasant road, passing a trio of hilarious Indians in a crazy buckboard; skirted a dusky thicket

AT THE GOAL: WHERE CALIFORNIA MEETS OREGON

of spruces; and at half-past ten on the 1st of November galloped gaily up to a post on the nearer face of which was inscribed "California," on the other, "Oregon."

I had accomplished my purpose. The coast of California, cliff and dune, rock and sand, forest and barren, bay, lagoon, and headland, was henceforth mapped plainly in my mind; a panorama of nearly ten degrees of latitude and not much less than two thousand miles of actual travel, taking into account the sundry divergences I had made and the windings of the way. I rode Anton down to the beach, tied him to a stump that projected from the sand, and threw myself down beside him for a congratulatory pipe. It was a matter of regret that he could not join me in it, but I promised him instead unlimited oats at his stable that night.

When I felt that I had done justice to the occasion as far as circumstances allowed, I mounted and rode a few miles farther up the coast for good measure, crossing a pretty stream called Windchuck Creek, which empties just to the north of the line. In the afternoon I rode leisurely back to Smith River Corners, and at the supper-table with no little compunction arranged a "deal" with the local liveryman whereby my staunch comrade of so many miles changed owners. As I looked into his intelligent eyes at parting, I wished there were some way by which I could express my thanks and farewells as warmly as I felt them.

Next morning I returned to Crescent City, to find that the sailing-time of the steamer was still in as much doubt as when I left, except that Thursday had been automatically ruled out of the list of possibilities. There was a general opinion that Saturday might be the day, but it came and went, and the steamer made no sign. At the breakfast-table on Sunday rumor set the event for noon of that day, but an experienced pessimist construed the word in this bearing to mean five or six o'clock in the evening. I was just about starting for a walk to while away a few hours when a blast from the steamer signalled passengers to come aboard.

I hurried down to the wharf, and was entertained for an hour with the spectacle of the loading of a carload of tan-bark. Then arrived a load of bones, and an odoriferous half-hour was devoted to the leisurely stowing of these. At last a flat-car rumbled down the rails of the wharf, hauled by two mules, and driven by the good captain of the Del Norte. On the car was a group of personally conducted passengers, who had much the air of being figures on an allegorical float in a procession. The gangplank was thrown out, we scrambled aboard, the whistle blew again, the ropes were cast off, and in a drizzle of rain Crescent City and the misty cliffs of Oregon vanished from sight.

THE END

PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

OF

SPANISH TERMS AND PLACE-NAMES

Introductory Note:—The pronunciations given below are indicated according to Mexican and not Castilian usage, and do not attempt scholastic exactitude. They agree, in fact, with common California custom. It should be noted that the sound represented below by the letter *h* is always *h guttural;* and that the single *r* is trilled slightly, the double *r* strongly.

Abalone: ab-a-lō'-ne.
Acú: ah-coo'.
Adios: ah-de-ohs'.
Adobes: ad-ō'-bēs: houses of mud bricks.
Adriano: ah-dre-ah'-no.
Agua Caliente: ah'gwah cah-le-en'-te: hot water, hot springs.
Agua Hedionda: ah'-gwah ā-de-on'-da.
Alcatraz: al-ca-traz': pelican.
Alisal: al-e-sahl': a place of sycamores.
Aliso: al-ē'-so: sycamore.
Alta: ahl'-ta: upper.
Anacapa: a-na-cah'-pa.
Año Nuevo: ah'-nyo nwā'-vo: New Year.
Antón: an-tōn': the common abbreviation of Antonio.
Arboles de incienso: ar'-bo-les dā een-ce-en'-so: incense trees.
Arena: a-rā'-na: sand.
Arguello: ar-gwa'-lyo.
Arroyo Cruz: ar-roy'-o crooz: brook of the cross.
Arroyo de los Frijoles: ar-roy'-o dā los frē-hō'-les.
Arroyo Grande: ar-roy'-o grahn'-de: large brook.
Arturo: ar-too'-ro.
Asís: a-sees': Assisi.
Avila: ah'-ve-la.

Baile: bah-ē'-lā: ball.
Barbareños: bar-bar-ān'-yōs.
Benito: ben-ē'-to.
Bodega: bo-dā'-ga.
Bolinas: bo-leen'-as.
Bonita: bō-nē'-ta: pretty.
Buena fortuna: bwā'-na for-too'-na: good luck.
Buenas noches: bwā'-nas nō'-ches: good night.
Buenaventura: bwā-na-ven-too'-ra: good fortune.

Cabrillo: cab-reel'-yo.
Calabasas: cal-a-bahs'-as.
Cañada: can-yah'-da: large cañon (literally a place of canes or reeds).

Cañada del Cojo: can-yah'-da del co'-ho: the lame man's cañon.
Cañada Verde y Arroyo de la Purísima: can-yah'-da vair'-dā ē ar-roy'-o dā la poor-ē'-se-ma.
Carmel: car-mel'.
Carmelita: car-mel-ē'-ta.
Carnicerías: car-ne-ce-rē'-as.
Carpintería: car-pin-ter-ē'-a.
Carrillo: car-reel'-yo.
Casitas: cas-ē'-tas.
Casmalia: cas-mah'-le-a.
Cayucos: cah-yoo'-cōs: Indian canoes.
Cerro Romauldo: cĕr'-ro ro-mahl'-do.
Chamise: cham-ees': greasewood brush.
Chica: chē'-ca: little thing, a term of endearment.
Chino: chee'-no.
Ciénaga: ce-ĕn'-a-ga.
Colachi: co-lah'-chi: a salad.
Comandante: co-man-dahn'-te: commandant.
Comidas: co-mē'-das.
Coronado: co-ro-nah'-do.
Corralillos: cor-ra-leel'-yos: little corrals.
Cuyama: coo-yah'-ma.

Del Norte: del nor'-te: of the north.
Diablo: dē-ah'-blo.
Dios se lo pagaré: de-ōs' sā lo pah-gah-rā': God will pay it you.
Doña Anita de la Guerra de Noriega y Carrillo: dō'-nya a-nē'-ta dā la gair'-ra de nor-e-ā'-ga ē car-reel'-yo.
Doña Carolina: dō'-nya car-o-lē-na.
Doña Petronela: dō'-nya pet-ro-nā'-la.
Dume: doo'-me.

El Bulito: el boo-lē'-to: the little owl.
El Desierto Pintado: el dā-se-airr'-to peen-tah'-do: the painted desert.
El Horno: el or'-no.
El Monte: el mon'-tē: literally, the mountain, but often, as on page 1, applied to a thicket of brush, such as willows.
El Picacho: el pe-cah'-cho: the sharp peak.
El Pizmo: el pees'-mo.
El Rio: el ree'-o: the river.
El Toro: el tor'-o: the bull.
El Tranquillón: el trahn-keel-yōn': the great tranquil one.
Encinitas: en-cin-ē'-tas: little oaks.
Engracia: en-grah'-ce-a.
Escondido: es-con-dē'-do: hidden.
Espada: es-pah'-da: sword.
Estudillo: es-too-dē'-yo.

Farallones: far-al-lō'-nes.
Fiesta: fe-ais'-ta: festival.
Frijoles: frē-hō'-les: beans.

Garcia: gar-cē'-a.
Gaviota: gă-ve-ō'-ta: sea-gull.
Goleta: go-lā'-ta: schooner.
Gorda: gor'-da: literally, fat or coarse; hence, broad.
Guadalasca: gwah-da-las'-ca.
Guadalupe: gwah-da-loo'-pe.
Guajome: gwah-ho'-me.
Gualala: gwah-lah'-la.

Hueneme: wā-nā'-me.

Jalama: ha-lah'-ma.
Jesús Serrano: hă-soos' ser-rah'-no.
Jolon: ho-lōn'.
José: ho-sā'.
Josefa: ho-sā'-fa.
Juan: hwahn.
Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo: hwahn rod-rē'-gez cab-reel'-yo.
Julio: hoo'-le-o.
Junípero Serra: hoo-nee'-pe-ro sĕr'-ra.

La Costa: la cō'-sta.
La Cumbre: la coom'-bre: the summit.
La Merced: la mer-sed'.
La Patera: la pat-ā'-ra: the place of ducks.
La paz sea en esta casa: la pahz sā'-a en es'-ta cah'-sa.
La Purísima Concepción: la poor-ē'-se-ma con-cep-ce-ōn': The Immaculate Conception.
Laguna: la-goon'-ah: lagoon.
Laguna Salada: la-goon'-a sa-lah'-da: salt lagoon.
Las Bolsas: las bōl'-sas.
Las Cruces: las croo'-ces: the crosses.
Las Peñasquitas: las pen-yas-kee'-tas: the little rocks.
Las Pulgas: las pool'-gas.
Lobos: lō'-bōs: wolves.
Lomas: lō'-mas: hillocks.
Lomas de la Purificación: lō'-mas dā la poor-if-i-cah-ce-ōn': hillocks of the Purification.
Lompoc: lom-pōc': from two Indian words signifying "little lake."
Lopez: lo'-pez.
Los Alamitos: los al-ă-meet'-os.
Los Burros: los boor'-rōs: the donkeys.
Los Coyotes: los coy-ō'-tes.
Los Monos: los mo'-nōs.
Los Osos: los ō'-sōs: the bears.

Madre: mah'-drā: mother.
Madroños: mad-rō'-nyōs.
Malibú: mal-i-boo'.
Mastrancia: mas-trahn'-se-a.
Mendocino: men-do-cē'-no.
Mesa: mā'-sah: table-land.
Mesquit: mes-keet'.
Misión Vieja: mē-sē-ōn' vē-ā'-ha.
Misión Vieja de San Juan Capistrano: mē-sē-ōn' vē-ā'-ha dā san hwahn cap-is-trah'-no.
Monserate: mon-se-rah'-te.
Montara: mont-ah'-ra.
Montecito: mon-te-cē'-to: hillock.
Monterey: mont-ē-ray'.
Moquis: mo'-kēs.
Morro: mor'-ro: rocky hill.
Morteros: mor-tā'-rōs: grinding-bowls.
Mugú: moo-goo'.

Nacimiento: nă-cē-mē-ĕn'-to: birth.
Navajos: nah'-va-hōs.
Niguel: ne-gail'.
Nipomo: nip-ō'-mo.
Nójogui: no'-ho-hwe.

Olla: ō'-ya: an earthen jar.

Pachanga: pa-chahn'-ga.
Padre: pah'-drā: father, priest.
Pájaro: pah'-ha-ro: bird.
Pala: pah'-la: prickly pear.
Palo Alto: pah'-lo ahl'-to: high hill.

Palomar: pah-lo-mar′: a place of doves.
Palos Verdes: pah′-los vair′-des: green hills.
Paseo: pah-sā′-o.
Paso de Bartolo: pah′-so dā bar-to′-lo.
Patio: pah′-te-o: courtyard.
Pauma: pah-oo′-ma.
Peons: pā-ōns′: laborers.
Pescadero: pes-ca-dā′-ro: fish-seller.
Pesos: pā′-sōs: dollars.
Petaluma: pet-a-loo′-ma.
Pico Blanco: pē′-co blahn′-co: white peak.
Piedra de Lumbre: pe-ā′-dra dā loom′-brā.
Piedras Blancas: pe-ā′-dras blahn′-cas: white rocks.
Pinos: pee′-nōs: pines.
Pizcando nueces: piz-cahn′-do noo-ā′-ces: picking nuts.
Potrero: pot-rā′-ro.
Potrero Grande: pot-rā′-ro grahn′-de.
Presidio: pres-id′-i-o: fort, garrison.
Pueblo: poo-ā′-blo: town or village.
Puerto Trinidad: pwair′-to trin-e-dahd′: Port Trinity.
Punta Gorda: poon′-ta gor′-da: broad point.

Refugio: re-foo′-he-o.
Reyes: ray′-es: kings.
Riata: re-ah′-ta: lasso.
Rincón: rin-cōn′: corner.
Rio Hondo: re′-o on′-do.
Roberto: ro-bair′-to.
Roble: rō′-blā.

Sal: sahl.
Salinas: sa-lē′-nas.
San Antonio: san an-tō′-ne-o.
San Bruno: san broo′-no.
San Carlos: san car′-lōs.
San Carpóforo: san car-pō′-fo-ro.
San Diego: san de-ā′-go.
San Dieguito: san de-ā-gee′-to: diminutive of San Diego.
San Elijo: san ā-lē′-ho.
San Fernando: san fer-nan′-do.
San Francisquito: san fran-sis-kee′-to: diminutive of San Francisco.
San Gregorio: san gre-gor′-e-o.
San Joaquin: san hwah-keen′.
San Juan: san hwahn.
San Julian: san hoo-le-ahn′.
San Lorenzo: san lo-ren′-zo.
San Luis Obispo: san loo′-is o-bis′-po: St. Louis, Bishop (of Toulouse), in distinction from St. Louis, King (of France), to whom the Mission of San Luis Rey, farther south, is dedicated.
San Luis Rey: san loo′-is ray.
San Martin: san mar-teen′.
San Mateo: san ma-tā′-o.
San Miguel: san me-gail′.
San Miguelito: san me-gail-ē′-to: diminutive of San Miguel.
San Pedro: san pā′-dro.
San Rafael: san ra-fā-el′.
San Símeon: san sē′-me-on.
Sanchez: sahn′-chez.
Santa Ana: san′-ta ah′-nah.
Santa Catalina: san′-ta cat-a-lē′-na.
Santa Cruz: san′-ta crooz.
Santa Gertrudis: san′-ta her-troo′-dis.
Santa Ines: san′-ta ē-nēs′.

Santa Margarita: san'-ta mar-ga-rē'-ta.
Santa Maria: san'-ta ma-ree'-a.
Santa Monica: san'-ta mŏn'-i-ca.
Santa Rosa: san'-ta ro'-sa.
Santa Susanas: san'-ta soo-sah'-nas.
Santa Ynez: san'-ta ē-nĕz'.
Santiago: san-te-ah'-go.
Santiago de Santa Ana: san-te-ah'-go dā san'-ta ah'-nah.
Sausalito: sau-sal-ē'-to: little place of willows.
Sebastian Vizcaino: se-bas-te-ahn' viz-cah'-e-no.
Sierra Santa Lucia: se-ĕr'-ra san'-ta loo-cē'-a.
Simí: sim-ee'.
Soldado de cuero: sol-dah'-do dā koo-ā'-ro: soldier with leather jacket.
Soledad: so-le-dahd': solitude.
Sonoma: so-nō'-ma.
Sur: soor.

Tamales: ta-mah'-les.
Tamalpais: tah-mal-pah'-ees.
Tecolote: te-co-lo'-te: owl.
Tehachapi: te-hăch'-ă-pe.
Tejón: te-hōn': badger.
Tiendas: te-ain'-das.
Tito: tē'-to.
Todos Santos: tō'-dōs san'-tōs: All Saints.
Tollón: toy-ōn'.
Tomás Alvarado: to-mahs' al-va-rah'-do.
Topanga: to-pan'-ga.
Tortillas: tor-tee'-yas: a sort of wafer-bread.
Trancas: trahn'-cas.
Tulareños: too-lar-ā'-nyos: Indians of the Tulare region.
Tules: too'-lēs: reeds.
Tuna: toon'-ah: prickly pear.
Tunitas: too-nē'-tas: little prickly pears.

Vaquero: va-kā'-ro: cowboy.
Ventura: ven-too'-ra.
Vicente: ve-cĕn'-te.

Yerba Buena: yer'-ba bwā'-na: good herb, a small plant of the mint family.

INDEX

Acú, 30.
Adventurers, a pair of, 304, 305.
Agua Caliente, 34.
Agua Hedionda, 41.
Albion, 275, 276.
Alder Creek, 271–273.
Alisal, 102.
Aliso Cañon, 17, 27.
Aliso Creek, 32.
Alvarado, Don Tomás, ranch of, 36–38.
Alvarado, Governor, 220.
Alvarado Ranch, 45.
Anton, the horse, acquisition of, 182, 183; daily intercourse with, 190, 191, 195, 196, 199–201, 204, 205, 209, 210, 219, 226, 230, 234, 245, 249–251, 256, 259, 264, 265, 277, 283, 284, 286, 287, 290, 301, 304, 305, 311; parting with, 311.
Aptos, 229.
Arbolado, 207, 208.
Arcata, 297, 298.
Arroyo de los Frijoles, 236.
Arroyo Grande, 199.
Arroyo Grande Valley, 142.
Avila, 145, 146.
Avila, Don Juan, 145, 146.

Ballard Creek, 97.
Bay of San Francisco, 241.
Bear Cañon, 252.
Bear River, 292.
Bear River Range, 292, 293.
Bells, Mission, 154, 155.
Ben Lomond, Cal., 232.
Benito, 193.
Berkeley, 244.
Big Lagoon, 300.
Big River, 277.
Big Sur River, 207, 208.
Billy, the horse, 2, 51.
Birds, a hubbub of, 20; on the seashore, 112.
Bivalve Station, 255.
Bodega Bay, 257.
Bolinas, 249.
Bolinas Lagoon, 248, 249.
Boney Mountain, 69, 73.
Bonsall Bridge, 38.
Boulder Creek, 232.
Buckler, Father Alexander, 99–102.
Burton Mesa, 130.

Cabrillo, Juan Rodrigues, 73, 219, 291.
Cactus, tuna, 15.
Calabasas, 56.
California Redwood Park, 232, 233.
Californian Spaniards, the author's liking for, 9; a hospitable couple, 124; Don Camilo R. and his doña, 127, 128; a Spanish Petruchio, 136; Don Juan Avila, 145, 146; visited near Jolon, 185, 186; family affection among, 186; a friendly old man, 197.
Calochortus albus. *See Mariposa Tulip*.
Cambria, 161.
Cañada del Cojo, 115.
Cañon de los Monos, 41.
Cape Mendocino, 289–292.
Cape San Martin, 189, 191.
Cape town, Cal., 292.
Capistrano, 27–30.
Carlsbad, Cal., 40.
Carmel-by-the-Sea, 216, 217.
Carmel Mission, 215, 216.
Carmel River, 215.
Carmelita, Doña, 220.
Carpinteria, 81, 82.
Casmalia, 132.
Casper River, 277.
Castro's Ranch, 205.
Castroville, 225, 226.
Cave, a hermit's, 25, 26.
Cayucos, 160.
Cedar, red (*Thuja plicata*), 293.
Cerro Romauldo, 156.
Chamise Mountain, 286.
Channel Islands, Santa Barbara, 73, 80, 113.
Chinese, an equestrian, 11; Freemasons, 127; at Guadalupe, 138.
Chino, the horse, daily intercourse with, 3, 51, 54, 55, 60–62, 64, 66, 67, 71, 79, 81, 90, 102, 103, 114, 129, 131, 137, 143, 149–152, 157, 159, 163, 170, 172–

174, 177–179, 277; in a quicksand, 106–109; conversations with, 151, 152, 178, 179; farewell to, 182, 183.
Cleone, 278.
Coast of California, compared to Channel Islands, 22.
Colma, 241, 242.
Coon Creek Cañon, 149, 152.
Cooper, Elwood, ranch of, 89.
Cookie Range, 288.
Corralillos Cañon, 138.
Cowboys, 157, 158.
Coyotes, 25, 131, 176, 185.
Crescent City, 308, 309, 312.
Crows, 130, 131.
Cuffey's Cove, 275.
Cuyamaca Mountain, 47.
Cypress Point, 218.
Cypresses, 21, 214.

Dana, John, 141.
Dana, Richard Henry, Jr., his *Two Years before the Mast*, 26–28, 59, 60, 84, 86, 88, 120, 124, 141, 142, 219–221.
Dana family, the, 141, 142.
De la Guerra, mansion, 86, 87.
De la Guerra de Noriega y Carrillo, Doña Anita, 86.
Del Mar, 44.
Del Norte County, 305–312.
Diablo Creek, 150.
Dolan's ranch, 201.
Doves, 177.
Downey, 10.
Drake, Sir Francis, 252–254.
Drake's Bay, 251–254.

Eagle, bald, 115.
Eel River, 294, 295.
Egret, American, 177.
El Bulito Cañon, 115.
El Desierto Pintado, 3.
El Horno, 32.
El Monte, 1, 5, 54.
El Morro, 158, 159.
El Picacho, 142.
El Pismo, 142, 143.
El Rio, 75.
El Tranquillon, 120.
Elk River, 273.
Encinitas, 43.
Engelhardt, Father Zephyrin, 86.
Erbswurst, 4.
Escondido Creek, 43.
Espada, ranch-house of the, 122.
Estudillo mansion, 51.
Eucalyptus, 18, 19, 89, 227.
Eureka, 294–297.
Eytel, Carl, 1–4, 13, 20, 21, 24, 30, 48.

Fairview, 12.
Fallbrook, 33.
Farallones, 248, 251.
Farmer, a typical American, 11.
Ferndale, 294.
Feud, a, 271, 272.
Fir, lowland, 269.
Fir, Santa Lucia, 168, 170, 171.
Fisherman, an old Marblehead skipper, 115–117; Portuguese, 115–118, 144, 145.
Flicker, 274.
Flowers, wreaths of, 125.
Fogs, 104, 195, 198, 199, 202, 203, 291; regularity of movement, 191; in a forest, 304.
Fort Bragg, 278.
Fort Humboldt, 296.
Fort Ross, 261, 262.
Foxglove, 283, 301.
Franciscan Missions, Father Engelhardt's History of the, 86.
Frank, post-office, 286.
Franklin Point, 235.
Freedom, village of, 228.
Freshwater Lagoon, 302.

Gamboa's Ranch, 198, 199.
Garcia River, 270.
Gaviota, 82, 105, 106.
Gaviota Pass, 102.
Globe-tulip, or Mariposa tulip (*Calochortus albus*), 58, 96.
Goleta Point, 88.
Government Point, 118.
Grant, U. S., 296.
Grapevine, a large, 82, 83.
Greenwood, 273.
Guadalasca Ranch, 73.
Guadalupe, 138.
Guajome Ranch-House, 39.
Gualala, 267, 268.
Gualala River, 267, 268.

Half Moon Bay, 239.
Hamlet, 256.
Hardy Creek, 280, 281.
Hare Creek, 277.
Harte, Bret, quoted, 220, 244; at Eureka, 296.
Hawks, 25.
Hemlock (*Tsuga heterophylla*), 301, 302.

Horse, intelligence of the, 179. *See also* Anton, Billy, *and* Chino.
Huckleberry, 285.
Hueneme, 73–75.
Humboldt Bay, 295.
Humboldt County, southern boundary of, 285.

Indian relics, 164.
Indians, of Agua Caliente, 34, 35; the Tulareños, 154; two musicians, 180; at Trinidad Bay, 300; at Requa, 307.
Intoxicated man, an, 75–77.
Isle, a distant, 113.
Italians, at Colma, 241, 242.
Italian-Swiss, 157, 250, 252.

Jackson, Helen Hunt, 39.
Jalama Creek, 121.
Jalama Ranch, 121, 122.
Japanese, a girl, 75; abalone fishers, 162.
Jenner, 259.
Jolon, 180–183.

Kenny Ranch, 284.
Kingbirds, 20, 25.
King's Peak Range, 287.
Klamath River, 306.

La Costa, 42.
La Patera, 88.
La Purísima Concepción, Mission of, 121, 124, 128.
Laguna Beach, 16, 17.
Laguna Cañon, 14, 15.
Laguna Peak, 67.
Laguna Salada, 241.
Lake Earl, 309.
Larkin, Thomas O., 221.
Las Cruces, 105.
Las Peñasquitas Cañon, 45, 47.
Las Peñasquitas Ranch, 45–47.
Las Pulgas, 32.
Laurel, 92.
Life in California, by an American, 86.
Lighthouse, night at a, 118–120; at Trinidad, 300.
Lilac, mountain, 58.
Lime Kiln Cañon, 196.
Linda Vista Mesa, 47, 48.
Lion, mountain, 204.
Little River, 276.
Little Sur River, 208, 209, 211.
Little Sycamore Cañon, 67.
Little's Springs, 201.
Lomas de la Purificacion, 97.
Lompoc, 124, 126–128.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, his "Fire of Driftwood" quoted, 65.
Lopez Point, 194.
Los Angeles, 84.
Los Burros, 188.
Los Osos Valley, 153.
Lucia, 197.

Mad River, 298, 299.
Madonna, a wooden, 101.
Madroño, 96, 189, 234, 285.
Malibu Ranch, 61–66.
Manchester, Cal., 271.
Mariposa tulip, or globe-tulip (*Calochortus albus*), 58, 96.
Mattola River, 287–289.
Mendocino City, 277.
Mexicans, courtesy of, 8; the author's liking for, 9; a sheep-herder, 62, 63; hospitable, 69, 70; the boy José, 85, 86; Bernardito the Jolly, 94, 95; in church, 153, 154; a hospitable woman, 167; family affection among, 186; large families, 197; and a phonograph, 199.
Mill Creek, 194, 195.
Mill Creek, another, 212.
Mill Valley, 245, 246.
Mineralogist, an amateur, 210, 211.
Miracle, a, 144.
Mission Dolores, 220, 244.
Mission Valley, 49.
Missions, San Gabriel, 6, 7; San Juan Capistrano, 27, 29, 30; San Antonio of Pala, 34, 35; San Luis Rey, 40; San Diego, 49; San Fernando, 65; San Buenaventura, 77, 78; Santa Barbara, 85, 86; Santa Ynez, 93, 98–102; La Purísima Concepción, 121, 124, 128; San Francisquito, 121; San Luis Obispo, 153–155; San Antonio, 183–185; San Carlos, or Carmel, 215, 216; San Carlos at Monterey, 222, 223; San Francisco de Asís, 244; San Rafael, 246.
Monserate Ranch-House, 36–38.
Montara Point, 240.
Montecito, 83.
Monterey, 219–224.
Morro, 158.
Moss Landing, 225, 226.
Mount Diablo, 246.
Mount Tamalpais, 245, 246.
Muir, John, on rattlesnakes, 113.
Muir Woods, 247.

Murphy's Cañon, 48, 49.
Mustard, 127.

Nacimiento River, 175–177.
Names of places, 269.
Naples, Cal., 92.
Navarro River, 275.
Nipomo Valley, 141.
Nojoqui River, 103.
North, the, 60.
Notice, a voluble, 188, 189.
Noyo, 277.
Noyo Creek, 278.

Oak, tan-bark, 198.
Oak, valley, 174.
Oakland, 244.
Oaks, 97, 104.
Oceanside, 40.
Oilport, 143.
Old Fort Ross, 261, 262.
Olema, 255.
Olive trees, 122.
Oregon, reaching, 310–312.
Orick, 302.
Owl, ground, 24.
Oxen, 230, 231.
Oxnard, 74, 75.

Pacific Grove, 219.
Pacific Valley, 192–194.
Pájaro River, 228.
Palomar Mountain, 33, 38.
Pelicans, 28, 112.
Pescadero, 236.
Petrolia, 289, 290.
Petronela, Doña, 186.
Phonograph, 199.
Pico Blanco, 208.
Piedra de Lumbre, 32.
Piedras Blancas, 163–165.
Pigeon Point, 235, 236.
Pillar Point, 239.
Pine (*Pinus muricata*), 263.
Pine (*Pinus radiata*), 160, 161, 212.
Pine, digger, 171, 187.
Pine, knob-cone, 148.
Pine, Torrey, 44.
Pine, yellow, 187.
Pine Cañon, 129, 130.
Point Año Nuevo, 235.
Point Arena, town and headland, 270.
Point Arguello, 120.
Point Cabrillo, 277.
Point Conception, 88, 118–120.
Point Dume, 60, 63.
Point Estero, 160.
Point Gorda, 191.
Point Harford, 143.
Point Lobos, 214.
Point Reyes, 251.
Point Reyes Station, 255.
Point Sal, 132–136.
Point Sur, 203, 208–210.
Poison-oak, 284.
Pomegranates, 184.
Portuguese, fishermen, 115–118, 144, 145; a restaurant proprietor, 160; a family, 213; lumbermen, 230, 231.
Post's, 207, 208.
Punta Gorda, 80.
Purisima, 239.

Quail, 20, 204, 244.
Quicksand, 106–109.

Rainbow Ridge, 288.
Ramona, 39.
Ranch-houses, Sanchez, 8–10; Santa Margarita, 32; Monserate, 36–38; Guajome, 39; Alvarado and Las Pefiasquitas, 45–47; preservation of the, 46, 47; Serrano, 69, 70; Espada, 122; Point Sal, 134–136; Nipomo, 141; of the Danas, 141, 142; an Irishman's, 152, 153; Piedras Blancas, 163; near Jolon, 185, 186; on the San Antonio River, 186; at Pacific Valley, 192; Gamboa's, 198, 199; Castro's, 205; an Italian-Swiss, 251, 252; Kenny's, 284.
Ranchos, California land held in, 27.
Rattlesnakes, 112, 113, 150, 151, 204.
Redwood, 190, 204, 205; Santa Cruz, 229–234; thick foliage, 263; a habit of growth, 303; northern boundary of, 309, 310.
Refugio Pass, 93.
Requa, 307.
Rincon Point, 80, 81.
Rio Hondo, 10.
Road-runners, 24.
Robinson, Alfred, 86, 87.
Rockport, 282.
Rowdy Creek, 310.
Ruskin, John, 209.
Russian River, 258, 259.
Russians, in California, 258, 261, 262.

Salinas River, 225.
Salmon Creek, 257.
San Antonio, Mission of, 183–185.
San Antonio Creek, 130.

San Antonio of Pala, 34, 35.
San Antonio River, 179, 186.
San Bruno Mountain, 241.
San Buenaventura, Mission of, 77, 78.
San Carlos, church of, 222, 223.
San Carlos, Mission of, 215, 216.
San Carpóforo Cañon, 166–168.
San Diego, 49–53.
San Diego River, 49.
San Dieguito River, 44.
San Elijo Cañon, 43.
San Fernando, 55.
San Fernando Valley, 56.
San Francisco, in the thirties, 84; stay in, 242–245.
San Francisco de Asís, Mission of, 244.
San Francisquito, Mission of, 121.
San Gabriel, 6.
San Gregorio, 239.
San Joaquin, the two valleys of, 14.
San Joaquin Hills, 13, 14.
San Joaquin Ranch, 12.
San Juan Capistrano, 27–30.
San Juan Creek, 27, 31.
San Juan Hot Springs, 31.
San Julian Ranch, 122.
San Lorenzo River, 230–232.
San Luis Creek, 145.
San Luis Obispo, 147, 153–155.
San Luis Rey, Mission of, 40.
San Luis Rey River, 35, 38.
San Mateo, 31, 32.
San Pedro, 59.
San Pedro, valley of, 240.
San Pedro Point, 240.
San Rafael, 246.
San Rafael Range, 102.
San Simeon, bay and village, 162, 163.
Sanchez Ranch-house, 8–10.
Santa Ana Mountains, 13, 14, 23.
Santa Barbara, 84–87.
Santa Catalina, 21.
Santa Cruz, 229.
Santa Ines, Mission of, 93, 98–102.
Santa Lucia Mountains, 138, 139, 153, 156, 160.
Santa Lucia Peak, 187, 188.
Santa Margarita, 32.
Santa Maria, 139.
Santa Maria River, 139.
Santa Maria Valley, 138.
Santa Monica, 59.
Santa Monica Mountains, 56, 61.
Santa Rosa Creek, 161.
Santa Susanas Mountains, 56.
Santa Ynez, Mission of, 93, 98–102.
Santa Ynez Mountains, 80, 81, 92, 95–97, 120.
Santa Ynez River, 98, 129.
Santiago Mountain, 11.
Sausalito, 245.
School, the Piedras Blancas, 164, 165.
Sea, the, under a cloudy sky, 111, 112; sadness of, 133; purity of, 213.
Sea-birds, 112.
Seals, 137.
Seaside, embryo city of, 224.
Seaview, 261.
Serra, Junípero, 86, 216.
Serrano, Jesús and Francisco, 69–71.
Seventeen-Mile Drive, 217.
Sheep, a flock of, 62, 63.
Shelter Cove, 286.
Sierra Madre, 7.
Sierra Santa Lucia, 131, 132.
Simi Hills, 56.
Singley, 295.
Skunk, a, 187.
Slate's, 201.
Smith Mountain (Palomar Mountain), 33, 38.
Smith River, 310.
Smith River Corners, 310, 311.
Soledad River, 44.
Sorrento, 45.
Spaniards. *See* Californian Spaniards.
Springs, medicinal, 201.
Spruce, 302.
Spruce, Sitka, 293, 294.
Squirrels, ground, 24.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, in Monterey, 221; monument in San Francisco, 243.
Stewart's Point, 265, 266.
Stone Lagoon, 301.
Summerland, 83.
Sur, 212.
Surf, an unusual sound from, 109, 110.
Swallows, 156, 184, 216.
Swiss, 157, 159, 161.
Sycamore Cañon, 71.

Table Bluff, 295.
Tan-bark Camp, 198.
Tecolote Cañon, 90, 91.
Tehachapi Mountains, 140.
Ten Mile River, 279.
Thoreau, Henry D., quoted, 60, 274.
Tide, evicted by the, 110, 111.
Timber Cove, 263.

Todos Santos, valley of the, 132.
Tollón, 71.
Tomales Bay, 255.
Topanga Cañon, 57.
Tramp, camping with a, 122, 123.
Trancas Cañon, 63.
Traveller, a, 91.
Tree-poppy, 58.
Trinidad, 299, 300.
Trinidad Bay, 299.
Tulareños, the, 154.
Tunitas Creek, 239.

Usal, 283.
Usal Creek, 283.

Valley, a typical California, 22, 23.
Valley Ford, 256.
Ventura, 76–78.
Ventura River, 79.
Vicente Creek, 198.
Viscaino, Sebastian, 219.

Waddell Creek, 235.
Waterfall, on the Nojoqui, 103.
Watsonville, 228.
Welsh, 163, 164, 169.
West, the, 41, 60.
Westport, 280.
Whiskey Hill, 228.
Whitehouse Creek, 235.
Whitesboro', 275, 276.
Whitman, Walt, quoted, 91.
Whittier, the town, 7.
Wild-Cat Country, 294.
Wild-cats, 37.
Wilder, 287.
Willow Camp, 248, 249.
Willow Creek, 190, 191.
Windchuck Creek, 311.
Winship, Captain, 296.
Wren, cliff, 20.

Yew, 289.
Yucca, 64, 171.

The Riverside Press
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON & CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
U. S. A.

RETURN CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
TO ⟶ 202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 HOME USE	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.
Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405

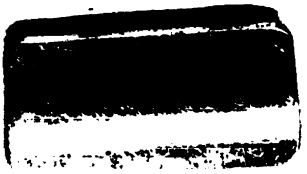
DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

APR 0 1 1995
MAR 1 3 1995
CIRCULATION DEPT.
MAY 1 0 1997
REC. MOFFITT MAY 15 '97
JUN 2 7 2006

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

FORM NO. DD6

YC 58340

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

C006140490